

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVI.—OCTOBER, 1875.—No. CCXVI.

RODERICK HUDSON.

X.

THE CAVALIERE.

THERE befell at last a couple of days during which Rowland was unable to go to the hotel. Late in the evening of the second one Roderick came into his room. In a few moments he announced that he had finished the bust of his mother.

"And it's magnificent!" he declared. "It's one of the best things I've done."

"I believe it, said Rowland. "Never again talk to me about your inspiration being dead."

"Why not? This may be its last kick! I feel very tired. But it's a masterpiece, though I do say it. They tell us we owe so much to our parents. Well, I've paid the filial debt handsomely!" He walked up and down the room a few moments, with the purpose of his visit evidently still undischarged. "There's one thing more I want to say," he presently resumed. "I feel as if I ought to tell you!" He stopped before Rowland with his head high and his brilliant glance unclouded. "Your invention's a failure!"

"My invention?" Rowland repeated.

"Bringing out my mother and Mary."

"A failure?"

"It's no use! They don't help me."

Rowland had fancied that Roderick had no more surprises for him; but he was now staring at him, wide-eyed.

"They bore me!" Roderick went on.

"Oh, oh!" cried Rowland.

"Listen, listen!" said Roderick, with perfect gentleness. "I'm not complaining of them; I'm simply stating a fact. I'm very sorry for them; I'm greatly disappointed."

"Have you given them a fair trial?"

"Shouldn't you say so? It seems to me I've behaved beautifully."

"You have done very well; I have been building great hopes on it."

"I have done too well, then. After the first forty-eight hours my own hopes collapsed. But I determined to fight it out; to stand within the temple; to let the spirit of the Lord descend! Do you want to know the result? Another week of it, and I shall begin to hate them. I shall want to poison them."

"Miserable boy!" cried Rowland.

"They're the loveliest of women!"

"Very likely! But they mean no more to me than a Bible text to an atheist!"

"I utterly fail," said Rowland, in a moment, "to understand your relation to Miss Garland."

Roderick shrugged his shoulders and let his hands drop at his sides. "She

adores me! That's my relation." And he smiled strangely.

"Have you broken your engagement?"

"Broken it? You can't break a ray of moonshine."

"Have you absolutely no affection for her?"

Roderick placed his hand on his heart and held it there a moment. "Dead — dead — dead!" he said at last.

"I wonder," Rowland asked presently, "if you begin to comprehend the beauty of Miss Garland's character. She's a person of the highest merit."

"Evidently—or I would not have cared for her!"

"Has that no charm for you now?"

"Oh, don't force a fellow to say rude things!"

"Well, I can only say that you don't know what you are giving up."

Roderick gave a quickened glance. "Do you know, so well?"

"I admire her immeasurably."

Roderick smiled, we may almost say sympathetically. "You have not wasted time."

Rowland's thoughts were crowding upon him fast. If Roderick was resolute, why oppose him? If Mary was to be sacrificed, why, in *that* way, try to save her? There was another way; it only needed a little presumption to make it possible. Rowland tried, mentally, to summon presumption to his aid; but whether it came or not, it found conscience there before it. Conscience had only three words, but they were cogent.

"For *her* sake — for *her* sake," it dumbly murmured, and Rowland resumed his argument. "I don't know what I would n't do," he said, "rather than that Miss Garland should suffer."

"There's one thing to be said," Roderick answered reflectively. "She is very strong."

"Well, then, if she's strong, believe that with a longer chance, a better chance, she will still regain your affection."

"Do you know what you ask?" cried Roderick. "Make love to a girl I hate?"

"You *hate*?"

"As her lover, I should hate her!"

"Listen to me!" said Rowland, with vehemence.

"No, listen you to me! Do you really urge my marrying a woman who would bore me to death? I would let her know it in very good season, and then where would she be?"

Rowland walked the length of the room a couple of times and then stopped suddenly. "Go your way, then! Say all this to *her*, not to me!"

"To her? I'm afraid of her; I want you to help me."

"My dear Roderick," said Rowland, with an eloquent smile, "I can help you no more!"

Roderick frowned, hesitated a moment, and then took his hat. "Oh, well," he said, "I'm not so afraid of her as all that!" And he turned, as if to depart.

"Stop!" cried Rowland, as he laid his hand on the door.

Roderick paused and stood waiting, with his irritated brow.

"Come back; sit down there and listen to me. Of anything you were to say in your present state of mind, you would live most bitterly to repent. You don't know what you really think; you don't know what you really feel. You don't know your own mind; you don't do justice to Miss Garland. All this is impossible here, under these circumstances. You're blind, you're deaf, you're under a spell. To break it, you must leave Rome."

"Leave Rome! Rome was never so dear to me."

"That's not of the smallest consequence. Leave it instantly."

"And where shall I go?"

"Go to some place where you may be alone with your mother and Miss Garland."

"Alone? You'll not come?"

"Oh, if you desire it, I'll come."

Roderick, inclining his head a little, looked at his friend askance. "I don't understand you," he said; "I wish you liked Miss Garland either a little less, or a little more!"

Rowland felt himself coloring, but he paid no heed to Roderick's speech.

"You ask me to help you," he went on.

"On these present conditions I can do nothing. But if you will postpone all decision as to the continuance of your engagement a couple of months longer, and meanwhile leave Rome, leave Italy, I will do what I can to 'help you,' as you say, in the event of your still wishing to break it."

"I must do without your help then! Your conditions are impossible. I will leave Rome at the time I have always intended—at the end of June. My rooms and my mother's are taken till then; all my arrangements are made accordingly. Then, I'll depart; not before."

"You're not frank," said Rowland. "Your real reason for staying has nothing to do with your rooms."

Roderick's face betrayed neither embarrassment nor resentment. "If I'm not frank, it's for the first time in my life. Since you know so much about my real reason, let me hear it! No, stop!" he suddenly added, "I won't trouble you. You're right, I have a motive. On the twenty-fourth of June Miss Light is to be married. I take an immense interest in all that concerns her, and I wish to be present at her wedding."

"But you said the other day at Saint Peter's that it was by no means sure her marriage was to take place."

"Apparently I was wrong: the invitations, I am told, are going out."

Rowland felt that it would be utterly vain to remonstrate, and that the only thing for him was to make the best terms possible. "If I offer no further opposition to your waiting for Miss Light's marriage," he said, "will you promise, meanwhile and afterwards, for a certain period, to defer to my judgment—to say nothing that may be a cause of suffering to Miss Garland?"

"For a certain period? What period?" Roderick demanded.

"Ah, don't drive so close a bargain! Don't you understand that I have taken you away from her, that I suffer in every

nerve in consequence, and that I must do what I can to restore you?"

"Do what you can, then," said Roderick gravely, putting out his hand. "Do what you can!" His tone and his hand-shake seemed to constitute a promise, and upon this they parted.

Roderick's bust of his mother, whether or no it was a discharge of what he called the filial debt, was at least a most admirable production. Rowland, at the time it was finished, met Gloriani one evening, and this unscrupulous genius immediately began to ask questions about it. "I'm told our high-flying friend has come down," he said. "He has been doing a queer little old woman."

"A queer little old woman!" Rowland exclaimed. "My dear sir, she's Hudson's mother."

"All the more reason for her being queer! It's a bust for terra-cotta, eh?"

"By no means; it's for marble."

"That's a pity. It was described to me as a charming piece of quaintness: a little demure, thin-lipped old lady, with her head on one side and the prettiest wrinkles in the world—a sort of fairy godmother."

"Go and see it, and judge for yourself," said Rowland.

"No, I see I shall be disappointed. It's quite the other thing, the sort of thing they put into the campo-santos. I wish that boy would listen to me an hour!"

But a day or two later Rowland met him again in the street, and, as they were near, proposed they should adjourn to Roderick's studio. He consented, and on entering they found the young master. Roderick's demeanor to Gloriani was never conciliatory, and on this occasion supreme indifference was apparently all he had to offer. But Gloriani, like a genuine connoisseur, cared nothing for his manners; he cared only for his skill. In the bust of Mrs. Hudson there was something almost touching; it was an exquisite example of a ruling sense of beauty. The poor lady's small, neat, timorous face had certainly no great character, but Roderick had repro-

duced its sweetness, its mildness, its minuteness, its still maternal passion, with the most unerring art. It was perfectly unflattered, and yet admirably tender; it was the poetry of fidelity. Gloriani stood looking at it a long time most intently. Roderick wandered away into the neighboring room.

"I give it up!" said the sculptor at last. "I don't understand it."

"But you like it?" said Rowland.

"Like it? It's a pearl of pearls. Tell me this," he added: "is he very fond of his mother; is he a very good son?" And he gave Rowland a sharp look.

"Why, she adores him," said Rowland, smiling.

"That's not an answer! But it's none of my business. Only if I, in his place, being suspected of having — what shall I call it? — a cold heart, managed to do that piece of work, oh, oh! I should be called a pretty lot of names. *Charlatan, poseur, arrangeur!* But he can do as he chooses! My dear young man, I know you don't like me," he went on, as Roderick came back. "It's a pity; you're strong enough not to care about me at all. You're very strong."

"Not at all," said Roderick curtly. "I'm very weak!"

"I told you last year that you would n't keep it up. I was a great ass. You will!"

"I beg your pardon — I won't!" retorted Roderick.

"Though I'm a great ass, all the same, eh? Well, call me what you will, so long as you turn out this sort of thing! I don't suppose it makes any particular difference, but I should like to say now I believe in you."

Roderick stood looking at him for a moment with a strange hardness in his face. It flushed slowly, and two glittering, angry tears filled his eyes. It was the first time Rowland had ever seen them there; he saw them but once again. Poor Gloriani, he was sure, had never in his life spoken with less of irony; but to Roderick there was evidently a sense of mockery in his profession of faith. He turned away with a muttered, pas-

sionate imprecation. Gloriani was accustomed to deal with complex problems, but this time he was hopelessly puzzled. "What's the matter with him?" he asked, simply.

Rowland gave a sad smile and touched his forehead. "Genius, I suppose."

Gloriani sent another parting, lingering look at the bust of Mrs. Hudson. "Well, it's deuced perfect, it's deuced simple; I *do* believe in him!" he said. "But I'm glad I'm not a genius. It makes," he added with a laugh, as he looked for Roderick to wave him goodbye, and saw his back still turned, "it makes a more sociable studio!"

Rowland had purchased, as he supposed, temporary tranquillity for Mary Garland; but his own humor in these days was not especially peaceful. He was attempting, in a certain sense, to lead the ideal life, and he found it, at the least, not easy. The days passed, but brought with them no official invitation to Miss Light's wedding. He occasionally met her, and he occasionally met Prince Casamassima; but always separately, never together. They were apparently taking their happiness in the inexpressive manner proper to people of social eminence. Rowland continued to see Madame Grandoni, for whom he felt a confirmed affection. He had always talked to her with frankness, but now he made her a confidant of all his hidden dejection. Roderick and Roderick's concerns had been a common theme with him, and it was in the natural course to talk of Mrs. Hudson's arrival and Miss Garland's fine smile. Madame Grandoni was an intelligent listener, and she lost no time in putting his case for him in a nutshell. "At one moment you tell me the girl is plain," she said; "the next you tell me she's pretty. I will invite them, and I shall see for myself. But one thing is very clear: you're in love with her."

Rowland, for all answer, glanced round to see that no one heard her.

"More than that," she added, "you have been in love with her these two years. There was that certain something about you! . . . I knew you were

a mild, sweet fellow, but you had a touch of it more than was natural. Why did n't you tell me at once? You would have saved me a great deal of trouble. And poor Augusta Blanchard too!" And herewith Madame Grandoni communicated a pertinent fact: Augusta Blanchard and Mr. Leavenworth were going to make a match. The young lady had been staying for a month at Albano, and Mr. Leavenworth had been dancing attendance. The event was a matter of course. Rowland, who had been lately reproaching himself with a failure of attention to Miss Blanchard's doings, made some such observation.

"But you did n't find it so!" cried his hostess. "It was a matter of course, perhaps, that Mr. Leavenworth, who seems to be going about Europe with the sole view of picking up furniture for his 'home,' as he calls it, should think Miss Blanchard a very handsome piece; but it was not a matter of course — or it need n't have been — that she should be willing to become a sort of superior table-ornament. She would have accepted you if you had tried."

"You are supposing the insupportable," said Rowland. "She never gave me a particle of encouragement."

"What would you have had her do? The poor girl did her best, and I'm sure that when she accepted Mr. Leavenworth she thought of you."

"She thought of the pleasure her marriage would give me."

"Ay, pleasure indeed! She is a thoroughly good girl, but she has her little grain of feminine spite, like the rest. Well, he's richer than you, and she will have what she wants; but before I forgive you I must wait and see this new arrival — what do you call her? — Miss Garland. If I like her, I'll forgive you; if I don't, I shall always bear you a grudge."

Rowland answered that he was sorry to forfeit any advantage she might offer him, but that his exculpatory passion for Miss Garland was a figment of her fancy. Miss Garland was engaged to another man, and he himself had no claims.

"Well, then," said Madame Grandoni, "if I like her, we'll have it that you ought to be in love with her. If you fail in this it will be a double misdemeanor. The man she's engaged to does n't care a straw for her. Leave me alone and I'll tell her what I think of *you*."

As to Christina Light's marriage, Madame Grandoni could make no definite statement. The young girl, of late, had made her several flying visits, in the intervals of the usual pre-matrimonial shopping and dress-fitting; she had spoken of the event with a toss of her head, as a matter which, with a wise old friend who viewed things in their essence, she need not pretend to treat as a solemnity. It was for Prince Casamassima to do that. "It's what they call a marriage of reason," she once said. "That means, you know, a marriage of madness!"

"What have you said in the way of advice?" Rowland asked.

"Very little, but that little has favored the prince. I know nothing of the mysteries of the young lady's heart. It may be a gold-mine, but at any rate it's a mine, and it's a long journey down into it. But the marriage in itself is an excellent marriage. It's not only brilliant, but it's safe. I think Christina is quite capable of making it a means of misery; but there is no position that would be sacred to her. Casamassima is an irreproachable young man; there is nothing against him but that he is a prince. It is not often, I fancy, that a prince has been put through his paces at this rate. No one knows the wedding-day; the cards of invitation have been printed half a dozen times over, with a different date; each time Christina has destroyed them. There are people in Rome who are furious at the delay; they want to get away; they are in a dreadful fright about the fever, but they are dying to see the wedding, and if the day were fixed, they would make their arrangements to wait for it. I think it very possible that after having kept them a month and produced a dozen cases of malaria, Christina will be mar-

ried at midnight by an old friar, with simply the legal witnesses."

"It's true, then, that she has become a Catholic?"

"So she tells me. One day she got up in the depths of despair; at her wit's end, I suppose, in other words, for a new sensation. Suddenly it occurred to her that the Catholic church might after all hold the key, might give her what she wanted! She sent for a priest; he happened to be a clever man, and he contrived to interest her. She put on a black dress and a black lace veil, and looking handsomer than ever she rustled into the Catholic church. The prince, who is very devout, and who had her heresy sorely on his conscience, was thrown into an ecstasy. May she never have a caprice that pleases him less!"

Rowland had already asked Madame Grandoni what, to her perception, was the present state of matters between Christina and Roderick; and he now repeated his question with some earnestness of apprehension. "The girl is so deucedly dramatic," he said, "that I don't know what *coup de théâtre* she may have in store for us. Such a stroke was her turning Catholic; such a stroke would be her some day making her courtesy to a disappointed world as Princess Casamassima, married at midnight, in her bonnet. She might do—she may do—something that would make even more starers! I'm prepared for anything."

"You mean that she might elope with your sculptor, eh?"

"I'm prepared for anything!"

"Do you mean that he's ready?"

"Do you think that *she* is?"

"They're a precious pair! I think this! You by no means exhaust the subject when you say that Christina is dramatic. It's my belief that in the course of her life she will do a certain number of things from pure disinterested passion. She's immeasurably proud, and if that is often a fault in a virtuous person, it may be a merit in a vicious one. She needs to think well of herself; she knows a fine character, easily, when she meets one; she hates to suffer by comparison, even though the compari-

son is made by herself alone; and when the estimate she may have made of herself grows vague, she needs to do something to give it definite, impressive form. What she will do in such a case will be better or worse, according to her opportunity; but I imagine it will generally be something that will drive her mother to despair; something of the sort usually termed 'unworldly.'"

Rowland, as he was taking his leave, after some further exchange of opinions, rendered Miss Light the tribute of a deeply meditative sigh. "She has bothered me half to death," he said, "but somehow I can't manage, as I ought, to hate her. I admire her, half the time, and a good part of the rest I pity her."

"I think I most pity her!" said Madame Grandoni.

This enlightened woman came the next day to call upon the two ladies from Northampton. She carried their shy affections by storm, and made them promise to drink tea with her on the evening of the morrow. Her visit was an era in the life of poor Mrs. Hudson, who did nothing but make sudden desultory allusions to her, for the next thirty-six hours. "To think of her being a foreigner!" she would exclaim, after much intent reflection, over her knitting; "she speaks so beautifully!" Then in a little while, "She was n't so much dressed as you might have expected. Did you notice how easy it was in the waist? I wonder if that's the fashion?" Or, "She's very old to wear a hat; I should never dare to wear a hat!" Or, "Did you notice her hands?—very pretty hands for such a stout person. A great many rings, but nothing very handsome. I suppose they are hereditary." Or, "She's certainly not handsome, but she's very sweet-looking. I wonder why she does n't have something done to her teeth." Rowland also received a summons to Madame Grandoni's tea-drinking, and went betimes, as he had been requested. He was eagerly desirous to lend his mute applause to Mary Garland's *début* in the Roman social world. The two ladies had ar-

rived, with Roderick, silent and careless, in attendance. Miss Blanchard was also present, escorted by Mr. Leavenworth, and the party was completed by a dozen artists of both sexes and various nationalities. It was a friendly and easy assembly, like all Madame Grandoni's parties, and in the course of the evening there was some excellent music. People played and sang for Madame Grandoni, on easy terms, who, elsewhere, were not to be heard for the asking. She was herself a superior musician, and singers found it a privilege to perform to her accompaniment. Rowland talked to various persons, but for the first time in his life his attention visibly wandered; he could not keep his eyes off Mary Garland. Madame Grandoni had said that he sometimes spoke of her as pretty and sometimes as plain; to-night, if he had had occasion to describe her appearance, he would have called her beautiful. She was dressed more than he had ever seen her; it was becoming and gave her a deeper color and an ampler presence. Two or three persons were introduced to her who were apparently witty people, for she sat listening to them with her brilliant natural smile. Rowland, from an opposite corner, reflected that he had never varied in his appreciation of Miss Blanchard's classic contour, but that somehow, to-night, it impressed him hardly more than an effigy stamped upon a coin of low value. Roderick could not be accused of rancor, for he had approached Mr. Leavenworth with unstudied familiarity, and, lounging against the wall, with hands in pockets, was discoursing to him with candid serenity. Now that he had done him an impertinence, he evidently found him less intolerable. Mr. Leavenworth stood stirring his tea and silently opening and shutting his mouth, without looking at the young sculptor, like a large, drowsy dog snapping at flies. Rowland had found it disagreeable to be told Miss Blanchard would have married him for the asking, and he would have felt some embarrassment in going to speak to her if his modesty had not found incredulity so easy. The facile

side of a union with Miss Blanchard had never been present to his mind; it had struck him as a thing, in all ways, to be compassed with a great effort. He had half an hour's talk with her; a farewell talk, as it seemed to him—a farewell not to a real illusion, but to the idea that for him, in that matter, there could ever be an acceptable *pis-aller*. He congratulated Miss Blanchard upon her engagement, and she received his compliment with a touch of primness. But she was always a trifle prim, even when she was quoting Mrs. Browning and George Sand, and this harmless defect did not prevent her responding on this occasion that Mr. Leavenworth had a "glorious heart." Rowland wished to manifest an extreme regard, but toward the end of the talk his zeal relaxed, and he fell a-thinking that a certain natural ease in a woman was the most delightful thing in the world. There was Christina Light, who had too much, and here was Miss Blanchard, who had too little, and there was Mary Garland (in whom the quality was wholly uncultivated), who had just the right amount.

He went to Madame Grandoni in an adjoining room, where she was pouring out tea.

"I'll make you an excellent cup," she said, "because I've forgiven you."

He looked at her, answering nothing; but he swallowed his tea with great gusto, and a slight deepening of his color; by all of which one would have known that he was gratified. In a moment he intimated that, in so far as he had sinned, he had forgiven himself.

"She's a lovely girl," said Madame Grandoni. "There's a great deal there. I have taken a great fancy to her, and she must let me make a friend of her."

"She's very plain," said Rowland, slowly, "very simple, very ignorant."

"Which, being interpreted, means, 'She's very handsome, very subtle, and has read hundreds of volumes on winter evenings in the country.'"

"You are a veritable sorceress," cried Rowland; "you frighten me away!" As he was turning to leave her, there rose above the hum of voices in the

drawing-room the sharp, grotesque note of a barking dog. Their eyes met in a glance of intelligence.

"There's the sorceress!" said Madame Grandoni. "The sorceress and her necromantic poodle!" And she hastened back to the post of hospitality.

Rowland followed her, and found Christina Light standing in the middle of the drawing-room, and looking about in perplexity. Her poodle, sitting on his haunches and gazing at the company, had apparently been expressing a sympathetic displeasure at the absence of a welcome. But in a moment Madame Grandoni had come to the young girl's relief, and Christina had tenderly kissed her.

"I had no idea," said Christina, surveying the assembly, "that you had such a lot of grand people, or I would not have come in. The servant said nothing; he took me for an *invitée*. I came to spend a neighborly half-hour; you know I have n't many left! It was too dimly dreary at home. I hoped I should find you alone, and I brought Stenterello to play with the cat. I don't know that if I had known about all this I would have dared to come in; but since I've stumbled into the midst of it, I beg you'll let me stay. I'm not dressed, but am I very hideous? I'll sit in a corner and no one will notice me. My dear, sweet lady, *do* let me stay. Pray why did n't you ask me? I never have been to a little party like this. They must be very charming. No dancing—tea and conversation? No tea, thank you; but if you could spare a biscuit for Stenterello; a sweet biscuit, please. Really, why did n't you ask me? Do you have these things often? Madame Grandoni, it's very unkind!" And the young girl, who had delivered herself of the foregoing succession of sentences in her usual low, cool, penetrating voice, uttered these last words with a certain tremor of feeling. "I see," she went on, "I do very well for balls and great banquets, but when people wish to have a cozy, friendly, comfortable evening, they leave me

out, with the big flower-pots and the gilt candelabra."

"I'm sure you're welcome to stay, my dear," said Madame Grandoni, "and at the risk of displeasing you, I must confess that if I did n't invite you, it was because you're too grand. Your dress will do very well, with its fifty flounces, and there is no need of your going into a corner. Indeed, since you're here, I propose to have the glory of it. You must remain where my people can see you."

"They are evidently determined to do that, by the way they stare. Do they think I'm going to dance a *tarantella*? Who are they all; do I know them?" And lingering in the middle of the room, with her arm passed into Madame Grandoni's, she let her eyes wander slowly from group to group. They were of course observing her. Standing in the little circle of lamplight, with the hood of an Eastern burnous, shot with silver threads, falling back from her beautiful head, one hand gathering together its voluminous, shimmering folds, and the other playing with the silken top-knot on the uplifted head of her poodle, she was a figure of radiant picturesqueness. She seemed to be a sort of extemporized *tableau vivant*. Rowland's position made it becoming for him to speak to her without delay. As she looked at him he saw that, judging by the light of her beautiful eyes, she was in a humor of which she had not yet treated him to a specimen. In a simpler person he would have called it exquisite kindness; but in this young lady's deportment the flower was one thing and the perfume another. "Tell me about these people," she said to him. "I had no idea there were so many people in Rome I had not seen. What are they all talking about? It's all beyond me, I suppose. There's Miss Blanchard, sitting as usual in profile against a dark object. She's like a head on a postage-stamp. And there's that nice little old lady in black, Mrs. Hudson. What a dear little woman for a mother! *Comme elle est proprette!* And the other, the *fiancée*, of course she's here. Ah, I

see!" She paused; she was looking intently at Miss Garland. Rowland measured the intentness of her glance, and suddenly acquired a firm conviction. "I should like so much to know her!" she said, turning to Madame Grandoni. "She has a charming face; I'm sure she's an angel. I wish very much you would introduce me. No, on second thoughts, I had rather you did n't. I'll speak to her bravely myself, as a friend of her cousin." Madame Grandoni and Rowland exchanged glances of baffled conjecture, and Christina flung off her burnous, crumpled it together, and, with uplifted finger, tossing it into a corner, gave it in charge to her poodle. He stationed himself upon it, on his haunches, with upright vigilance. Christina crossed the room with the step and smile of a ministering angel, and introduced herself to Mary Garland. She had once told Rowland that she would show him, some day, how gracious her manners could be; she was now redeeming her promise. Rowland, watching her, saw Mary Garland rise slowly, in response to her greeting, and look at her with serious, deep-gazing eyes. The almost dramatic opposition of these two keenly interesting girls touched Rowland with a nameless apprehension, and after a moment he preferred to turn away. In doing so he noticed Roderick. The young sculptor was standing planted on the train of a lady's dress, gazing across at Christina's movements with undisguised earnestness. There were several more pieces of music; Rowland sat in a corner and listened to them. When they were over, several people began to take their leave, Mrs. Hudson among the number. Rowland saw her come up to Madame Grandoni, clinging shyly to Mary Garland's arm. Miss Garland had a brilliant eye and a deep color in her cheek. The two ladies looked about for Roderick, but Roderick had his back turned. He had approached Christina, who, with an absent air, was sitting alone, where she had taken her place near Miss Garland, looking at the guests pass out of the room. Christina's eye, like Miss Garland's, was bright, but her

cheek was pale. Hearing Roderick's voice, she looked up at him sharply; then silently, with a single quick gesture, motioned him away. He obeyed her, and came and joined his mother in bidding good night to Madame Grandoni. Christina, in a moment, met Rowland's glance, and immediately beckoned him to come to her. He was familiar with her spontaneity of movement, and was scarcely surprised. She made a place for him on the sofa beside her; he wondered what was coming now. He was not sure it was not a mere fancy, but it seemed to him that he had never seen her look just as she was looking then. It was a humble, touching, appealing look, and it threw into wonderful relief the nobleness of her beauty. "How many more metamorphoses," he asked himself, "am I to be treated to before we have done?"

"I want to tell you," said Christina. "I have taken an immense fancy to Miss Garland. Are n't you glad?"

"Delighted!" exclaimed poor Rowland.

"Ah, you don't believe it," she said with soft dignity.

"Is it so hard to believe?"

"Not that people in general should admire her, but that *I* should. But I want to tell you; I want to tell some one, and I can't tell Miss Garland herself. She thinks me already a horrid false creature, and if I were to express to her frankly what I think of her, I should simply disgust her. She would be quite right; she has repose, and from that point of view I and my doings must seem monstrous. Unfortunately, I have n't repose. I'm trembling now; if I could ask you to feel my arm, you would see! But I want to tell you that I admire Miss Garland more than any of the people who call themselves her friends—except of course you. Oh, I know that! To begin with, she's extremely handsome, and she does n't know it."

"She's not generally thought handsome," said Rowland.

"Evidently! That's the vulgarity of the human mind. Her head has great character, great natural style. If a wom-

an is not to be a supreme beauty in the regular way, she will choose, if she's wise, to look like that. She'll not be thought pretty by people in general, and desecrated, as she passes, by the stare of every vile wretch who chooses to thrust his nose under her bonnet; but a certain number of superior people will find it one of the delightful things of life to look at her. That lot is as good as another! Then she has a beautiful character!"

"You found that out soon!" said Rowland, smiling.

"How long did it take *you*? I found it out before I ever spoke to her. I met her the other day in Saint Peter's; I knew it then. I knew it—do you want to know how long I've known it?"

"Really," said Rowland, "I did n't mean to cross-examine you."

"Do you remember mamma's ball in December? We had some talk and you then mentioned her—not by name. You said but three words, but I saw you admired her, and I knew that if you admired her she must have a beautiful character. That's what you require!"

"Upon my word," cried Rowland, "you make three words go very far!"

"Oh, Mr. Hudson has also spoken of her."

"Ah, that's better!" said Rowland.

"I don't know; he does n't like her."

"Did he tell you so?" The question left Rowland's lips before he could stay it, which he would have done on a moment's reflection.

Christina looked at him intently.

"No!" she said at last. "That would have been dishonorable, would n't it? But I know it from my knowledge of him. He does n't like perfection; he's not bent upon being *safe*, in his likings; he's willing to risk something! Poor fellow, he risks too much!"

Rowland was silent; he did not care for the thrust; but he was profoundly mystified. Christina beckoned to her poodle, and the dog marched stiffly across to her. She gave a loving twist to his rose-colored top-knot, and bade him go and fetch her burnous. He obeyed, gathered it up in his teeth, and returned

with great solemnity, dragging it along the floor.

"I do her justice. I do her full justice," she went on, with soft earnestness. "I like to say that, I like to be able to say it. She's full of intelligence and courage and devotion. She does n't do me a grain of justice; but that's no harm. There is something so fine in the aversions of a good woman!"

"If you would give Miss Garland a chance," said Rowland, "I'm sure she would be glad to be your friend."

"What do you mean by a chance? She has only to take it. I told her I liked her immensely, and she frowned as if I had said something disgusting. She looks very handsome when she frowns." Christina rose, with these words, and began to gather her mantle about her. "I don't often like women," she went on. "In fact I generally detest them. But I should like to know Miss Garland well. I should like to have a friendship with her; I have never had one; they must be very delightful. But I shan't have one now, either—not if she can help it! Ask her what she thinks of me; see what she'll say. I don't want to know; keep it to yourself. It's too sad. So we go through life. It's fatality—that's what they call it, is n't it? We please the people we don't care for, we displease those we do! But I appreciate her, I do her justice; that's the more important thing. It's because I have imagination. She has none. Never mind; it's her only fault. I do her justice; I understand very well." She kept softly murmuring and looking about for Madame Grandoni. She saw the good lady near the door, and put out her hand to Rowland for good night. She held his hand an instant, fixing him with her eyes, the living splendor of which, at this moment, was something transcendent. "Yes, I do her justice," she repeated. "And you do her more; you would lay down your life for her." With this she turned away, and before he could answer, she left him. She went to Madame Grandoni, grasped her two hands, and held out her forehead to be kissed. The next moment she was gone.

"That was a happy accident!" said Madame Grandoni. "She never looked so beautiful, and she made my little party brilliant."

"Beautiful, verily!" Rowland answered. "But it was no accident."

"What was it, then?"

"It was a plan. She wished to see Miss Garland. She knew she was to be here."

"How so?"

"By Roderick, evidently."

"And why did she wish to see Miss Garland?"

"Heaven knows! I give it up!"

"Ah, the wicked girl!" murmured Madame Grandoni.

"No," said Rowland; "don't say that now. She's too beautiful."

"Oh, you men! The best of you!"

"Well, then," cried Rowland, "she's too good!"

The opportunity presenting itself the next day, he failed not, as you may imagine, to ask Mary Garland what she thought of Miss Light. It was a Saturday afternoon, the time at which the beautiful marbles of the Villa Borghese are thrown open to the public. Mary had told him that Roderick had promised to take her to see them, with his mother, and he joined the party in the splendid Casino. The warm weather had left so few strangers in Rome that they had the place almost to themselves. Mrs. Hudson had confessed to an invincible fear of treading, even with the help of her son's arm, the polished marble floors, and was sitting patiently on a stool, with folded hands, looking shyly, here and there, at the undraped paganism around her. Roderick had sauntered off alone, with an irritated brow, which seemed to betray the conflict between the instinct of observation and the perplexities of circumstance. Miss Garland was wandering in another direction, and though she was consulting her catalogue, Rowland fancied it was from habit; she too was preoccupied. He joined her and she presently sat down on a divan, rather wearily, and closed her Murray. Then he asked her abruptly how Christina had pleased her.

She started the least bit at the question, and he felt that she had been thinking of Christina.

"I don't like her!" she said with decision.

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she's false." This was said without petulance or bitterness, but with a very positive air.

"But she wished to please you; she tried," Rowland rejoined, in a moment.

"I think not. She wished to please herself!"

Rowland felt himself at liberty to say no more. No allusion to Christina had passed between them since the day they met her at Saint Peter's, but he knew that she knew, by that infallible sixth sense of a woman who loves, that this strange, beautiful girl had the power to injure her. To what extent she had the will, Mary was uncertain; but last night's interview, apparently, had not reassured her. It was, under these circumstances, equally unbecoming for Rowland either to depreciate or to defend Christina, and he had to content himself with simply having verified the girl's own assurance that she had made a bad impression. He tried to talk of indifferent matters—about the statues and the frescos; but to-day, plainly, æsthetic curiosity, with Miss Garland, had folded its wings. Curiosity of another sort had taken its place. Mary was longing, he was sure, to question him about Christina; but she found a dozen reasons for hesitating. Her questions would imply that Roderick had not treated her with confidence, for information on this point should properly have come from him. They would imply that she was jealous, and to betray her jealousy was intolerable to her pride. For some minutes, as she sat scratching the brilliant pavement with the point of her umbrella, it was to be supposed that her pride and her anxiety held an earnest debate. At last anxiety won.

"Apropos of Miss Light," she asked, "do you know her well?"

"I can hardly say that. But I have seen her repeatedly."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes and no. I think I'm sorry for her."

Mary had spoken with her eyes on the pavement. At this she looked up.

"Sorry for her? Why?"

"Well—she's unhappy."

"What are her misfortunes?"

"Well—she has a horrible mother, and she has had a most injurious education."

For a moment Miss Garland was silent. Then, "Is n't she very beautiful?" she asked.

"Don't you think so?"

"That's measured by what men think! She's extremely clever, too."

"Oh, incontestably."

"She has beautiful dresses."

"Yes, any quantity of them."

"And beautiful manners."

"Yes—sometimes."

"And plenty of money."

"Money enough, apparently."

"And she receives great admiration."

"Very true."

"And she's to marry a prince."

"So they say."

Miss Garland rose and turned to rejoin her companions, commenting these admissions with a pregnant silence. "Poor Miss Light!" she said at last, simply. And in this it seemed to Rowland there was a touch of bitterness.

Very late on the following evening his servant brought him the card of a visitor. He was surprised at a visit at such an hour, but it may be said that when he read the inscription—Cavaliere Giuseppe Giacosa—his surprise declined. He had had an unformulated conviction that there was to be a sequel to the apparition at Madame Grandoni's: the Cavaliere had come to usher it in.

He had come, evidently, on a portentous errand. He was as pale as ashes and prodigiously serious; his little cold black eye had grown ardent, and he had left his caressing smile at home. He saluted Rowland, however, with his usual obsequious bow.

"You have more than once done me the honor to invite me to call upon you," he said. "I'm ashamed of my long delay, and I can only say to you, frankly,

that my time this winter has not been my own." Rowland assented, ungrudgingly fumbled for the Italian correlative of the adage "Better late than never," begged him to be seated, and offered him a cigar. The Cavaliere sniffed imperceptibly the fragrant weed, and then declared that, if his kind host would allow him, he would reserve it for consumption at another time. He apparently desired to intimate that the solemnity of his errand left him no breath for idle smoke-puffings. Rowland stayed himself, just in time, from an enthusiastic offer of a dozen more cigars, and, as he watched the Cavaliere stow his treasure tenderly away in his pocket-book, reflected that only an Italian could go through such a performance with uncompromised dignity. "I must confess," the little old man resumed, "that even now I come on business not of my own—or my own, at least, only in a secondary sense. I have been dispatched as an ambassador, an envoy extraordinary, I may say, by my dear friend Mrs. Light."

"If I can in any way be of service to Mrs. Light, I shall be happy," Rowland said.

"Well then, dear sir, Casa Light is in commotion. The signora is in trouble—in terrible trouble." For a moment Rowland expected to hear that the signora's trouble was of a nature that a loan of five thousand francs would assuage. But the Cavaliere continued: "Miss Light has committed a great crime; she has plunged a dagger into the heart of her mother."

"A dagger!" cried Rowland.

The Cavaliere patted the air an instant with his finger-tips. "I speak figuratively. She has broken off her marriage."

"Broken it off?"

"Short! She has turned the prince from the door." And the Cavaliere, when he had made this announcement, folded his arms and bent upon Rowland his intense, inscrutable gaze. It seemed to Rowland that he detected in the polished depths of it a sort of fantastic gleam of irony or of triumph; but super-

ficially, at least, Giacosa did nothing to discredit his character as a presumably sympathetic representative of Mrs. Light's affliction.

Rowland heard his news with a kind of fierce disgust; it seemed the sinister counterpart of Christina's preternatural mildness at Madame Grandoni's tea-party. She had been too plausible to be honest. Without being able to trace the connection, he yet instinctively associated her present rebellion with her meeting with Mary Garland. If she had not seen Mary, the prince would still be happy. It was monstrous to suppose that she could have sacrificed so brilliant a fortune to a mere movement of jealousy, to a refined instinct of feminine deviltry, to a desire to frighten poor Mary from her security by again appearing in the field. Yet Rowland remembered his first impression of her; she was "dangerous," and she had measured in each direction the perturbing effect of her rupture. She was smiling her sweetest smile at it! For half an hour Rowland simply detested her and longed to denounce her to her face. Of course all he could say to Giacosa was that he was extremely sorry. "But I'm not surprised," he added.

"You are not surprised?"

"With Miss Light everything is possible. Isn't that true?"

Another ripple seemed to play for an instant in the current of the old man's irony, but he waived response. "It was a magnificent marriage," he said, solemnly. "I do not respect many people, but I respect Prince Casamassima."

"I should judge him indeed to be a very honorable young man," said Rowland.

"Eh, young as he is, he's made of the old stuff. And now, perhaps, he's blowing his brains out. He's the last of his house; it's a great house. But Miss Light will have put an end to it!"

"Is that the view she takes of it?" Rowland ventured to ask.

This time, unmistakably, the Cavaliere smiled, but still in that very out-of-the-way place. "You have observed Miss Light with attention," he said,

"and this brings me to my errand. Mrs. Light has a high opinion of your wisdom, of your kindness, and she has reason to believe you have influence with her daughter."

"I — with her daughter? Not a grain!"

"That is possibly your modesty. Mrs. Light believes that something may yet be done, and that Christina will listen to you. She begs you to come and see her before it is too late."

"But all this, my dear Cavaliere, is none of my business," Rowland objected. "I can't possibly, in such a matter, take the responsibility of advising Miss Light."

The Cavaliere fixed his eyes for a moment on the floor, in brief but intense reflection. Then looking up, "Unfortunately," he said, "she has no man near her whom she respects; she has no father!"

"And a fatally foolish mother!" Rowland gave himself the satisfaction of exclaiming.

The Cavaliere was so pale that he could not easily have turned paler; yet it seemed for a moment that his dead complexion blanched. "Eh, signore, such as she is, the mother appeals to you. A very handsome woman — dishevelled, in tears, in despair, in dishabille!"

Rowland reflected a moment, not on the attractions of Mrs. Light under the circumstances thus indicated by the Cavaliere, but on the satisfaction he would take in accusing Christina to her face of having struck a cruel blow.

"I must add," said the Cavaliere, "that Mrs. Light desires also to speak to you on the subject of Mr. Hudson."

"She considers Mr. Hudson, then, connected with this step of her daughter's?"

"Intimately. He must be got out of Rome."

"Mrs. Light, then, must get an order from the Pope to remove him. It's not in my power."

The Cavaliere assented, deferentially. "Mrs. Light is equally helpless. She would leave Rome to-morrow, but Chris-

tina won't budge. An order from the Pope would do nothing. A bull in council would do nothing."

"She's a remarkable young lady," said Rowland, with bitterness.

But the Cavaliere rose and responded coldly, "She has a great spirit." And it seemed to Rowland that her great spirit, for mysterious reasons, gave him more pleasure than the distressing use she made of it gave him pain. He was on the point of charging him with his inconsistency, when Giacosa resumed: "But if the marriage can be saved, it must be saved. It's a beautiful marriage. It *will* be saved."

"Notwithstanding Miss Light's great spirit to the contrary?"

"Miss Light, notwithstanding her great spirit, will call Prince Casamasina back."

"Heaven grant it!" said Rowland.

"I don't know," said the Cavaliere, solemnly, "that Heaven will have much to do with it."

Rowland gave him a questioning look, but he laid his finger on his lips. And with Rowland's promise to present himself on the morrow at Casa Light, he shortly afterwards departed. He left Rowland revolving many things: Christina's magnanimity, Christina's perversity, Roderick's contingent fortune, Mary Garland's certain trouble, and the Cavaliere's own fine ambiguities.

Rowland's promise to the Cavaliere obliged him to withdraw from an excursion which he had arranged with the two ladies from Northampton. Before going to Casa Light he repaired in person to Mrs. Hudson's hotel, to make his excuses.

He found Roderick's mother sitting with tearful eyes, staring at an open note that lay in her lap. At the window sat Miss Garland, who turned her intense regard upon him as he came in. Mrs. Hudson quickly rose and came to him, holding out the note.

"In pity's name," she cried, "what is the matter with my boy? If he is ill, I entreat you to take me to him!"

"He is not ill, to my knowledge," said Rowland. "What have you there?"

"A note — a dreadful note. He tells us we are not to see him for a week. If I could only go to his room! But I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

"I imagine there is no need of going to his room. What is the occasion, may I ask, of his note?"

"He was to have gone with us on this drive to — what is the place? — to Cervara. You know it was arranged yesterday morning. In the evening he was to have dined with us. But he never came, and this morning arrives this awful thing. Oh dear, I'm so excited! Would you mind reading it?"

Rowland took the note and glanced at its half-dozen lines. "I cannot go to Cervara," they ran; "I have something else to do. This will occupy me perhaps for a week, and you'll not see me. Don't miss me — learn not to miss me. R. H."

"Why, it means," Rowland commented, "that he has taken up a piece of work, and that it is all-absorbing. That's very good news." This explanation was not sincere; but he had not the courage not to offer it as a stop-gap. But he found he needed all his courage to maintain it, for Miss Garland had left her place and approached him, formidably unsatisfied.

"He does n't work in the evening," said Mrs. Hudson. "Can't he come for five minutes? Why does he write such a cruel, cold note to his poor mother — to poor Mary? What have we done that he acts so strangely? It's this awful, infectious, heathenish place!" And the poor lady's suppressed mistrust of the Eternal City broke out passionately. "Oh, dear Mr. Mallet," she went on, "I'm sure he has the fever and he's already delirious!"

"I'm very sure it's not that," said Miss Garland, with a certain dryness.

She was still looking at Rowland; his eyes met hers, and his own glance fell. This made him angry, and to carry off his confusion he pretended to be looking at the floor, in meditation. After all, what had *he* to be ashamed of? For a moment he was on the point of making a clean breast of it, of crying out,

"Dearest friends, I abdicate: I can't help you!" But he checked himself; he felt so impatient to have his three words with Christina. He grasped his hat. "I'll see what it is!" he cried. And then he was glad he had not abdicated, for as he turned away he glanced again at Mary and saw that, though her eyes were full of trouble, they were not hard and accusing, but almost tender with appealing friendship.

He went straight to Roderick's apartment, deeming this, at an early hour, the safest place to seek him. He found him in his sitting-room, which had been closely darkened to keep out the heat. The carpets and rugs had been removed, the floor of speckled concrete was bare and lightly sprinkled with water. Here and there, over it, certain strongly perfumed flowers had been scattered. Roderick was lying on his divan in a white dressing-gown, staring up at the frescoed ceiling. The room was deliciously cool, and filled with the moist, sweet odor of the circumjacent roses and violets. All this seemed highly fantastic, and yet Rowland hardly felt surprised.

"Your mother was greatly alarmed at your note," he said, "and I came to satisfy myself that, as I believed, you are not ill."

Roderick lay motionless, except that he slightly turned his head toward his friend. He was smelling a large white rose, and he continued to present it to his nose. In the darkness of the room he looked exceedingly pale, but his handsome eyes had an extraordinary brilliancy. He let them rest for some time on Rowland, lying there like a Buddhist in an intellectual swoon, whose perception should be slowly ebbing back to temporal matters. "Oh, I'm not ill," he said at last. "I have never been better."

"Your note, nevertheless, and your absence," Rowland said, "have very naturally alarmed your mother. I advise you to go to her directly and reassure her."

"Go to her? Going to her would be worse than staying away. Staying away at present is a kindness." And

he inhaled deeply his huge rose, looking up over it at Rowland. "My presence, in fact, would be indecent."

"Indecent? Pray explain."

"Why, you see, as regards Mary Garland. I'm divinely happy! Does n't it strike you? You ought to agree with me. You wish me to spare her feelings; I spare them by staying away. Last night I heard something" —

"I heard it, too," said Rowland with brevity. "And it's in honor of this piece of news that you have taken to your bed in this fashion?"

"Extremes meet! I can't get up for joy."

"May I inquire how you heard your joyous news? — from Miss Light herself?"

"By no means. It was brought me by her maid, who is in my service as well."

"Casamassima's loss, then, is to a certainty your gain?"

"I don't talk about certainties. I don't want to be arrogant, I don't want to offend the immortal gods. I'm keeping very quiet, but I can't help being happy. I shall wait a while; I shall bide my time."

"And then?"

"And then that transcendent girl will confess to me that when she threw overboard her prince she remembered that I adored her!"

"I feel bound to tell you," was in the course of a moment Rowland's response to this speech, "that I am now on my way to Mrs. Light's."

"I congratulate you, I envy you!" Roderick murmured, imperturbably.

"Mrs. Light has sent for me to remonstrate with her daughter, with whom she has taken it into her head that I have influence. I don't know to what extent I shall remonstrate, but I give you notice I shall not speak in your interest."

Roderick looked at him a moment with a lazy radiance in his eyes. "Pray don't!" he simply answered.

"You deserve I should tell her you are a very shabby fellow."

"My dear Rowland, the comfort with

you is that I can trust you. You're incapable of doing anything disloyal."

"You mean to lie here, then, smelling your roses and nursing your visions, and leaving your mother and Miss Garland to fall ill with anxiety?"

"Can I go and flaunt my felicity in their faces? Wait till I get used to it a trifle. I have done them a palpable wrong, but I can at least forbear to add insult to injury. I may be an arrant fool, but, for the moment, I have taken it into my head to be prodigiously pleased. I should n't be able to conceal it; my pleasure would offend them; so I lock myself up as a dangerous character."

"Well, I can only say, 'May your pleasure never grow less, or your danger greater!'"

Roderick closed his eyes again, and sniffed at his rose. "God's will be done!"

On this Rowland left him and repaired directly to Mrs. Light's. This afflicted lady hurried forward to meet him. Since the Cavaliere's report of her condition she had somewhat smoothed and trimmed the exuberance of her distress, but she was evidently in extreme tribulation, and she clutched Rowland by his two hands, as if, in the shipwreck of her hopes, he were her single floating spar. Rowland greatly pitied her, for there is something respectable in passionate grief, even in a very bad cause; and as pity is akin to love, he endured her rather better than he had done hitherto.

"Speak to her, plead with her, command her!" she cried, pressing and shaking his hands. "She'll not heed us, no more than if we were a pair of clocks a-ticking. Perhaps she'll listen to you; she always liked you."

"She always disliked me," said Rowland. "But that does n't matter now. I have come here simply because you sent for me, not because I can help you. I can't advise your daughter."

"Oh, cruel, deadly man! You *must* advise her; you shan't leave this house till you have advised her!" the poor woman passionately retorted. "Look

at me in my misery and refuse to help me! Oh, you need n't be afraid, I know I'm a fright, I have n't an idea what I have on. If this goes on, we may both as well turn scarecrows. If ever a woman was desperate, frantic, heart-broken, I'm that woman. I can't begin to tell you. To have nourished a serpent, sir, all these years! to have lavished one's self upon a viper that turns and stings her own poor mother! To have toiled and prayed, to have pushed and struggled, to have eaten the bread of bitterness, and all the rest of it, sir — and at the end of all things to find myself at this pass. It can't be, it's too cruel, such things don't happen, the Lord don't allow it. I'm a religious woman, sir, and the Lord knows all about me. With his own hand he had given me his reward! I would have lain down in the dust and let her walk over me; I would have given her the eyes out of my head, if she had taken a fancy to them. No, she's a cruel, wicked, heartless, unnatural girl! I speak to you, Mr. Mallet, in my dire distress, as to my *only* friend. There is n't a creature here that I can look to — not one of them all that I have faith in. But I always admired you. I said to Christina the first time I saw you that there at last was a real gentleman. Come, don't disappoint me now! I feel so terribly alone, you see; I feel what a nasty, hard, heartless world it is that has come and devoured my dinners and danced to my fiddles, and yet that has n't a word to throw to me in my agony! Oh, the money, alone, that I have put into this thing, would melt the heart of a Turk!"

During this frenzied outbreak Rowland had had time to look round the room, and to see the Cavaliere sitting in a corner, like a major-domo on the divan of an antechamber, pale, rigid, and inscrutable.

"I have it at heart to tell you," Rowland said, "that if you consider my friend Hudson" —

Mrs. Light gave a toss of her head and hands. "Oh, it's not that. She told me last night to bother her no long-

er with Hudson, Hudson! She did n't care a button for Hudson. I almost wish she did; then perhaps one might understand it. But she does n't care for anything in the wide world, except to do her own hard, wicked will, and to crush me and shame me with her cruelty."

"Ah, then," said Rowland, "I am as much at sea as you, and my presence here is an impertinence. I should like to say three words to Miss Light on my own account, but I must absolutely and inexorably decline to urge the cause of Prince Casamassima. This is simply impossible."

Mrs. Light burst into angry tears. "Because the poor boy is a prince, eh? because he's of a great family, and has an income of millions, eh? That's why you grudge him and hate him. I knew there were vulgar people of that way of feeling, but I did n't expect it of *you*. Make an effort, Mr. Mallet; rise to the occasion; forgive the poor fellow his splendor. Be just, be reasonable! It's not *his* fault, and it's not mine. He's the best, the kindest young man in the world, and the most correct and moral and virtuous! If he were standing here in rags, I would say it all the same. The man first — the money afterwards: that was always my motto, and always will be. What do you take me for? Do you suppose I would give Christina to a *vicious* person? do you suppose I would sacrifice my precious child, little comfort as I have in her, to a man against whose character *one* word could be breathed? Casamassima is only too good, he's a saint of saints, he's stupidly good! There is n't such another in the length and breadth of Europe. What he has been through in this house not a common peasant would endure. Christina has treated him as you would n't treat a dog. He has been insulted, outraged, persecuted! He has been driven hither and thither till he did n't know *where* he was. He has stood there where you stand — there, with his name and his millions and his devotion — as white as your handkerchief, with hot tears in his eyes, and

me ready to go down on my knees to him and say, 'My own sweet prince, I could kiss the ground you tread on, but it isn't *decent* that I should allow you to enter my house and expose yourself to these horrors again.' And he would come back, and he would come back, and go through it all again, and take all that was given him, and only want the girl the more! I was his confidante; I know everything. He used to beg *my* forgiveness for Christina. What do you say to that? I seized him once and kissed him, I did! To find *that* and to find all the rest with it, and to believe it was a gift straight from the pitying angels of heaven, and then to see it dashed away before your eyes and to stand here helpless — oh, it's a fate I hope *you* may ever be spared!"

"It would seem, then, that in the interest of Prince Casamassima himself I ought to refuse to interfere," said Rowland.

Mrs. Light looked at him hard, slowly drying her eyes. The intensity of her grief and anger gave her a kind of majesty, and Rowland, for the moment, felt ashamed of the ironical ring of his observation. "Very good, sir," she said. "I'm sorry your heart is not so tender as your conscience. My compliments to your conscience! It must give you great happiness. Heaven help me! Since you fail us, we are indeed driven to the wall. But I have fought my own battles before, and I have never lost courage, and I don't see why I should break down now. Cavaliere, come here!"

Giacosa rose at her summons and advanced with his usual deferential alacrity. He shook hands with Rowland in silence.

"Mr. Mallet refuses to say a word," Mrs. Light went on. "Time presses, every moment is precious. Heaven knows what that poor boy may be doing. If at this moment a clever woman should get hold of him she might be as ugly as she pleased! It's horrible to think of it."

The Cavaliere fixed his eyes on Rowland, and his look, which the night be-

fore had been singular, was now most extraordinary. There was a nameless force of anguish in it which seemed to grapple with the young man's reluctance, to plead, to entreat, and at the same time to be glazed over with a reflection of strange things.

Suddenly, though most vaguely, Rowland felt the presence of a new element in the drama that was going on before him. He looked from the Cavaliere to Mrs. Light, whose eyes were now quite dry, and were fixed in stony hardness on the floor.

"If you could bring yourself," the Cavaliere said, in a low, soft, caressing voice, "to address a few words of solemn remonstrance to Miss Light, you would, perhaps, do more for us than you know. You would save several persons a great pain. The dear signora, first, and then Christina herself. Christina in particular. Me too, I might take the liberty to add!"

There was, to Rowland, something acutely touching in this humble petition. He had always felt a sort of imaginative tenderness for poor little unexplained Giacosa, and these words seemed a supreme contortion of the mysterious obliquity of his fate. All of a sudden, as he watched the Cavaliere, something occurred to him; it was something very odd, and it stayed his glance suddenly from again turning to Mrs. Light. His idea embarrassed him, and, to carry off his embarrassment, he repeated that it was folly to suppose that *his* words would have any weight with Christina.

The Cavaliere stepped forward and laid two fingers on Rowland's breast. "Do you wish to know the truth? You are the only man whose words she remembers."

Rowland was going from surprise to surprise. "I will say what I can!" he said. By this time he had ventured to glance at Mrs. Light. She was looking at him askance, as if, upon this, she was suddenly mistrusting his motives.

"If you fail," she said sharply, "we have something else! But please to lose no time."

She had hardly spoken when the sound

of a short, sharp growl caused the company to turn. Christina's fleecy poodle stood in the middle of the vast saloon, with his muzzle lowered, in pompous defiance of the three conspirators against the comfort of his mistress. This young lady's claims for him seemed justified; he was an animal of amazingly delicate instincts. He had preceded Christina as a sort of van-guard of defense, and she now slowly advanced from a neighboring room.

"You will be so good as to listen to Mr. Mallet," her mother said, in a terrible voice, "and to reflect carefully upon what he says. I suppose you will admit that *he* is disinterested. In half an hour you shall hear from me again!" And passing her hand through the Cavaliere's arm, she swept rapidly out of the room.

Christina looked hard at Rowland, but offered him no greeting. She was very pale, and, strangely enough, it at first seemed to Rowland that her beauty was in eclipse. But he very soon perceived that it had only changed its character, and that if it was a trifle less brilliant than usual, it was admirably touching and noble. The clouded light of her eyes, the magnificent gravity of her features, the conscious erectness of her head, might have belonged to a deposed sovereign or a condemned martyr. "Why have you come here at this time?" she asked.

"Your mother sent for me in pressing terms, and I was very glad to have an opportunity to speak to you."

"Have you come to help me, or to persecute me?"

"I have as little power to do one as I have desire to do the other. I came in great part to ask you a question. First, your decision is irrevocable?"

Christina's two hands had been hanging clasped in front of her; she separated them and flung them apart by an admirable gesture.

"Would you have done this if you had not seen Miss Garland?"

She looked at him with quickened attention; then suddenly, "This is interesting!" she cried. "Let us have it

out." And she flung herself into a chair and pointed to another.

"You don't answer my question," Rowland said.

"You have no right, that I know of, to ask it. But it's a very clever one; so clever that it deserves an answer. Very likely I would not."

"Last night, when I said that to myself, I was extremely angry," Rowland rejoined.

"Oh, dear, and you are not angry now?"

"I'm less angry."

"How very stupid! But you can say something at least."

"If I were to say what is uppermost in my mind, I would say that, face to face with you, it is never possible to condemn you."

"*Perchè?*"

"You know, yourself! But I can at least say now what I felt last night. It seemed to me that you had consciously, cruelly dealt a blow at that poor girl. Do you understand?"

"Wait a moment!" And with her eyes fixed on him, she inclined her head on one side, meditatively. Then a cold, brilliant smile covered her face, and she made a gesture of negation. "I see your train of reasoning, but it's quite wrong. I meant no harm to Miss Garland; I should be extremely sorry to make her suffer. Tell me you believe that."

This was said with ineffable candor. Rowland heard himself answering, "I believe it!"

"And yet, in a sense, your supposition was true," Christina continued. "I conceived, as I told you, a great admiration for Miss Garland, and I frankly confess I was jealous of her. What I envied her was simply her character! I said to myself, 'She, in my place, would n't marry Casamassima.' I could n't help saying it, and I said it so often that I found a kind of inspiration in it. I hated the idea of being worse than she — of doing something that she would n't do. I might be bad by nature, but I need n't be by volition. The end of it all was that I found it impossible not to

tell the prince that I was his very humble servant, but that I could n't marry him."

"Are you sure it was only of Miss Garland's character that you were jealous, not of — not of?" —

"Speak out, I beg you. We are talking philosophy!"

"Not of her affection for her cousin?"

"Sure is a good deal to ask. Still, I think I may say it! There are two reasons; one, at least, I can tell you: her affection has not a shadow's weight with Mr. Hudson! Why then should one fear it?"

"And what is the other reason?"

"Excuse me; that is my own affair."

Rowland was puzzled, baffled, charmed, inspired, almost, all at once. "I have promised your mother," he presently resumed, "to say something in favor of Prince Casamassima."

She shook her head sadly. "Prince Casamassima needs nothing that you can say for him. He is a magnificent *parti*. I know it perfectly."

"You know also of the extreme affliction of your mother?"

"Her affliction is demonstrative. She has been abusing me for the last twenty-four hours as if I were the vilest of the vile." To see Christina sit there in the purity of her beauty and say this, might have made one bow one's head with a kind of awe. "I have failed of respect to her at other times, but I have not done so now. Since we are talking philosophy," she pursued with a gentle smile, "I may say it's a simple matter. I don't love him. Or rather, perhaps, since we are talking philosophy, I may say it's not a simple matter! I spoke just now of inspiration. The inspiration has been great, but — I frankly confess it — the choice has been hard. Shall I tell you?" she demanded, with sudden ardor; "will you understand me? It was on the one side the world, the splendid, beautiful, powerful, interesting world. I know what that is; I've tasted of the cup, I know its sweetness. Ah, if I chose, if I let myself go, if I flung everything to the winds, the world and I would be famous friends! I know its

merits, and I think, without vanity, it would see mine. You would see some fine things! I should like to be a princess, and I think I should be a very good one; I would play my part well. I'm fond of luxury, I'm fond of a great society, I'm fond of being looked at. I'm corrupt, corruptible, corruption! Ah, what a pity that could n't be, too! Mercy of Heaven!" There was a passionate tremor in her voice; she covered her face with her hands and sat motionless. Rowland saw that an intense agitation, hitherto successfully repressed, underlay her calmness, and he could easily believe that her battle had been fierce. She rose quickly and turned away, walked a few paces, and stopped. In a moment she was facing him again, with tears in her eyes and a flush in her cheeks. "But you need n't think I'm afraid!" she said. "I've chosen, and I shall hold to it. I've something here, here, *here!*" and she patted her heart. "It's my own. I shan't part with it. Is it what you call an ideal? I don't know; I don't care! It's brighter than the Casamassima diamonds!"

"You say that certain things are your own affair," Rowland presently rejoined; "but I must nevertheless make an attempt to learn what all this means — what it promises for my friend Hudson. Is there any hope for him?"

"This is a point I can't discuss with you minutely. I like him very much."

"Would you marry him if he were to ask you?"

"He has asked me."

"And if he asks again?"

"I shall marry no one just now."

"Roderick," said Rowland, "has great hopes."

"Does he know of my rupture with the prince?"

"He's making a great holiday of it."

Christina pulled her poodle towards her and began to smooth his silky fleece. "I like him very much," she repeated; "much more than I used to. Since you told me all that about him at Saint Cecilia's, I have felt a great friendship for him. There's something very fine about him; he's not afraid of anything.

He's not afraid of failure; he's not afraid of ruin or death."

"Poor fellow!" said Rowland, bitterly; "he's fatally picturesque."

"Picturesque, yes; that's what he is. I'm very sorry for him."

"Your mother told me just now that you had said that you did n't care a straw for him."

"Very likely! I meant as a lover. One does n't want a lover one pities, and one does n't want — of all things in the world — a picturesque husband! I should like Mr. Hudson as something else. I wish he were my brother, so that he could never talk to me of marriage. Then I could adore him. I would nurse him, I would wait on him and save him all disagreeable rubs and shocks. I'm much stronger than he, and I would stand between him and the world. Indeed, with Mr. Hudson for my brother, I should be willing to live and die an old maid!"

"Have you ever told him all this?"

"I suppose so; I've told him five hundred things! If it would please you, I will tell him again."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried poor Rowland, with a groan.

He was lingering there, weighing his sympathy against his irritation, and feeling it sink in the scale, when the curtain of a distant doorway was lifted and Mrs. Light passed across the room. She stopped half-way, and gave the young persons a flushed and menacing look. It found apparently little to reassure her, and she moved away with a passionate toss of her drapery. Rowland thought with horror of the sinister compulsion to which the young girl was to be subjected. In this ethereal flight of hers, there was a certain painful effort and tension of wing; but it was none the less piteous to imagine her being rudely jerked down to the base earth she was doing her adventurous utmost to spurn. She would need all her magnanimity for her own trial, and it seemed gross to make further demands upon it on Roderick's behalf.

Rowland took up his hat. "You asked a while ago if I had come to

help you," he said. "If I knew how I might help you, I should be particularly glad."

She stood silent a moment, reflecting. Then at last, looking up, "You remember," she said, "your promising me six months ago to tell me what you finally thought of me? I should like you to tell me now."

He could hardly help smiling. Madame Grandoni had insisted on the fact that Christina was an actress, though a sincere one; and this little speech seemed a glimpse of the cloven foot. She had played her great scene, she had made her point, and now she had her eye at the hole in the curtain and she was watching the house! But she blushed as she perceived his smile, and her blush, which was beautiful, made her fault venial.

"You are an excellent girl!" he said, in a particular tone, and gave her his hand in farewell.

There was a great chain of rooms in Mrs. Light's apartment, the pride and joy of the hostess on festal evenings, through which the departing visitor passed before reaching the door. In one of the first of these Rowland found himself waylaid and arrested by the distracted lady herself.

"Well, well?" she cried, seizing his arm. "Has she listened to you—have you moved her?"

"In Heaven's name, dear madam," Rowland begged, "leave the poor girl alone! She's behaving very well!"

"Behaving very well? Is that all you have to tell me? I don't believe you said a proper word to her. You're conspiring together to kill me!"

Rowland tried to soothe her, to remonstrate, to persuade her that it was equally cruel and unwise to try to force matters. But she answered him only with harsh lamentations and imprecations, and ended by telling him that her daughter was *her* property, not his, and that his interference was most insolent and most scandalous. Her disappointment seemed really to have crazed her, and his only possible rejoinder was to take a summary departure.

A moment later he came upon the Cavaliere, who was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, so buried in thought that Rowland had to call him before he roused himself. Giacosa looked at him a moment keenly, and then gave a shake of the head, interrogatively.

Rowland gave a shake negative, to which the Cavaliere responded by a long, melancholy sigh. "But her mother is determined to force matters," said Rowland.

"It seems that it must be!"

"Do you consider that it must be?"

"I don't differ with Mrs. Light!"

"It will be a great cruelty!"

The Cavaliere gave a tragic shrug. "Eh! it is n't an easy world."

"You should do nothing to make it harder, then."

"What will you have? It's a magnificent marriage."

"You disappoint me, Cavaliere," said Rowland, solemnly. "I imagined you appreciated the great elevation of Miss Light's attitude. She does n't love the prince; she has let the matter stand or fall by that."

The old man grasped him by the hand and stood a moment with averted eyes. At last, looking at him, he held up two fingers.

"I have two hearts," he said, "one for myself, one for the world. This one opposes Miss Light, the other adores her! One suffers horribly at what the other does."

"I don't understand double people, Cavaliere," Rowland said, "and I don't pretend to understand you. But I have guessed that you are going to play some secret card."

"The card is Mrs. Light's, not mine," said the Cavaliere.

"It's a menace, at any rate?"

"The sword of Damocles! It hangs by a hair. Christina is to be given ten minutes to recant, under penalty of having it fall. On the blade there is something written, in strange characters. Don't scratch your head; you'll not make it out."

"I think I have guessed it," Rowland

said, after a pregnant silence. The Cavaliere looked at him blankly but intently, and Rowland added, "Though there are some signs, indeed, I don't understand."

"Puzzle them out at your leisure," said the Cavaliere, shaking his hand. "I hear Mrs. Light; I must go to my post. I wish you were a Catholic; I would beg you to step into the first

church you come to, and pray for us the next half-hour."

"For 'us'? For whom?"

"For all of us. At any rate remember this: I worship the Christina!"

Rowland heard the rustle of Mrs. Light's dress; he turned away, and the Cavaliere went, as he said, to his post. Rowland, for the next couple of days, pondered his riddle.

Henry James, Jr.

LEAVES ON THE TIDE.

I.

Who that sees a flowing tide
Can resist the wish to throw,
On its subtle influence,
Leaf or like, to see it go?

I cannot: the stream goes by,
And I drop upon it here,
From the rose of life, a leaf,
Light and warm, or brown and sere.

If you see the warm and light
Floating down and down to you,
You will know the heart is near,
Whence the bud so lately grew.

If you see the brown alone,
Here or not though I may be,
You will know that sun and rain
Somewhere have been sweet to me.

So upon the creeping tide
Now and then a leaf I throw;
If a heart shall greet it, well;
If it sink, — the roses grow.

II.

An apple-tree, dead long ago
To further hope of pink and snow, —

Lone sorrow of the wayside there,
An empty nest its only care, —

Spring, in a rapture after rain,
Kissed partly into bloom again.

So have we known a melody
Come in a dream from buried days;
So have we seen a life grow sweet
With blossom after barren Mays.

It seems there is not anything
Beyond the chance of blossoming,

Nor any day too dead to be
A better day in memory,

Nor any life—the barrenest —
But hath some dear, old, empty nest.

III.

A little while the roses bloom,
A little while the soft winds blow,
A little while the baby laughed,
A little while,—from bud to snow.

But after all the rose was sweet,
And after all the winds have blown,
And after all the baby blessed,
And after all it is our own.

If in our thought the rose remains,
And winds are sweet in memory,
Why should not then the baby gone
Forever be a babe to me?

IV.

From my door the river winds
In and out among the creeks,
Looking, and whate'er it finds,
Never finding what it seeks.

For anon it turns again
Toward the sea that drinks it in,
Where the dory fishermen
Daily bread would daily win.

Day by day and year by year,
Come and go the sea and wind:
I am like the river here,
Seeking what I never find.

V.

Only a bit of the highway sunning itself on the hill,
By it the beautiful river singing a song in the mill.

Only a bit of the highway I see as I sit by the door,
And the valley is pleasant behind it and the valley is pleasant before.

People come out of the valley and into the valley they go,
A shadow doth ferry the river, under a piloting crow.

'Tis but a moment I see them, — only a glimpse I obtain;
What do I know of their losses? what do they know of my gain?

I know they are bearing their burdens as I know that I do mine,
And I know they have their gladness, no happier, heart, than thine.

For never a highway windeth over the earth, but there
Feet of the happy are on it, — feet that are followed by care.

The shadow that ferried the river hath fallen asleep on the sea,
And the river, unheard by the miller, is singing a song in me.

Only a glimpse of the highway I get as I sit by the door,
But it hints of the journey behind me and the journey, remaining, before.

VI.

Two children were making the most of the day,
In the sand their castles building,
While out in the harbor the sunset gold
Was every vessel gilding.

But the sea came over the castles dear
And the charm of the sunset faded;
Oh! after a labor is lost may we
Go happily home as they did.

For we build and build in a different way,
Till our heads are wise and hoary;
But after it all the sun goes down,
And the sea — 't is a common story.

Hiram Rich.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ONE of the peculiarities of the civilization of the present day seems to be its great dependence on the work of other times and of other people. This is not so much a period of productiveness as one of examination, of criticism. No one of the arts can be said to be in a flourishing condition; flourishing, that is, in comparison with those great periods for which we feel so warm an admiration. To examine them one by one, sculpture certainly has but a lingering existence; in painting there are perpetual efforts to breathe life into imitations of the past, with hardly a single school following its own course forward; in architecture there are thousands of reminiscences of foreign and old buildings rather than satisfactory novelties; of music it is better to forbear making mention, lest he who is not an ardent admirer of what is certainly novelty should be marked for derision as one who would have denounced Beethoven when he began to compose. It would moreover be impertinent to speak prematurely of music, which recognizes only our posterity as fair judges of its merits. Now this statement is not meant for a wail at the emptiness of all things, nor yet for contemptuous depreciation of the present day; it is rather the mention of what is the natural consequence of our position in the nineteenth century, with our tolerably complete knowledge of other civilizations weighing us down and serving as a standard of comparison for everything we try to accomplish. The richness of our information produces in us a feeling not unlike that which we have in an enormous library, that we cannot recall a single book we care to read; or in a large exhibition, that it is impossible to decide what to look at. The abundance of attractions is apt to produce a state of mental equilibrium by means of the many counter-temptations of equal force which paralyze the will. Concentrated effort is rendered difficult;

every one is conscious of a thousand distractions which have the charm of presenting real and tempting interest. Even an ordinary education implies some knowledge of many subjects of almost equal fascination. Delicacy of taste is cultivated, rather than depth of knowledge. We acquire refinement rather than strength. At present we are living extravagantly on all the best of all the fine arts. Suddenly, we know all the masterpieces a groaning world has been for many ages slowly producing. We go, for instance, to a picture gallery, and there we see nothing but the finest paintings; all the second-rate pictures are excluded or overlooked. We learn to judge the past by the smooth results, we forget the tedious processes, we no longer remember by what arduous toil success has been achieved. We have a good knowledge of antiquity. We talk of old cities, and some one goes and digs them up; we find ancient statues; we collect the masters' paintings; we have photographs of those few corners of the world we cannot ourselves visit; we accumulate Persian, Indian, and Japanese curiosities. This is indeed a time for great enjoyment.

Now all of these advantages are not to be decried, nor certainly is this country, where such things are rarer, to be placed above Europe in any respect in which these things count; but it would seem as if in this plethora of luxuries we ran the risk of forgetting the method of furnishing our share to the gratification of posterity. It certainly will never be by turning our backs upon our advantages and returning to the good old times, because that is impossible, and, if it were practicable, would be as wise as it would be for a grown man who yields to the temptations of maturity to go back to the pinafore and innocent sports of childhood. Nor is it by travestying the honest work of the

past that the tasks of the present are to be accomplished. A Gothic cathedral nowadays can hardly be more than a success of cleverness. No painter can with sincerity paint pictures like those painted by men who preceded Raphael, without doing injustice to himself by excluding from his work the countless influences which have grown to be part of his nature. One might as well, in order to acquire simplicity, try to talk in the language of Chaucer. And yet there are poets who do try to talk in the language of Chaucer. Those older men accomplished what they did by doing their best, by working with all the force they had, and not by willfully excluding the largest part of their education and feeling. But we go on perpetually repeating the familiar mistake of taking some conditions for the essential inspiration, imagining, for instance, that if we can put a contemporary into a suit of armor, we have a mediæval knight before us, — as if they masqueraded in that dress, — and forgetting that the nearest approach to the knight is the blue or red coated soldier. It would be hard to see why what has once pleased should not please again, if it were not that what we liked lies elsewhere than in the mere costume, that the dress is nothing without the human heart beneath. Shall it be left to future historians of these times to satisfy curiosity about our doings by the statement that in the last part of the nineteenth century nothing was accomplished, that we built museums and stored them with curiosities, and filled picture-galleries with old pictures, and gave concerts, and wrote imitations of older poets, and enjoyed ourselves greatly, and that was all?

It is not that this fervor is to be wholly condemned; it is in many ways admirable. The only thing to be guarded against is fancying that when we know things we are cultivated, have attained culture, and can rest there. That is the rock on which we are in peril of splitting. We must not make culture an idol, as is the fashion, but regard it as merely one of the forces that goes to keep the world in motion. It is a means,

not an end. It is no more to be worshipped for itself than is the knowledge of the multiplication-table. We should not let ourselves be swamped in our luxuries. The man should always be better than his surroundings; he should absorb what is good in them, and stand above them. It is to the credit of a man to rise purified by his experience, however bitter it may be, and certainly he should not fall into joyous self-content because he has knowledge of bric-à-brac. That is no better than the strength of the giant who forever lolls upon the sofa. The collection of curiosities, the ransacking of the globe after singularities, and the consequent selfish thrilling with enjoyment, are not enough. Indeed, the mere enjoyment is in itself idle, unproductive, and, if it interferes with work, harmful, however delightful it may be. That it is delightful no one can deny, but just as fear of starvation is, however disguised, one of the strongest inspirations of toil known to man, the evident danger of comfort, pleasantly won distinction, and elegance is, that they produce sloth, or passive content with things as they are.

This spirit of the times finds its expression in the poetry of the day. Just as in the last century the poets followed Pope's well-worn track and imitated a species of classicism, so nowadays, since the time of Keats and Shelley, we find traces of these poets jutting up everywhere. Tennyson has acquired, partly from them, a peculiar and well-known form of expression; other poets have caught this from him, until there are almost as many pseudo-Tennysons as in the last century there were smooth-tongued imitators of Pope. Tennyson gratifies a good part of the cultivated taste of the present day. His facile elegance, the deliciousness of his single lines, please the ear, but there are those who fail to find beneath this lusciousness the solid strength which makes poetry, which alone is poetry. Do we not admire most in him the grace of his expression? Is he not possibly an excellent specimen of dilettanteism? To a certain extent, then, he is a representa-

tive of this period, but of its less active side. While Tennyson puts his art into prettinesses, occasionally rising into grace, and other modern poets, like Rossetti and Swinburne, content themselves with praise of what they consider immortal loveliness, assuming the innocence of the ancients in the most sophisticated way, devoting themselves to singing boldly the charms of beautiful objects, the age is not without poetry appropriate to its delicacy, its enjoyment of curiosities and antiquities, and its bitterness. The saddest wail of this poetry is that of having no new things to look at and get pleasure from. The writers of it chant graceful imitations of what was once real poetry, just as avowed mechanics have factories for the making of what is known as Eastlake furniture. One of these modern poets, "an idle singer," presumes to call this "an empty day." But the emptiness is not in the day. The worship of mere beauty ends in satiety; it is as unsatisfying as any paganism, and the melancholy tone of much of our modern poetry is its natural result. Mere enjoyment is not the normal condition of man, and now that we have acquired so much, it is our duty to work with these new conditions, to assimilate what we have collected, seen, and admired, and to recognize what is the true life of the time, not merely what are its most charming pastimes. Some of the old problems of life are still unsettled, and it is not by arraying ourselves in the cast-off robes of our grandfathers that we shall do our part towards finding a solution of them. For their part, scientific men are busily plunging into their work, eagerly investigating, and — for their only relaxation — fighting savagely with those who hold different opinions, while we stand outside and counsel moderation and calm and think of the violence of the Spanish Inquisition, forgetting that their exaggeration is a good sign of their earnestness.

But it is unfair that scientific men should monopolize all the intellectual energy. They do not get intoxicated at their success, nor do they give them-

selves up to the idle contemplation of newly discovered truths; they work incessantly. They are the most noticeably active men of the present time, and there would be some justice in calling this the scientific age, in which no poetry can be looked for, were it not that no amount of science can replace poetry, nor deaden the heart of man to its charm. The real poet of the present day would seem to be the one who avoids imitating the past, and who sees in what new form the old questions are disguised, who recognizes the peril that culture brings, and who does not avoid the difficulties with which new scientific knowledge has enveloped what many have thought the truth. Such a poet was Clough. Even if he did not always write cheerfully, he treated human nature with dignity, never fancying that it was enough for a poet to have an outfit of smooth lines, ingenious expressions, and familiar images, with which to reccho the popular interest in antiquity or the fashionable melancholy.

What is most noticeable in Clough is his earnestness. He wrote but little, yet in almost every line he left the mark of a serious nature. The form of some of his verses is crude and rugged; in others, however, he seems to have had no difficulty in finding suitable expression for his thoughts. In what he had to say he more nearly expressed the thought of the present age than do those bards who display merely the refinements or perversities of its taste. However it may seem to contradict the fact of his earnestness, it was to doubt and hesitation and shrinking from bold assertion that he gave expression. But it is not such a contradiction as it may seem, for doubt with him is not a state of vainglorious flippancy, nor one of prompt acceptance of enjoyment in the place of faith, but one, rather, of very earnest intellectual struggle. If Clough's doubts had led him to put into verse nothing but questions of biblical exegesis, he could of course be fairly condemned for mistaking the functions of poetry; but as it is, he represents the reaction after the awakening of the

early years of the century, as fairly as Shelley does this awakening itself; but it is not that alone which makes itself felt in his poetry. He was a student at Oxford when that great university was shaken by the Tractarian movement. In his *Life and Letters*, edited by his wife, we have many proofs given us of the ardent way in which a sensitive and serious nature like Clough's felt itself greatly influenced by one of the most remarkable religious excitements of modern times. He once said, speaking of two years of his life at this period, with regard to which we have only very vague information, that in that time he had been like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney. This was but a natural result of the influence to which he was exposed. In time, however, came reaction, and he found himself not only looking coldly on the excitement which had carried so many to the Church of Rome, but also with only a vague reverence for any form of ecclesiastical authority. Before long, he became so convinced of his religious uncertainty that he felt it his duty to resign both his tutorship and his fellowship. This he did in 1848. Although fond of teaching, he could not reconcile it with his conscience that he should hold a position which implied religious beliefs that he was unable to avow. It was a case of an artificial system shackling a very conscientious man. Had he been a trifle more worldly or less sensitively careful, he would have thought it enough to make merely a formal acknowledgment of the excellence of the religious system of the university; but he was too strictly upright for that, and made himself a victim of formality. In Germany or in this country, such a result would not have followed. There is a certain latitude of opinion possible, which seldom calls forth any noisy license, and certainly never would from men as thoughtful as Clough. His state of mind, even when he was in the greatest doubt, is one that ought to command respect. He was perfectly sincere, and he never gave expression to, nor felt, anything like a scoffing spirit. One of the most

noticeable of the poems in which he gives expression to his doubts is that entitled *A Shadow*, but in this as well as in *Easter Day*, Naples, 1849, there is no touch of derision. The author expresses, especially in the last-named poem, the sadness which the want, or rather the loss of faith must produce in a serious nature. Now, while it is by no means essential, for poetry to be good, that it should aim at propagating the tenets of the Church of England, it certainly touches a lofty chord of the human heart when it takes up the general question of man's relation to religion. For a long time Clough was wrestling with these problems, always with sincerity and reverence, even when far from orthodox conclusions. Such a state of mind is expressed by these lines:—

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

Or again in these:—

"O Thou in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'
And be profane with 'yes' and 'no';
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er Thou may'st be, art."

These poems, however, express but one phase of mental struggle. They are worthy of all respect for their honesty and earnestness, but from their nature they cannot appeal to a large class of readers. They express a state of tension in the author's mind which was right enough in its time as part of his intellectual growth, but which normally is succeeded by the contemplation of other questions, which crowd upon the mind with maturer and probably more active years. At times he expresses a certain pensiveness at the thought of the separations and estrangements unavoidable in life, and nowhere more beautifully than in the following verses, which, although they are perhaps the best-known of all that Clough wrote, we venture to quote; certainly no one will be harmed by giving them another reading:—

"As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart desoried ;

"When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

"E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

"At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered ;
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared !

"To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides ;
To that and your own selves be true.

"But, O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare ;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there."

The same feeling is otherwise expressed in the following poem, one of the Songs in Absence, composed either during his voyage across the Atlantic to this country, or during his stay here in the year 1852: —

"Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall, rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again, — we shall have much to say.

"With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

"Some day which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed — ye winds and waters say ! —
Meet yet again upon some future day ?"

In these verses it is not at all by beauty of rhythm nor by ease of expres-

sion that the reader's attention is specially attracted. They are not lacking in these qualities, but they are noteworthy much more for the feeling that they express. Those who take up Clough for the first time will have to prepare themselves to encounter occasional ruggedness of phrase, which will be more noticed perhaps by those accustomed to reading poets who are masters of facile expression, but this fault is never great enough to mar seriously the enjoyment of those who have any fancy for this earnest-minded writer. Certainly towards the end of his brief life — he died at but a little over forty, and he was a man who matured slowly — he found it easier to give appropriate and poetical wording to what he had to say. The most carping criticism can find no fault with these lines: —

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward look, the land is bright."

There is no weakness in his longer poems. The *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, which was the first of these to appear, is an idyl of country-life, as fresh as a breeze in summer, into which is woven a social problem of love-making such as Clough was fond of introducing into his more ambitious poems. With even its decided merits, it is less characteristic of the author than one piece written in the succeeding year, 1849, which first saw light, nine years later, in the earliest pages of *The Atlantic*. The poem we mean is the *Amours de Voyage*. In it, we find drawn with great comprehension a character such as Clough imagined might well be the result of the uncertainty, self-questioning,

and wondering indecision consequent on the inactivity of æsthetic enjoyment. The poet saw the danger of our delicate civilization, and in the hero of the *Amours de Voyage*, who certainly is not the usual hero of poetry or of fiction, he draws a very delightful man, cultivated and accomplished, who lacks the energy and enthusiasm requisite for the most urgent of the practical affairs of life, for certainly choice in marriage deserves to be included in this category, at least for the purposes of the writer of novels or poems. In Rome he meets and falls in love with a young girl, sensible and refined, but with a much truer knowledge of the world than that which he possesses. The story is told in a series of letters, in which the hero, Claude, portrays himself at great length as a halting, hesitating creature, looking at both sides of a question and weighing every argument, capable, to be sure, of falling in love with the girl, but meanwhile doubting, as the motto prefixed to the poem says, about love. In short, Clough drew here a picture of one of the dangers of the present day, as truly as Goethe, in his *Sorrows of Werther*, represented one of the follies of his time. To us there is something bordering on the old-fashioned in *Werther*. We read it without being moved to suicide, just as we are able to see Jack Sheppard without taking to the road for a livelihood. But in its day it was a most fatal story. It described what was at the time a common disease, and thereby helped to spread it among its readers, who caught the infection from its pages and suffered like pangs, just as beginners in the study of medicine imagine themselves the prey of every new ailment they come across in their text-books. *Werther* is the greater book because it describes what has been a more widely-spread evil, and because its passionate outbursts take stronger hold of the reader's imagination than do Claude's tepid self-communings. Then the tragic ending of *Werther* outweighs the uneventful termination of the *Amours de Voyage*, if not in truth, at least in dramatic effect. A conclusion of this sort to the

poem would have been impossible; the hero, who, as it was, had self-conscious trepidation about the part he was playing in the comedy, would have shrunk from a tragedy as from the most violent breach of decorum. The whole portrayal of Claude's state of mind deserves great praise. Clough very wisely chose for a background to the unenergetic hesitation of his hero's mind the futile activity of the struggle of the Roman republicans against the French in 1849. To tell the story of the poem over again in prose, or by means of brief extracts, would be treating it with but little justice. It may be fairer simply to call the reader's attention to certain passages, as, for instance, to the naturalness with which the brief spasm of energy is introduced into Claude's mind by the consciousness of his folly in letting happiness, or rather the chance of it, slip from between his fingers. His ineffectual efforts to find the heroine, after she had left Rome, are soon followed by a resignation which is in some measure the result of doubt about the reality of the feeling which is urging him on. For a time he had acted instinctively, without analyzing his emotions; but his habits are too strong, and he soon relapses into pondering about the good of everything except his usual uncertain state of mind. What is pathetic in the poem is not his suffering, which is so speedily consoled by reflection, but, rather, the gently indicated disappointment of the heroine, who sees very clearly, being unaccustomed to the sophistication of clever selfishness, how benumbing is the web which the hero spins about himself. In comparison with her straightforwardness his vexatious hair-splitting, which is nowhere exaggerated, stands out in its proper light. It is nowhere contemptible, otherwise she could not have been willing to love him, but it is truly pitiable. With him it is not a crime, it is a disease, and it is a form of disease which is known to those who complacently suffer from it as the spirit of the nineteenth century; for the self-consciousness of the age has reached the height of recognizing and naming its own spirit

in this fashion, and of calling a man who represents that spirit a representative man of the nineteenth century. This is a habit which was unknown to those who lived in other centuries. The flattering model of characters like these is Hamlet. Nowhere in literature is there to be found a better picture of a man of this sort than in the *Amours de Voyage*, and hence it is that Clough so well deserves the credit of having understood and drawn one of the people of his time. It is not in this study of character alone that he has been successful. There is a charm in his verses which is very noteworthy. The poem itself, like the *Boithie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, is written in hexameters. In the hands of a master like Clough this metre shows itself adapted to the practical purpose of telling the story in an impressive and artistic way, while at the same time it shows great fitness for poetical expression, as in the extract given below:—

“Ye too, marvelous Twain, that erect on the
Monte Cavallo
Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your
motionless movement,
Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil
regardant faces,
Stand as instinct with life in the might of im-
mutable manhood.”

In general Clough's hexameters do not have the misfortune of reminding the reader that he is dealing with that much-abused and often mechanical metre. One reads them without recollecting that they are hexameters. Even more marked is his success with elegiacs. In this measure are written the brief introductory and concluding lines of each of the four cantos. For one example the following passage may be quoted:—

“Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envine-
yarded ruins!
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars,
and domes!
Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the
mythic Albano,
Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Alsula's
hills!
Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand,
while, to ocean descending,
Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the
yellow broad sun,
Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once
in the champaign,
Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts um-
brageous and old,

E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy
beautiful hollow,
Nemi imbedded in wood, Nemi inured in the
hill!

Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and
the City Eternal!

Therefore farewell! We depart, but to behold
you again!”

And, in addition, these ringing lines with
which the poem ends:—

“So go forth to the world, to the good report and
the evil!

Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and
good?

Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by with-
out answer.

Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing
and age,

Say, ‘I am flitting about many years from brain
unto brain of

Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious
days:

But,’ so finish the word, ‘I was writ in a Roman
chamber,

When from Janiculan heights thundered the
cannon of France.’”

Certainly these verses need no comment stumbling along after the impression made by them, and vainly trying to explain it. The reader has a deaf ear who does not perceive their charm, and no argument or appeal can aid him. It will be hard, however, to find any one insensible to the grace and dreaminess which characterize so much of Clough's poetry. It is not so much that he fascinates us by power of description, as that he represents the feeling made on the soul of man by objects of beauty. For this purpose he does not analyze his sensations, he sings the mood which the sympathetic reader is able to recall as the one inspired in him by similar circumstances. This art is not prettiness, nor technical or, if the expression can be used, *professional* elegance, so much as an exaltation of the poetic power; for it appeals to the highest feelings of men, not to their more easily gratified enjoyment of what is perceived through the senses alone. This rare quality makes Clough a poet for the faithful few rather than for the hastily reading multitude, averse to reflection, and prone to measure poetic worth more by the intensity of the impression than by its quality. As an example of what is meant, the following lines, introductory to Canto III., deserve quotation:—

" Yet to the wondrous Saint Peter's, and yet to the
solemn Rotunda,
Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vati-
can walls,
Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty
world seems above us,
Gathered and fixed to all time into a roofing
supreme ;
Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude
what is meaner around us ;
Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a
chamber remain ;
Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our
souls in resistance.
Ah, but away from the stir, shouting, and
gossip of war,
Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut
the oak-trees immingle,
Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander
and wind,
Where, under mulberry-branches, the diligent
rivulet sparkles,
Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-
works ply,
Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier
still repeated,
Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to
the sky, —
Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the
streets of the city,
Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with
thee ! "

Another of his long poems is *Dipsychus*, which was written in dramatic form, not with any design for the stage, but as a proper means of expressing what was to be said. The subject of the poem is the conflict between a tender conscience and the world. The *dramatis personæ*, representing these two opposing forces, are *Dipsychus* and the spirit. *Dipsychus* has a yearning for what is good, and the spirit is the vulgar, sneering, ironical mood which is one of the results of excessive mental culture. For with all its merits for the inspiration of those who are able to make use of their accumulations, there is a certain danger lest cultivation, carried too far, should unfit its owner for activity by inspiring his self-consciousness to make comparisons between him and others, and lest it should destroy the enthusiasm which inspires work, by precocious application of the lesson of experience, that everything is vanity. Sitting in a room lined with mirrors is not apt to produce unconscious manners, and, in the same way, too much theoretical knowledge is likely to have for its result the negation of everything on which activity depends. The ardor

of youth may be foolishness, but its cynicism is cheap wisdom plagiarized. The spirit represents this cynicism, and *Dipsychus* suffers from the self-consciousness which paralyzes the will.

If the *Amours de Voyage* is a modern *Werther*, the *Dipsychus* is a modern *Faust*. An attempt has already been made to show that there is some resemblance between the first-named books; and it is easy to detect a certain similarity between the other two. While *Faust* stands for the man of all time, the *Dipsychus* represents merely the modern man with his newly acquired imperfections, and there is consequently a great difference in the proportions of the two poems, but they are alike in quality. The emotional nature of *Dipsychus*, who has ardent longings for what makes life most honorable, is well portrayed. He is perpetually baffled by irresolution, the bane of reflection. At times this, when carried to the extent of ridiculing honest effort, is the part the spirit acts; he is the embodiment of all worldliness, while *Dipsychus*, with nearly the uniformity of a pendulum, swings from the pondering of what he shall do to satiety of the whole matter. As he himself asks: —

" Is it a law for me
That opportunity shall breed distrust,
Not passing until that pass? "

And there is always to be heard the corroding voice of the spirit, turning reverence to ridicule, and mocking every pure feeling. This poem is indeed a tragedy, for it describes the death of a soul which, although morbid, is at least human. Perhaps a thoroughly healthy soul knows nothing of tragedies.

Even an unobservant reader can hardly fail to notice the skill with which Clough has set the remarks of the spirit in a jingling, vulgar metre, which mocks the poetical language to which *Dipsychus* occasionally rises. One of the many cases of this is to be found in Scene II. *Dipsychus* has just said, —

" Oh, let me love my love unto myself alone,
And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
No witness to the vision call,
Beholding, unbeheld of all ;
And worship thee, with thee withdrawn, apart,
Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,
Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart

"Better it were, thou sayest, to consent,
Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent;
Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure;
In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul

"Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
And call it heaven; place bliss and glory there;
Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
And say, what is not will be by and by;
What here exists not must exist elsewhere.
But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man;
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can."

To this the jeering spirit replies, —

"To these so sage and clerkly,
Worthy of Malebranche or Berkeley,
I trust it won't be deemed a sin
If I, too, answer with a grin.
These juicy meats, this flashing wine,
May be an unreal mere appearance;
Only — for my inside, in fine,
They have a singular coherence," etc.

And when Dipsychus goes on, —

"Where are the great, whom thou wouldst wish
to praise thee?
Where are the pure, whom thou wouldst choose
to love thee?
Where are the brave, to stand supreme above
thee,
Whose high commands would cheer, whose chid-
ings raise thee?
Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank
mind,"

the spirit sings his song beginning, —

"As I sat in the café, I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they
call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and
drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money."

While dramatic action is wholly want-
ing, dramatic feeling has inspired the
whole of this wonderful poem. It is a
marvelous picture of the contending im-
pulses of the human mind, and espe-
cially under the temptations of the pres-
ent day. It lays bare the mysteries of a
reserved nature. While it is not to be
read for statistical information with re-
gard to Clough's life, it throws a great
deal of light upon his character and
manner of thinking. His letters, such
at least as have been published, are very
interesting, but the reader gets the im-
pression of the writer's constant unwill-
ingness to make much of himself; he
rather eludes than invites observation;

but in his poems we get, very markedly,
the impression of what was always per-
plexing him, namely, man's relation to
unseen things. His position of rever-
ent uncertainty is, indeed, far more de-
serving of respect than is that of the
mock pagans who eat, drink, and make
merry, because to-morrow they die.
When they write poetry they may ex-
press what certain people do in this cen-
tury, but its real life, and the questions
agitating it, are best set forth in Clough's
poems. His seriousness may make him
less generally read, but those who read
him will only value him the more.

The *Mari Magno* is a collection of tales
told upon the high seas by a few passen-
gers of a steamship. In them there is
none of the subjective discussion which
appears in those poems already men-
tioned, but in its place a most concise
directness, a truly Chaucerian simplicity.
The narrators are well described. Here,
for example, is one:—

"My guardian friend was now, at thirty-three,
A rising lawyer; ever, at the best,
Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed;
Succeeding now, yet just, and only just,
His new success he never seemed to trust.
By nature he to gentlest thoughts inclined,
To most severe had disciplined his mind;
He held it duty to be half unkind.
Bitter, they said who but the exterior knew;
In friendship never was a friend so true:
The unwelcome fact he did not shrink to tell,
The good, if fact, he recognized as well.
Stout to maintain, if not the first to see;
In conversation who so great as he?
Leading but seldom, always sure to guide;
To false or silly if 't was borne aside,
His quick correction silent he expressed,
And stopped you short, and forced you to your
best.

Often, I think, he suffered from some pain
Of mind, that on the body worked again;
One felt it in his sort of half-disdain,
Impatient not, but acrid in his speech;
The world with him her lesson failed to teach
To take things easily and let them go."

This book of poems gives evidence of
his tardily-attained maturity. It seems
as if at length he had found his place in
life, as if he had passed safely through
the experiences which make up so much
of his earlier poems, and as if while
sympathizing with others he had found
firm ground under his feet, from which
he could examine what went on about
him, without losing himself in wonder.

All of these poems treat of different questions about love and marriage. The last subject was in his mind during his final illness. They serve to show what it would have been fair to expect from him if he had lived longer; but that is not all: they are, though brief and few, good models of narration, by means of both their simplicity and their seriousness. The first of them, *The Lawyer's First Tale*, or *Love is Fellow-Service*, is a fair example of what Clough had attained to when his brief life ended. The hero is just the hesitating, over-conscientious youth who was always a favorite with this poet, who, while presenting clearly the character he has chosen, and understanding him thoroughly, was able to state his troubles, doubts, and fears, as something outside of himself. The other stories of the *Mari Magno* have the same distinctive quality. It is by no means clear that he had abandoned his former method of expression; indeed, the *Dipsychus*, as well as the *Mari Magno*, was published only after his death, but he gave in the latter the first proof of a willingness to employ a directly objective method. It is not probable that he would have abandoned a form in which

he had been so successful already, and which his thoughtfulness and sincerity inspired with such vivid truth.

In these few pages an attempt has been made to set before the reader some of the distinctive traits of one of the wisest of modern poets, of one who has most sympathetically perceived what was peculiar to his time, and most fairly stated it. His tone is, perhaps, too lofty for him to attract a multitude of readers, but he is sure to count among his admirers those who are not repelled by seriousness, and who feel that the poet does his duty when he busies himself with the highest emotions of man. When the literary fashion of the present day has gone to the same limbo as the writing of pastorals, or, it may be, of epics, it will be found that there wrote at this time a poet who refused to join the melodious singers that lived upon the past; who saw what was distracting the hearts of his contemporaries, and put it down in his verses; who was like the ancients in seeing what was present to him. He, and one or two of his contemporaries, will receive the credit of having written poetry really characteristic of this century.

T. S. Perry.

THE WEAVER.

I.

THE weaver sat by his burden,
Waiting the work to begin,
Dreamily throwing the shuttle
Backward and forward between,
Questioning much of the pattern,
Watching for it to be seen.

The shuttle was filled with colors
Of every shade and glow;
Thoughtless he scattered their radiance,
Falling above and below,
The pulse of the loom ever beating
Solemnly to and fro.

The throb of the loom grew stronger;
The shuttle flew faster between;
One thread seemed a line of shadow,
Another a ray serene;
But the solemn loom wove together,
Equally, shade and sheen.

The weaver sat by his burden,
Watching the low-setting sun,
Wearily throwing the shuttle,
Ending as he had begun;
Pondering still of the pattern —
The pattern that was done.

II.

The weaver took to his bosom
The web as it fell from the loom;
In its many folds lay hidden
Whatever of light or gloom
Had come through the flying shuttle,
From the gray of dawn till doom:

Buttercups with dew besprent,
Forget-me-nots in tears,
Bedight the fabric of the loom
Through all the dawning years;
The texture of those morning hours
A fairy weft appears.

Lilies, with their vestal light,
And orange-blossoms pale,
Illume the woof of youthful days
And show a bridal veil —
Mid blue-eyed flax and ears of wheat,
A distaff, and a flail.

Patterns of the after years,
The olive and the vine,
Adorn the richest of the folds,
Its costliest threads entwine;
And through the labors of those days,
Altars and firesides shine.

Barren husks from winter fields,
And tardy asters' light,
Glint o'er the few remaining threads
That dimmed the weaver's sight;
And then a shadow falls upon
The web, and lo! 'tis night.

J. B. Bittinger.

THE OLEANDER-TREE: A STORY OF THE BRITISH PRESS-GANG.

I CHANCED to spend a few weeks of a hot summer in a little village among the New England hills. A series of small table-lands around the base of one of the tallest mountains in the State gave space for farms and houses and narrow roads to be located in the high, dry air, which, though bracing and wholesome, did not encourage vegetation nor wealth of bloom. As one drove through the ragged, winding lanes, or up and down the wooded roads which ascended the different sides of the mountain or descended into the plain, everywhere green and gray hues only met the eye: the green of the grass and the trees, the gray of the granite that cropped out in broad ledges, showing the enormous quarries that underlay the town, or stood in giant boulders scattered through the pastures.

Later, as July passed, I noticed that in almost every door-yard of the little hamlet an oleander grew; generally, in its big, green tub, the one solitary ornament of the broad stone in front of the threshold. Some of these oleanders were very large, standing six feet high, and some were very small slips just potted, or with one year's growth of stature; but to possess an oleander of some size or other seemed to be a passion with the townsfolk of Princeton.

I understood at once that some singular chance had brought this foreign tropical beauty to the secluded spot, and that it had become the fashion. Who that has seen a new overskirt or apron, or even a milk-strainer or coal scuttle, run through a country village like wildfire, can fail to understand the spread of this prettier novelty? But how came the first one hither?

As the scarlet buds of the oleanders swelled and paled at the same time, and the pink, peachy blooms began to deck the door-yards, and constantly thrust themselves on my sight, I wondered

more and more about their history. Sometimes in quiet summer leisure in a solitary farm-house the imagination fastens itself on a trifle, and curiosity gets hungry. Where did the parent oleander come from?

Wandering one day to a little brown homestead set on a ledge of the mountain, at a house where I stopped for a glass of water I found the noblest Roman of them all, a mighty tree of an oleander, standing some twelve feet high, and crowded with pale pink blossoms. I praised the beautiful foreigner with its exquisite flowers and faint, refined odor, and the bent and wrinkled old woman who gave me my refreshing draught was greatly pleased.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"That 'ere flower has quite a story to it, I can tell ye. It come fust from the West Indies, and was sent to a friend of mine by her beau, who was a seafarin' man. Don't you want I should tell you about it?"

I was loafer at large and conscientiously dawdling for a pain in my side, and was really very glad to fill the time in so pleasant a way, besides satisfying my curiosity in hearing the history of the patriarch oleander, its tribe and its family.

I sat down in the list-bottomed chair she brought out from her "keepin'-room" and put upon the grass by the door, while she gave me this little village history, whose pathos or whose joy cannot be entirely hid by her homely speech.

Katy Goodnow was the nicest girl anywhere about. Of course the young men all found it out, and she had lots of 'em a-waitin' on her, but afore she was eighteen she had settled down to Tom Mariner, a real snappin', drivin' lad who lived just across the way from her. You know them two stun houses

on the north road to the mountain? Well, them two tumble-down ones, all to pieces, were Tom's and Katy's homes.

There wa'n't much chance for Tom to more 'n earn a living for himself if he stayed to Princeton. His father worked the farm, and was a healthy, middle-aged man, and there were eight other boys and girls, beside Tom, a-comin' up. He was willin' to give Tom his time, and Tom thought he'd like to go seafarin' for a while. You see he was kind of ambitious, and so was she; and seein' as she'd sent off the young doctor and the young minister and the store-keeper's son, Tom sort o' wanted to do well by her, and he hankered to get suthin ahead and buy a farm of his own. He did n't exactly like to set Katy to work in his father's kitchen, as he'd 'a' had to do if he did n't start for himself.

Well, he went to see her one Sunday night, and the next day but one he started off to go to Middletown, Connecticut; a long ways off, but trade was brisk there, and a smart young fellow had good chances to run to the West Indies on a sloop, and when he had sailed a voyage or two, and l'arnt the handlin' of the ship, just as like as not the captain would take him as mate, and then his fortin would be made.

Tom went off, and in six months he came back with a lot of cokynuts and queer things, and said he'd done well. He was sailin' for Seebor & Co., rich Jews of Middletown, and they had made him mate, and like as not he'd be captain afore long. He come to meetin' with Katy, and they was proud enough of each other, I can tell ye.

Well, Tom went back'ard and for'ard for two years or more, and Katy she stayed at hum and raised flax, and hackled and spun and bleached, till she'd got a nice lot of sheets and towels, and a pillow-case full of stockings. She was a smart girl any way, and an extra fast knitter. Why, she could beat every girl in the village a-knitting round, and she was the quickest quilter I ever did see, and the tastiest of us all. She used to look as handsome as a picter every Sunday, a-standin' up so straight

in the gallery along with the bass-viol, a-singin' with all her might. Well, well, she needed all her strength and courage afore she got through.

In them days we had a mail only once a fortnight, and sometimes there was n't a letter come then, except for the parson, for as much as two months. A man went down through the woods on horseback, and brought up the paper which was printed once a week down to Boston. One day Katy's brother Joe, who was the mail-carrier, was sick, and it was hayin' time, and Katy's father was awful busy, and mail day come round. Everybody wanted to see the Boston paper and read the news, 'cause it was just along them years that the Britishers were carryin' on so, and takin' our men off our merchant sloops, and makin' 'em serve in their navy.

Katy come ridin' along that mornin', as chirk as could be, and give a call at the back door to let me know she was there; and says she, "Mattie, I'm goin' down to Worcester to get the mail. The men folks are all busy with their hayin' and can't spend time to go, and I want to hear pretty bad myself." So she talked a minute or two, and I sent down a little bundle of yarn I had spun, for her to change off at the store with some steel needles and thread, and then she said good-by, and I see her go joggin' along on Brown Bill through the pine woods and down the hill. Of course there wa'n't no railroads then, but pikes w'a'nt built either. There was a sort of foot-path cut through the underbrush, and it was blazed quite correct on the trees, and one could see the big white spots when it was quite dark. I've traveled down to Worcester in this path many a time, and very pleasant it was on a warm summer's day. It used to be so sweet and cool and still under the dark pines.

The next day I see her coming cross-lots to see me, and she was bright and handsome as a red hollyhock. She threw my little bundle of storin's into my lap, and said, "They threw in some darnin'-needles extra, Mattie," and then she went on a talkin' to me

and ma, who was a-sittin' spinnin' and reelin' together, and 'most the fust thing she said was, "Ab'gail Griffith's boy has come home to Leicester, and Tom's sent me a letter and his pay, and a slip of a new kind of geranium in a pot. He says it has real pretty flowers, but it is n't tough, though it looks so, and I must n't let it freeze. And he's sent word to buy the Widder Thompson's farm, and the money to pay for it is in the Bank of Worcester, and I'm going to get the house all ready against his coming home in the spring."

"S'pose you calkilate to get married then," I spoke right out.

"Tom says so," and she blushed real pretty about it. Well, the farm was bought, and she went to work, and how that girl did work! She made rag-carpets for every room in the house,—to be sure there were only four on 'em, but it takes a lot of rags when you cut and dye and weave every bit on 'em with your own hands,—and she braided rugs, and she picked and cured live geese feathers enough for two beds and four pillows; and she was just as chirk and set up as she could be.

And this here oleander grew and grew. She covered it up every night from the frost, and allus put a pail of water by it every night through Janoary to keep it from freezin', and it throve fust-rate.

In the spring Tom come home, and he wanted to be married right off, and they was married about the middle of May. Katy had some apple-blows in her hair, and looked splendid; but no good comes of a weddin' in May any more than on a Friday, and you'll see it's so afore I've got through. Tom meant to stay to hum and farm it for the summer, and then go voyagin' again in the winter, after the crops were got in. You see they was dreadful ambitious, and wanted to get on fast.

Well, when Thanksgivin' was over, Tom went off. It was tough parting, and he said if he had n't give his word he would have stayed to hum. You see neither of 'em thought just how it would be, and that it was n't just right to leave Katy all alone in the dead of winter,

with four feet of snow on the ground, and she not quite so able to get about as usual. He wanted her to go and stay to his or her father's while he was gone, but she said no. She'd got plenty of sewin' to do afore spring, and the cattle to fodder; and she quoted the Bible, and said that she "would abide by the stuff."

I guess he felt awful to leave her, though he expected to be back afore her trouble was on her, but she kep' up and talked brave to him. I went over there the artemnoon of the day he went (he went away of a Thursday mornin'), and her eyes were as red and stuck out like lobsterses, and she kind o' choked when she fust see me, afore she could tell me to set down and take a chair, and take my calash off and stay to tea.

Well, I used to go over and see her as often as I could. She kep' busy; she milked, and made butter and laid it down, and the cow had a calf, and it got to be April. One day she said to me, "Mattie, I'm not so light-footed as I was, and I'm thinking that I'll take the new schoolma'am to board, so's to have her little brother help me out-doors. He can fodder the cows and do the milking, and drive them to pasture, and I can keep more in - doors and do the house work." Elviney Skinner was very glad to come, 'cause Katy was a fust-rate cook, and as neat as a new pin, and I felt kind o' easier about her after they come, 'cause she'd always have company. I wanted to go and stay with her myself, but ma said I was n't big enough.

One mornin' I see the doctor go by, and Miss Mariner with him, and I knew Katy's groanin' time had come. Ma had brought me over a piece of the groanin' cake a week afore. I felt dreadful bad to think of poor Katy, and Tom not back. I ran out to the gate to see the doctor when he come back, and he said, "Mattie, tell your ma there are two peradventures this time. Katy Mariner has got twins; two big twin boys." I never was so sot down in my life, and I ran right in to tell ma and ask her if I might n't go over and see them. She would n't let me go that

day, but as soon as I could she sent me over there to see the twins, and likely children they were. I did n't say nothin' about Tom, for fear of worryin' her, she lay so calm, and rested with a baby on each arm; but I spoke to Miss Mariner, Tom's mother, and she said she was kind o' troubled, for Tom had said he would be back in March sure, and now it had got to be May.

And it got to be June, and nothing was heard of Tom. Katy went right to work as soon as she was out of bed, and sowed corn and oats; she had the plowin' all done afore she was sick; and she and the little lad planted a garden, so she'd have garden sass through the summer. She had her hands full, what with her babies and her farm, but they were such good babies, and jest as contented as kittens. She used to tie 'em one in each end of the cradle, and give 'em each a tin pan and an iron spoon, and they'd make music till they went off to sleep, and she'd jest go round and do her work. She seemed pretty contented too, and took up with the babies and her farm, and I guess she worked too hard to fret much.

But when fall come and the farm work was mostly over, and Thanksgivin' would be along pretty soon, and Tom not back and no word of him, she could n't stand it no longer. One day she come over to see me while the babies was asleep. She called 'em Romulus and Remus, 'cause, she said, she was a kind of wolf mother to them, and she said something about keepin' the wolf from the door and sucklin' them at the breast of poverty; but I did n't know what she meant then, and don't now, for that matter, except that she'd do her dooty by 'em. Says she to me, says she, "Mattie, can you go over to my house to-morrow to see to things, while I go to Worcester and try if I can find out something about Tom? I can't wait no longer. I must try to find out what has become of him, or my heart will break," and she most broke down and cried, and so did I.

I went over early in the mornin' and found her all wrapt up, a-waitin' for me. She was going to take one baby with her,

and leave the one that had learned to drink out of a cup, at hum with me. "Land's sakes, Katy," says I, "how well you do manage! jest as the Injuns do with their papposes;" for she slung the baby on her back with a shawl, so that both her hands were left free for the reins; and her horse was dreadful gentle. I saw her start off once more through them same pine woods.

A good while arter, she told me ever so much about her feelin's on her two rides. She was so happy when she went afore she got married, a-plannin' about it and her home with Tom. She was so proud to work for him and make him comfortable, and she thought about it all the way to Worcester and back, and when she got to the very stillest place, she stopped Brown Bill and said her prayers, and then come home feelin' so glad. The second time her heart was heavy as lead—for where was Tom? He might be in the bottom of the sea, for all she knew!

Well, she rode on over the light November snowfall, which showed her the tracks of the wild birds and the wild beasts all about her. Once a red fox looked out at her from the thicket, and she saw where the great paws of the gray wolves had crossed her path. She said she kept thinking of the old graveyard on Princeton hill, where the sod that covered her little dead brother had been heavily weighted down with large stones piled up on it, to keep the wolves from their "hunger sacrilege," as the parson called it; and she shuddered all over. You see she was kind o' tuckered out with all her hard work through the summer, and nursin' them two big young ones beside. And then, she'd got narvous, and felt as though she'd ought to have seen about Tom afore. She'd somehow got a fancy (I s'pose it was narves partly) that she'd neglected him for his babies; but I told her over and over that takin' care of his babies was the same as takin' care of him, and if people did n't show their love a-workin' for each other, I did n't see how they could.

And then the Injuns, who lived all

round Princeton in them days, come into her head, and she thought some cross fellow might come out of the woods and steal her horse and leave her right there to get home as she could. But just then she remembered her aunt Nixon she was named for, and how, when the Injuns come to Roxbury, close by Boston, and surrounded her house, and she all alone in it, she put the great oak bars up agin the door, and turned the big brass kettle over her baby to keep it from the arrows, and fired her husband's gun out the winder till she druv them off. Katy, she said, says she, "I'm as big as aunt Nixon; let me see, if the Injuns come, if I can't be as brave." Well, the baby was proper good and was sort o' quieted down by the cold air and the jolting, and in three hours she got to Worcester, and the fust man she see in the street was John Hutchings, that sailed shipmate with Tom Mariner. He'd just got back from his third voyage that year, for he did nothin' else but go to sea, and bad news he had brought. Them Britishers had boarded the sloop on the fust voyage out and had carried off Tom with their press-gang. He was just such a strong fellow as they wanted, and they fixed on him right away and nobody could stop it. But his mate had his sea-chest and his back pay and his British bounty, which, wicked as they were to take him, they had sent to his wife, and even asked if he had one.

John Hutchings said Katy never said nothin', only looked very white and kinder clutched the baby, till he told her what Tom said about wanting to get back to her, and how he fought the men that took him, and how he hoped to get home afore the little fellow came; then she cried right out, "Oh, Tom, Tom!" and fell right off her horse.

Well, he got her somehow to her cousins', and she had some samp and milk and baked beans and cherry bounce, that revived her up, and then she started to come home all that lonesome road through the woods. She got back as it was fallin' dark, and she come inter the kitchen where I was settin', 'most like a ghost. She'd put up the horse and given him

some hay and some oats, and sent the school-ma'am's brother to water him, afore she said anything. Then she took the baby that had stayed to hum, and give him a drink. He was all undrest and ready to go to bed. So when he dropped off we woke the other one, Remus it was, and put his night-gown on him, and warmed his little squirming pink toes at the fire, but his long ride made him sleepy, and he soon went off. Then when they both were in the big cradle she begun to talk, and she said, —

"Tom has been carried off for a Britisher;" but she never cried a bit. I asked her what she was goin' to do.

"Write to Washington and Boston to-night, and send Jerome" — that was the school-ma'am's brother — "down to Worcester to-morrow with the letter."

"But pony will be tired after to-day," says I.

"He can go on Brown Bill," says she. You see she'd been thinking it over, all the way back, and got her mind clear.

Well, I give her a cup of tea as sweet and strong and hot as I could make it, and then, as I could n't do nothing more for her, I put my things on and went home across-lots. Oh! afore I went, she took out Tom's pay, which was in a canvas bag in his chest, and which John Hutchings was glad enough to hand over safe to her, and told me to put it away in the cupboard. I asked her how much it was, and she said she did n't know, and I sat down and counted it for her, and it come to more'n fifty dollars, all in gold and silver. He was proper smart to work, was Tom; but she wa'n't a bit glad over it. She said it seemed like the price of Tom's blood; life, I s'pose she meant.

Jerome, when he come back from Worcester, brought the news that war was declared between England and us, because they would have press-gangs and search-warrants, and steal men out of our ships to man theirs, and we would n't bear it no longer.

Oh, how worked up we was! Miss Mariner, Tom's mother, used to come over with her knittin'-work and big

patch-bag on mail days to see Katy and the children, and hope for some news of Tom. By'mby a letter did come. He was well, had his pay reg'lar, and was watching his chance to get away; then nothin' more come for months and months. Katy managed the farm somehow, and the neighbors would get her hay in for her and do her plowin', and she did the rest. Everything she sot her hand to did well, and everything grew, especially the children, and the oleander, that she thought a sight of. She used to say, "As long as that lives, Tom lives;" and I've seen her many a time hold her babies up to it, as soon as they took notice, and tell them their father sent it to their mother.

Well, I sp'ose a young thing like you don't remember when Preble and Decatur captured the Macedonian. That was a British man-of-war; and one of the prisoners turned out to be a shipmate of Tom, carried off at the same time Tom was, from the Lively Peggy. He turned up, and he'd come out of his way clear up to Princeton, to tell Katy about her husband. He said that Tom went on shore in a boat in the Mediterranean Sea, and was caught by an Algerine pirate who was watching the harbor for captives. He being an American was not protected by the British flag, which was powerful enough to steal him but not to save him from the pirates. There was nobody to pay any ransom for him, and John did n't know a bit what had become of him.

Poor Katy! She had kep' up brave till then, but now she clear broke down. She was sick for a week; did n't eat nothin' nor take no notice; but she did n't cry none, at least when anybody was round. I wish she had. It would have eased her off some.

The shipmate brought her some more back pay, all in gold guineas, and Katy managed not to spend it, but to keep it agin the time when Tom should come back, though she was clear discouraged and never smiled for ever so long. Evenings, she'd take her boys up in her lap and talk to them about their father, and they sort of supported her.

She took real comfort in those young ones, and gradually she settled down to doin' without him, but she never forgot him. Mr. Winchester, the richest farmer in Princeton, came to ask her to keep company with him, when he was a widower,—he married Hanner Blagden afterwards,—but she said quite fierce to him, "How dare you ask me such a question, when my husband is a-livin'?" but it hurt her, and she cried about it afterwards, though she did n't say nothin' to nobody.

The twins got to be four years old, and never a word from Tom. Then, three years after the war began, Decatur went sailin' into Tripoli. He took a frigate and spiked forty-nine guns and rode right into the harbor of Algiers to deliver the American prisoners. And among the very first lot, he found Tom, with a ball and chain at his ankle, a-rowin' at the galleys. And Decatur was high-handed with them pirates, and would n't give a cent of ransom for their captives, and he brought 'em all back safe and sound, although Tom was black as a nigger from workin' bareheaded out under them hot suns. Lucky he did n't have a sunstroke, and perhaps he did without a-knowin' on it, for he was kind o' strange-like when he got back.

He come home in 1815 or '16, and precious glad he was to get here. He was n't nat'ral fust, but sort of curious and in a dream. He did n't know a bit what to say to Romulus and Remus, and took no notice of 'em fust off, when he was so dreadful tickled to see Katy; but when another baby come to keep her busy, he took to 'em quick enough, and they were allus a-followin' him round the farm.

He was dreadful pleased at the way Katy had worked the land and paid off the mortgage, and he did n't take control himself, but let her do jest what she was a mind ter, and give her her own way in everything. He did jest what she told him to do, and did n't start nothin' himself out of his own head, like as if he was her hired man. Somehow he was kind o' broken down, and sea-

farin' had got into his head, and got him out of the notion of farmin'; and he never exactly took to it again. He used to leave her every two or three years and go a-voyagin'; and she'd got used to the business and she went right on, and Tom was awful proud and satisfied with her.

That oleander-tree there began to blow as soon as Tom got home, and has had some blows on it every year since. One hard winter it got frosted and did n't have so many, and the next summer Tom died. Lots of slips have been cut off from it, and 'most every house in the town has a big or little oleander cut from this tree.

Romulus and Remus grew up and went into the grocery business down to New York, and they both of 'em drive in their carriage. Them old houses was sold when the last two Mariners went to Ohio, and are a-droppin' to pieces, but I heern

tell that one of Katy's grandsons means to fix hers up for a summer villa. Anyways, he come two or three years ago and got some shoots of his grandmother's oleander for his greenhouse.

"I suppose Mrs. Mariner died some time since," said I, as she paused.

"Who, Katy? Yes, she was six or seven years older than I, and I am eighty-nine; and she made the beautifulest corpse you ever did see. Her long hair was as white as silver, and Remus's wife jest braided it like a crown all around her head, and her coffin was more than six feet long. Her twins were proper big men too, and so was her husband, though he never was jest the same after livin' with the Mahomedans and the pirates. He died fust, and she used to sit and forget her knitting-work and patches and look at that oleander as if it would bring him back."

Emily E. Ford.

THAT NEW WORLD.

How gracious we are to grant to the dead
Those wide, vague lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving the world for ourselves instead;
For we must live, though others must die!

And what is the world that we keep, I pray?
True, it has glimpses of dews and flowers;
Then youth and love are here and away,
Like mated birds,—but nothing is ours.

Ah, nothing indeed, but we cling to it all.
It is nothing to hear one's own heart beat,
It is nothing to see one's own tears fall;
Yet surely the breath of our life is sweet.

Yes, the breath of our life is so sweet, I fear
We were loath to give it for all we know
Of that charmed country we hold so dear,
Far into whose beauty the breathless go.

Yet certain we are, when we see them fade
Out of the pleasant light of the sun,

Of the sands of gold in the palm-leaf's shade,
And the strange, high jewels all these have won.

You dare not doubt it, O soul of mine!
And yet, if these vacant eyes could see
One, only one, from that voyage divine,
With something, anything, sure for me!

Ah, blow me the scent of one lily, to tell
That it grew outside of the world, at most;
Ah, show me a plume to touch, or a shell
That whispers of some unearthly coast!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

II.

"THE house is the unit of sanitary administration."

Whatever means may be adopted by the board of health of town or village for the removal of the wastes incident to the life of its population; whatever facilities for such removal may be offered by the natural surroundings of isolated country houses; and whatever the public or the individual may do toward rendering the natural character of the ground dry and salubrious, the first aim of the householder himself should be to secure a perfect means for carrying safely beyond the walls of his domicile everything of a dangerous character that is generated or produced within it, and to secure his living-rooms against the entrance of any manner of foul air, impure water, or excessive dampness.

It would not be possible here to consider the very great variety of circumstances attending the location and arrangement of different houses. It will suffice for our general purposes to assume that all liquid or semi-liquid drainage from the house should be delivered either into a public sewer, into a private cess-pool or vault, or directly into a natural water-course. If we arrange a safe means for discharging our out-

flows into one or other of these, for the exclusion from the house of gas arising from their decomposition, and for preventing filtration from them into the source of our domestic water, we shall, so far as exterior surroundings are concerned, accomplish the most important aim. General rules and principles, of which the modifications needed in particular cases will quite naturally suggest themselves, are all that can here be given.

The individual householder has these problems to solve:—

1. To secure his house against excessive damp in its walls, in its cellar, and, where practicable, in its surrounding atmosphere.

2. To provide for the perfect and instant removal of all manner of fluid or semi-fluid organic wastes.

3. To provide a sufficient supply of pure water for domestic use.

4. To guard against the evils arising from the decomposition of organic matter in or under the house.

5. To remove all sources of offense and danger which may affect the atmosphere about the house.

6. (And almost more important than all the rest.) To prevent the insidious entrance into the house, through communications with the sewer, cess-pool,

or vault, of poisonous gases resulting from the decomposition of the refuse of his own household, or of other households with which a common sewer or drain may bring him into communication.

The first item implies a dry cellar, an impervious foundation wall, and, if the soil be heavy and liable to be wet, or if it be underlaid too closely with rock or clay, "thorough drainage," of the sort employed in the agricultural improvement of land. So far as this matter of drainage is concerned, it will suffice to refer to the well-known works on agricultural drainage; but the drying of the cellar and foundation receives so little attention at the hands of both owners and architects, that explicit directions seem advisable. If the house is founded on well-drained gravel or on a dry bed of sand (which is the best of all foundations) no further draining will be necessary; but even here it is always advisable to cover the floor of the cellar with an impervious concrete, to prevent the exhalation of moisture that arises from even the driest soil; and in all cases where the foundation wall is not built with hard and impervious stone, it should be furnished with a course of some impervious material, whether hydraulic cement, asphalted brick, bluestone, slate laid in cement, or sheet-lead. Even with this precaution, if the foundation wall below the impervious course is of brick or soft stone, the inner surface of the wall should be well washed with pure hydraulic cement, which will lessen the escape of the moisture that penetrates the stones during driving rain-storms, or soaks into them from the earth.

If the ground is at all inclined, even in the wettest seasons, to be wet or springy, whatever other precautions are taken, a drain should be laid all round the cellar inside of the wall, and at least a foot lower than its lowest bed-stone, and carried away to a free and sufficient outlet. This drain may be made of gravel or broken stones, but ordinary land-drainage tile with open joints is usually cheaper and always better, especially as preventing the ingress of ver-

min. For the largest private house, the smallest-sized land-drain tile will be sufficient. If the soil is unduly wet, at any season, similar drains should cross the cellar at intervals of not more than fifteen feet. All of these drains should have a slight but continuous fall toward the outlet, and should be securely covered by having earth well rammed over them, the whole cellar bottom being then coated with concrete. For small houses, where cobble-stones or gravel are plenty, if the foundation rests on a layer of this porous material a foot or more deep, and if a good outlet be provided at the lowest point, the tile is not needful.

The complete drainage of the house, that is, the instant removal of the impurities incident to human life, is the crowning work of the whole system of sewerage. In towns, street drains, main sewers, outlets, and the whole paraphernalia of the system have for their main purpose the furtherance of the ultimate object of the sanitary drainage of the house; and the effect of sewerage on the health and decency of the population must depend very much upon the manner in which each house is provided with the necessary drainage system and is connected with the public sewer.

In the country, whatever the final means of removal, the house drainage, whether partial or complete, must be equally guarded. If there is only a kitchen drain, this should be perfectly well made and arranged.

When we consider its immediate proximity to the windows of the room in which the family of the average farmer passes most of its time, the kitchen drain probably heads the list of all the agents by which our ingenious people violate the universal sanitary law; and it doubtless carries more victims to the grave than do all other sources of defilement combined; for with an enormous majority of our population this one pipe still represents the whole drainage of the house.

Receiving daily supplies of organic matter ready to pass into dangerous decomposition, drenched with sufficient water to soak far into the ground, and

kept warm enough for putrefaction to proceed rapidly throughout a large part of the year; sending its exhalations into the kitchen and living-room windows, and with a favorable summer breeze throughout the whole house; and leaking, too often, through a light surface soil, or through a porous stratum in a clay soil, into the adjacent well; it attacks the family through the lungs and through the stomach with an almost unremitted assault, soon achieving, in the case of those who live mainly in close, stove-heated rooms and sleep on the ground floor with a window opening over the back-yard, its various measures of debility, disease, or death.

No house drain can be made which may not be carelessly obstructed by the admission of substances for which it is not intended. Shedd enumerates, among the articles that have been found in such drains, "sand, shavings, sticks, coal, bones, garbage, bottles, spoons, knives, forks, apples, potatoes, hay, shirts, towels, stockings, floor-cloths, broken crockery," etc.

House drains in towns should of course be laid at the expense of the owner; but, as they are a part of the system by which the health of the community is to be protected, and as the obstruction of a single house drain may establish a centre of infection for a large district, the work should be done in accordance with an established rule and under the immediate supervision of the engineer having charge of the sewerage work.

Latham gives a velocity of three feet per second as the least that should be allowed for the outlet drain of a house. A four-inch drain to secure this flow should have a minimum inclination of one in ninety-two; a six-inch drain, one in one hundred and thirty-seven; a nine-inch drain, one in two hundred and six; and to attain a velocity of three feet per second at these inclinations *they must run at least half full*; that is, the four-inch drain must discharge 7.85 cubic feet per minute; six-inch, 17.66 cubic feet per minute; and nine-inch, 39.76 cubic feet per minute. It is very seldom indeed that even a large boarding-

house discharges a flow equal to 7.85 cubic feet per minute, and in practice, while too large outlets should always be avoided for house drains, any such drain should have considerably more than the minimum rate of fall indicated above.

The main outlet drain from a house may be small, and even for the largest private dwelling need not be more than four inches in diameter, if proper precaution is taken to prevent its being choked by the accumulation of kitchen grease; while, without such precaution, were it even a foot in diameter, this same influence would cause it to be ultimately obstructed by gradual accumulation. In other words, with a proper grease trap, a four-inch drain will furnish an ample outlet, while without such grease trap no drain can be relied upon to remain permanently effective.

There are various forms of grease trap, some with open gullies for ventilation at the surface of the ground, and all of them depending upon the congealing of the grease and its accumulation at the surface of water which has its outlet at a point below the surface. The best form that has come to my notice is that shown in the accompanying diagram.

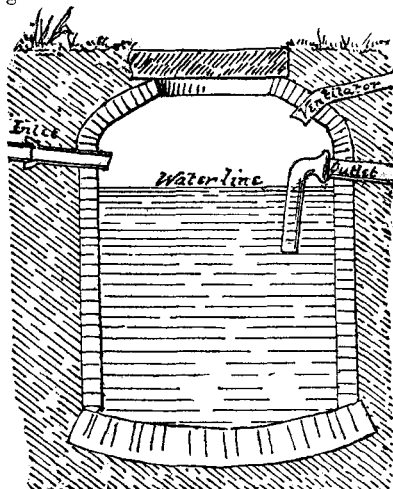


Figure 1.

The removal of organic wastes is the chief purpose of all house drains, whether a wooden pipe from the kitchen sink

or the soil pipe of a house fitted with all the modern plumbing appliances. It is this part of the work that first suggests itself when the question of house drainage arises, and it is too often to this only that attention is given.

The accompanying diagram shows the simplest form in which the plumbing and draining of a house can be arranged to render it absolutely safe. An important feature of the plan here shown is that of providing a separate reservoir of water for the supply of each water-closet; this, though not unusual, is far from universal, and it is the only efficient means for preventing the tainting of the main water-supply pipe of the house with the gases formed in the basins, and the sucking into the main of the foul air above the trap when the water falls away in the pipes.

The water-closet, owing to its convenience and seeming cleanliness, has made its way to almost universal adoption, in spite of a very serious defect which is still generally disregarded, and, indeed, unrecognized. This defect consists in the use of an unventilated chamber between the sealing-pan and the water trap of the soil pipe,—a chamber that is always more or less foul, and where faecal gases are constantly generated. No means are provided, and no perfect means could be provided, for the removal of these gases, which are sure to find their way more or less into the atmosphere of the house, if only by transmission through the water seal. Persons living in the country claim that they can always detect the odor of the closet on entering a city house, and this odor is very often due to the cause here indicated. It is only very recently that an invention has been made which entirely overcomes this defect; although several other forms of closet using large volumes of water and not depending upon a sealing-pan seem to escape it. The Jennings closet, shown herewith, has the peculiarity that it contains directly under the seat the whole charge of water to be used for the flushing at each operation of the closet.

Fæcal matters are immediately immersed and so at once somewhat disinfected, and on the lifting of the valve the whole volume is rapidly carried away through the water trap into the soil pipe. The whole apparatus, from

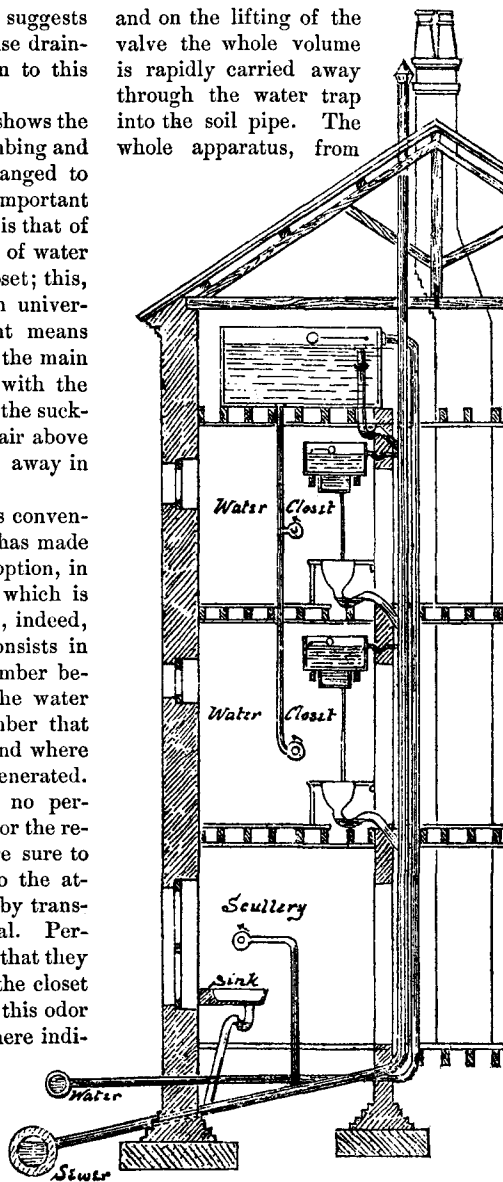


Figure 2.

the seat to the soil pipe, is a single piece of earthenware, and the valve is held so firmly in its place by its own weight and by that of the water bearing upon it, that if proper vent is given to the soil pipe itself, so that the pressure of

sewer air cannot be brought to bear upon it, there is no probability of the least escape into the room.

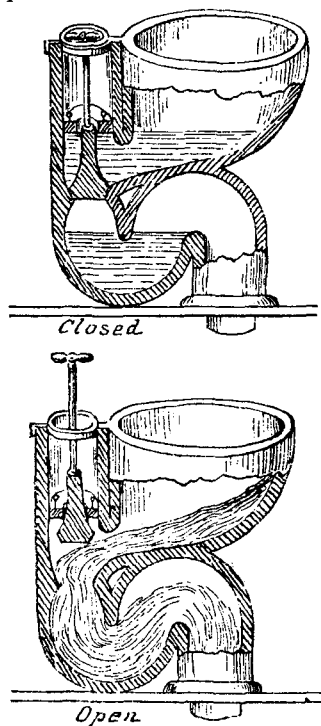


Figure 3.

Referring to the diagram which shows the general arrangement of plumbing, etc., it is to be said that from a sanitary point of view the most important feature there shown is a complete ventilation of the drain leading to the sewer, so that by no possibility can there be a forcing back into the house of gases formed in the sewer or in the main drain. As already stated, a small water trap, no matter how deep, does not suffice to secure this. A water trap having a bend of even two feet would resist a pressure of only about one pound to the square inch, while the sudden filling of the sewer, by rising tide or falling rain, to such an extent as to reduce its air space one half, would bring to bear a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch; and whether the filling be sudden or gradual, the degree to which the increased pressure would affect any given

outlet would depend on the facilities offered elsewhere for the air to find vent. In our ordinary town sewage works, it is never safe for the householder to depend on other vents than his own connecting drain being available; he must in self-defense assume that his own drain is the only channel of escape, and make it impossible that air escaping there should find its way into the house.

Where severe frosts are not to be guarded against, this may be accomplished by discharging the water of the house into a receptacle that is open at its surface, and from which a drain passes to the sewer with some form of trap; into this surface opening, for greater cleanliness, a rain-water pipe from the roof should discharge. Under this arrangement, if sewer gas is forced from the drain it will escape into the outer air. The chief objection to the plan lies in the fact that such escape would too often take place where it would be offensive, and sometimes too near an important window. A much better plan is to have the drainage discharged into some form of covered grease trap, similar to the one shown in Figure 1, and to carry a ventilator not less than four inches in diameter, and by the straightest available course, from the grease trap to a point well above the highest dormer windows. If in addition to this there is an opening for fresh air in the cover of the grease trap, so that there shall ordinarily be an upward current through the ventilating pipe, the arrangement will be quite complete.

Some of the minor devices of modern plumbing seem as objectionable as they are convenient: for example, the ordinary fixed wash-basin having a plug at its bottom effects a complete separation between the water in the basin and the foul, soap-slimed escape pipe below it; but the more convenient shut-off cock placed some distance below the basin is a most ingenious arrangement for tainting the water in the basin, which is in free communication with the water in the unclean escape pipe. How readily impurities are diffused through still water is shown by the rapid clouding of

the contents of a tumbler to which a used tooth-brush has been returned; the invisible solution from an unclean waste pipe spreads with equal ease.

It is now quite usual, also, to ventilate the lower chamber of the ordinary water-closet, and this is to a certain extent effective for the purpose intended; but it does not accomplish a proper ventilation of the soil pipe, and it alone should by no means be depended on. Indeed, this lower chamber is always objectionable, sending forth such a whiff of fetid air, whenever the water pan is emptied, as could come only from a confined, dark, and wet vessel where the most offensive matters are undergoing decomposition. The cheap and simple siphon-closet, with a copious flow of water, or, better, the Jennings closet previously described, are types of the only satisfactory forms. It would be beyond the scope of this article to describe and illustrate the minor points of complete house drainage, but it is believed that enough has been said to set forth the general principles which should govern the construction and arrangement of each of these. So far, therefore, as the town house is concerned, nothing further need here be said.

In the country and in villages, where each house has to be provided not only with the ordinary interior arrangements, but also with means for the disposal of its drainage after this has passed beyond its own walls, a serious further difficulty arises. The usual practice, where plumbing is introduced, and very often where only the water of the kitchen drain is to be provided for, is to discharge the whole mass into a cess-pool not very far away, and often very near to the well, trusting to the permeability of the earth to afford an outlet through the uncemented wall. The objections to this have been sufficiently stated, and the remedy is not in all cases an easy one.

There is no royal road of escape from the responsibility that the production of effete matters entails upon us. If they can be run by a cemented drain into a water-course, or elsewhere, far enough

away from human habitations to be unobjectionable, this course may be allowed; but in the great majority of instances it is absolutely necessary to provide for their defecation in some inoffensive manner or for their inoffensive removal by carts to the country. The one thing that should never be allowed in a village, and which should even be regarded with great caution in the case of an isolated house, is the ordinary leaching cess-pool.

English engineers who have paid much attention to this subject seem to have settled on the intermittent action of the soil, with the accessory, in the warmer and more dangerous seasons, of the action of the roots of plants, as the best means for defecating sewage. The methods of applying this system will be better understood by a description of specific

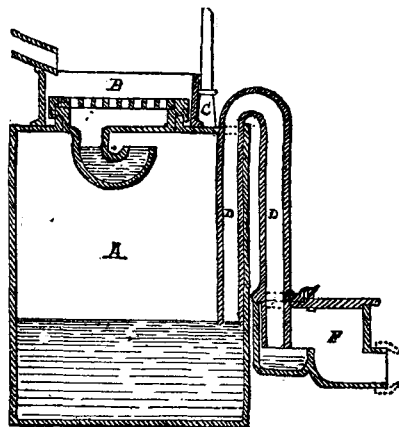


Figure 4.

processes. The accompanying illustration, Figure 4, shows the construction of Field's patent self-acting flush-tank, which is intended to be placed immediately outside of the walls of the house and to receive all of its liquid wastes. It is made entirely of earthenware or cast iron. The liquids pass through the grating of the pan *B*, and are discharged through a trap that prevents the contained air of the vessel from escaping at the surface. *C* is a ventilating pipe to carry this contained air to the top of the house. *A* is a vessel holding a certain amount of water which

has no escape save through the siphon *D*. When the chamber is entirely filled, the pouring in of a few extra quarts of water, which is sure to occur sometime during the day, brings the siphon into action, and it flows copiously until the chamber is empty to the depth below which solid matters are permitted to accumulate, to be occasionally cleared out on raising the pan *B*.

The purpose of this apparatus is to prevent the constant trickling away of the small stream usually flowing from the house with too little movement to carry forward obstructing matters, such as are sure sooner or later to clog any ordinary house drain. It also furnishes a sufficiently strong flow to secure a wide distribution of the liquid instead of allowing it to soak slowly into a small area of soil. From its intermittent action, also, it fills the ground for a short time, and then as the liquid subsides fresh atmospheric air enters the soil and assists, by its oxidizing action, in the work of purification. Whether the irrigation be on the surface or by means of underground pipes, this copious intermittent discharge is in every way preferable to the steady small flow.

This flush-tank would be a great improvement on the system which I have had in successful operation at my own place during the past five years, and which has been more satisfactory than any other plan that I have seen applied.

The house drainage is discharged into a tightly cemented tank four feet deep and four feet in diameter, entering near its top, which is arched over and closed by a tightly fitting stone cap, and thoroughly ventilated. This tank is similar to that shown in Figure 1. Its outlet pipe, starting from a point one foot below the surface of the water and about two feet below the capstone, passes out near the surface of the ground and is continued by a cemented vitrified pipe to a point about twenty-five feet farther away. Here it connects with a system of open-jointed drain tiles, consisting of one main fifty feet long, and eight lateral drains six feet apart and each about twenty feet long. These drains under-

lie a part of the lawn and are only about ten inches below the surface. During the whole growing season their course is very distinctly marked by the rank growth of grass over and near to them, the difference of growth in their immediate vicinity being so great that were the work to be done over again I should place the lines but three feet apart. The slope of the ground is very slight, probably not more than fifteen inches between the extreme ends of the systems, yet, judging by the growth, the distribution is very uniform through all the pipes, — main and laterals.

I supposed, when I first adopted Mr. Moule's suggestion to make this disposition of the house sewage, that some other arrangement would be necessary for the winter season, but even during the winter of 1874-75, — the coldest for many a long year, — the liquid has been perfectly disposed of, and has apparently found its outlets equally in all parts of the drainage.

Successful though this experiment has been, I am now arranging to adopt a small Field's flush-tank, in the belief that the system will be improved by having the discharge made intermittent, so that the flow of water being more copious will saturate the ground for a greater distance, and that, with considerable intervals during which there is no flow, there will be a complete aeration of the ground.

Field's apparatus is intended only for the use of private establishments. For mills, hotels, and even villages, a modified and much larger apparatus (being the adaptation of the well-known engineer, Mr. J. Bailey Denton) is capitally suited to the intermittent surface irrigation of large fields, enabling the agricultural use and purification of considerable quantities of sewage which are yet too small in their regular flow to be properly applied without such device.

The importance of a close attention to these details of household drainage cannot be overestimated. In a paper on *The Health of the Farmers of Massachusetts*, Dr. Adams, of Pittsfield, says, "There is no dwelling in the State, of

any class, which possesses an absolute immunity from these causes" (the vicinity of putrescent animal and vegetable matter); "for they are often so hidden and subtle as to elude the search not only of the landlord, but also of the most vigilant health officer."

The securing of pure drinking-water for the household can hardly claim full attention here, except so far as drinking-water wells are concerned; although the extent to which water coming from public works is contaminated by an injudicious arrangement of supply pipes and soil pipes is often alarming, as was suggested in the preceding article.

Quite generally, country houses and houses in villages and towns depend entirely upon drinking-water wells for their supply, and the degree to which these wells are rendered dangerous by what is called "surface water" — that is, rain-water passing over or through a surface soil made foul by house slops, kitchen refuse, etc. — is more than alarming. The purity of the water in any well depends almost entirely on the ability of the earth through which it descends to deprive it, by filtration, of its organic impurities. It is always a question between the amount and character of the filtering material, and the amount and character of the impurity. In a deep, porous soil, where the water-table lies at a great depth, and where the rain-water descends vertically to the line of saturation below, there is little danger, unless the grossest fouling of the surface in the immediate vicinity is constant and long-continued; but where the water level is near the surface of the ground, where the soil has an impervious stratum a few feet below the surface, or where the well is supplied through rock fissures or gravel seams which open near to the surface of the earth, the most scrupulous cleanliness is needed to prevent contamination.

Fresh earth is a capital purifying filter, and the rapidity with which its filtering power is renewed depends upon the freedom with which air circulates within it, the purification being in nearly all cases a process of oxidation. In

a deep and porous soil, as the water of a rain-storm settles away, it is immediately followed by the entrance of air from the surface, and the oxidation may be complete; but in clay and in other impervious soils, the entrance of air being much more slow and difficult, the impurities accumulate and the foulness increases and too often becomes permanent. In soil of this character the curbing of the well should be laid in cement for some distance below the surface, and wet clay should be closely puddled round the curbing, to prevent the trickling down of water between this and the solid earth. The greater the distance between the surface of the ground and the point at which water first oozes from the earth into the well, the greater the safety.

The above refers only to the fouling of wells by the leaching down of impurities thrown upon or accumulating in the surface soil. A much more frequent and much more serious source of mischief is their contamination by foul water leaking from badly made house drains or flowing laterally from cess-pools or vaults, — our own or our near or distant neighbors', — or the trickling down through gravel seams in heavy soils or porous fissures in rock of the surface liquid of adjacent or remote barn-yards. When porous strata in rock or earth bring the site of the cess-pool into communication with the site of the well, the danger is immediate and constant until the cess-pool is made absolutely tight.

The more insidious process is that of the gradual fouling of the semi-porous earth lying between the source of the impurity and the drinking-water well. In such cases the exudation is usually quite or nearly constant; there is no opportunity for the air to restore the filtering power of the soil, and it becomes saturated with impurity inch by inch, until, perhaps after a month or perhaps after several years, the saturation reaches the well; then every drop oozing in from this source carries with it its atom of filth. While the supply of water in the ground is copious, and while there is more or less circulation through the

water veins, the foulness may be too much diluted to do harm; but in dry seasons, when the supply recedes to a depth of only a few feet at the bottom of the well, the contribution of drain water continuing the same, the dose becomes sufficient to produce its poisonous effect.

The dangerous character of the water of such wells is often manifested by no odor or taste of organic matter; the chemical changes in this matter seem to have been carried so far as to yield little more than vivifying nitrates to the water, their organic character having entirely disappeared. Indeed, some of the most dangerous well-waters are especially sparkling and refreshing to the taste. But the chemical processes which have effected this change appear to have had no effect on the germs of disease, — if germs they be, — which retain their injurious character to such a degree that the worst results have often come of the use of water that was especially sparkling and pleasant as a beverage.

The bad effects of organic decomposition are nowhere more manifest than when it takes place in an unventilated cellar.

That large part of the American people who were born and bred in the country will appreciate the following quotation from Judge French, describing childhood's experiences with New England cellars: "You creep part way down the cellar - stairs, with only the light of a single tallow candle, and behold by its dim glimmer an expanse of dark water boundless as the sea. On its surface, in dire confusion, float barrels and boxes, butter firkins, wash-tubs, boards, planks, hoops and staves, without number, interspersed with apples, turnips, and cabbages, while half-drowned rats and mice, scrambling up the stairway for dear life, drive you affrighted back to the kitchen." This will seem to many like exaggeration, but probably throughout all America one half of the population which lives over cellars at all, lives over cellars which, at some time during the year, approach the condition described.

All this nastiness and wet and confined moldiness and stagnation must inevitably foul the air of the whole house, rendering it impure to a degree that makes us wonder how human beings, if they can live at all, can live in even tolerable health in such abodes.

A medical correspondent of the Massachusetts Board of Health gives an account of the cellar of a house in Hadley, built by a clergyman, which had an uncovered well within it, and into which a sink drain with its deposit-box had full opportunity to discharge its gases, there being no proper ventilation to the drain or box. The cellar was also used for the storage of vegetables, and its windows were never taken out. There was no escape for the damp and foul air of the cellar save through the crevices of the floors into the rooms above.

"After a few months' residence in the house, the minister's wife died, of fever, so far as I can learn. He soon married again, and within one year of the death of the first wife the second died, from, as I understand, the same disease. His children were also sick. He lived in the house about two years. The next occupant was a man named B—. His wife was desperately sick. A physician then took the house. He married, and his wife died of the fever. Another physician was the next occupant, and he, within a few months, came near dying of erysipelas. All this time matters had remained as before described with reference to ventilation." After this a school-teacher took the house, and made some unimportant changes. "The sickness and the fatality of the property became so marked that the property became unsalable. When last sold every sort of prediction was made as to the risk of occupancy, but by a thorough attention to sanitary conditions no such risks have been encountered."

It is hardly necessary to recur to extreme instances of cellar foulness, such as those above described, to convince any person of ordinary intelligence that in a confined and dimly-lighted atmosphere, like that of an ordinary cellar, all

decomposition of organic matter must result in the production of gases unfit for human breathing.

We especially need a condition of air that can be maintained only under the influence of light and free ventilation. The great difficulty with our cellars is that as they have a more or less complete communication with the house through open doors, imperfectly laid floors, etc., and as the law of the trans-fusion of gases is constantly operating even though the means of communication may be imperfect, their unceasing tendency day and night is to communicate their impurities to the air of the house. Where floors are deafened and where the ceiling of the cellar is lath-and-plastered, the danger is much less than where there is only a single thickness of boards with imperfect joints to check the communication; but no matter how perfect the separation may be, everything like the decomposition of vegetable or animal matter should be studiously avoided, and there should be at all times a free (though slight) circulation of air in the cellar.

To live in a house standing amid offensive and dangerous surroundings is under no circumstances either necessary or excusable. It has been well said that no man is so poor that he need have his pig-trough at his front-door, or that he need throw his slops under his dining-room window. No place is so small that it need contain a fermenting manure heap within dangerous proximity to the house; either the fermentation must be arrested or the accumulation must be entirely avoided. No yard is so flat that the slops of the house may not be drained away to a sufficient distance for safety. In short, there are in this world no circumstances unfit for wholesome living which may not be either overcome or run away from.

To live wrongly is a danger and a disgrace to the individual. To permit such wrong living is more than a danger and a disgrace to the community; it is a criminal menace to its own health and life. No special rules and regulations need be given here for the avoidance of

palpable sources of danger; all that is necessary is studiously to avoid the retention of accumulations of organic filth of whatever description.

In the living of every family there is a certain necessary production of waste organic matter. In the economy of nature all such waste is destined to return to its elementary condition and to become a part of the air or soil or sea, awaiting its renewed use in feeding plant life. Man has learned how to avail himself of nature's organic products to supply his demand for food and clothing. He seems not yet to have learned how to hand back to the realm of nature the refuse that is not useful to him, in such a way as to avoid the injury with which its neglect threatens him. Were each man dependent only on the conditions in and about his own house, it would be safer than it now is to leave the needed reformation to individual action; but unfortunately all in the community are dependent for life and health more completely than they realize on the condition and surroundings of their poorest and most ignorant neighbor.

The public has long asserted and exercised its right to abate nuisances, but its definition of the term "nuisance" begins at a point far removed from the stricter sanitary limit. Our communities seem not yet to realize that they have a clear right to the health and strength of their individual members, and especially to insist that no man shall, by incurring the risk of disease in his own family, endanger others to whom his disease may be communicated. The stamping-out process must extend to the very bottom of society, and if we apply ourselves to the stamping out of causes, the effect (infectious disease) will not demand our attention.

If slops thrown out at the kitchen door of the poorest house in the town threaten the health of those living in that house, all who may eventually suffer from the sickness beginning in that family have as clear a right to prevent the cause as they would have to put the family in quarantine were they suffering from small-pox.

The art of purveying has been brought very near to perfection, and it may well be left to the commercial instincts of those whose business it is; but the hardly less important art of scavenging has received from the outset nothing but the sheerest neglect. It is as yet hardly in its infancy; if we can hide our filth away underground, shove it down the gutter to our neighbors' premises, or secrete it in one of those fermenting retorts, a public sewer (as usually constructed), we think we have done all that our own safety requires of us, and the safety of others we have not yet learned to regard. But our own safety is by no means secured; we are always in danger from our neglected wastes, and in proportion as we and others use the common sewer do they endanger us and we them.

That precursor of the sewer, the receptacle in our own yards, is certainly less dangerous than its modern substitute, but it is usually very far from being a safe neighbor to even an isolated house. As houses accumulate, the risk from it increases.

I was recently conversing with an intelligent builder about the construction of a contemplated cess-pool.

"It is useless to suppose that in such heavy ground a filtering cess-pool can very long answer a good purpose."

"I don't know how that is, but my own cess-pool in similar ground has been in constant use for eight years without being cleaned out, and it works all right yet."

"How do you know that it is not leaching into your well?"

"Because I put my well a good distance away from it, on the up-hill side."

"How about your neighbor's wells, down the hill below you?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about them; that's their lookout."

The fact is that the whole hill-side near the top of which this man lives is supplied with alternate cess-pools and wells, and there is every reason to suppose that the porous strata through which the cess-pools are emptied are the very strata from which the wells are filled.

It is not to be understood that the or-

dinary outhouse vault is necessarily a source of danger; there is enough to be said against this arrangement on the score of convenience and of decency to serve as an argument for its abolition; but if it be cemented perfectly tight, and if its contents be daily disinfected with carbolic acid, sulphate of iron, or other suitable chemical addition, there is no fear of either the poisoning or the dangerous fouling of the air.

So, too, if it be used only for its legitimate purposes, if no liquid matter of any sort be poured into it, and if it have a copious daily sprinkling of ashes or dry earth, it will be equally free from sanitary objection.

But if these precautions are not adopted and carried into effect under a rigid supervision, there is certainly no single appurtenance of the life of an ordinary household so fraught with danger and annoyance to all who live within reach of its influence.

In all towns and villages where this expedient is allowed to remain in use, the strongest and most persistent effort of the board of health, reinforced with full power for the infliction of penalties, should be devoted to the regular, frequent, and efficient supervision and inspection of every out-of-door closet of whatever description. The removal of contents should never be left to the uncontrolled action of the proprietor, but should be carried on by well-directed workmen in the employment of the board, or at least under its direct inspection.

However perfect the ventilation of sewers or cess-pools, the safety of individual families and of all to whom they may communicate disease demands a careful attention to the ventilation of the house drain. It is chiefly through this drain that cess-pool and sewer gas finds its way into the house, and the house drain itself will be relatively more foul than will the public sewer which takes the wash of streets. Dust and foul matters of various sorts are very apt to accumulate with the congealed grease that so frequently coats the sides of the drain. Therefore, so far as the house itself is concerned, its greatest source of danger

lies in the return to its rooms of the emanations from its own offscourings, entering through the water traps or through leaks in the pipes, whether such return be caused by their own expansive force or by the pressure of the sewer air behind them.

It is by no means enough to establish even the most perfect water trap in the line of a house drain. It is of at least equal importance that there should be a free vent for the escape of all air from the sewer and all gases generated within the house drain or in the soil pipe, not into the attic of the house nor at its eaves, near sleeping-room windows, but well up through and above the highest point of the roof.

House-drain ventilators are often introduced into chimneys, but they are nearly as often removed after a short trial. So long as there is a constant upward draft in the chimney, this disposition of the gases is good enough, but when no fires are used the chimney frequently becomes a down-cast shaft, or when gusts of wind drive the smoke or the soot-smelling air into rooms, the ventilator gas is sure to accompany it.

House drains are even more liable to changes of temperature, and therefore more subject to a varying pressure of the air within them, than are sewers themselves.

Ventilating pipes should be made of some permanent material. Earthenware is the best, but lead and cast-iron are good and reasonably durable. Zinc — and consequently the zinc coating of galvanized iron — is very subject to decay under the action of the corrosive gases issuing from soil pipes.

What is known under the general term "sewer gas" is the emanation from waste matters undergoing decomposition in the absence of free air and light, and in the presence of water, whether in a sewer, a house drain, a cess-pool, a vault, or a foul, wet, and unventilated cellar. It frequently exists in the case of a detached country house, and is never absent from a town sewer, though it is possible in the case of these, by perfect ventilation, greatly to lessen its pro-

duction, and so to dilute it as to prevent its doing serious harm.

Poisonous sewer gas cannot be clearly defined. It is known chiefly by its effect; even its odor is rarely a marked one, and danger is believed to lurk not so much in those foul stenchs which appeal to our senses, as in the odorless, mawkish exhalations which announce themselves first by headache and debility. This gas, in its most dangerous form, is believed to be some product of organic matter undergoing decomposition in the presence of superabundant water, and in the absence of light and free ventilation.

It may be present without detection; and, in addition to its frequent passing of the usual water traps, it is largely drawn into our living-rooms by the draught of heated chimneys when their demand for air is not abundantly supplied through other and easier channels of ingress.

Furthermore, soil pipes, as frequently constructed, crack or open their joints, by the frequent expansion and contraction that alternate floods of hot and cold water occasion, and thus give vent to their gases.

It is well known that leaden waste pipes decay and frequently become so perforated as to allow the escape of gas into the house. This decay always takes place from the inside, and generally at the upper sides of a pipe running in a horizontal or oblique direction; that is, in the horizontal pipe leading from a closet to the descending soil pipe more often than in the descending soil pipe itself. If there is a bend in the pipe the perforation occurs in its upper part. It usually occurs first in the highest pipes in the house. The perforation is very much the most rapid in the entire absence of ventilation. If the ventilation is by means of free and clear openings above and below, the corrosion amounts to very little.

The fact that the point of attack lies in that part of the pipe which is not covered with water, and more especially in the higher portions, — to which heated sewer gas at once rises, and where

it accumulates, — indicates clearly that the corrosive action is due to the resultant gases of faecal decomposition and not to the liquid contents of the pipe. As the corrosion begins on the inside of the pipe, and at a point where perforation would not ordinarily cause leakage, it is very likely to be overlooked, even when sought for by a plumber applying the usual tests for leakage.

The diseases resulting to the inmates of the house from this condition of the pipes, and from other means for the admission of sewer gas, are those usually caused by excrementitious poisoning: namely, typhoid fever, diphtheria, diarrhoea, cerebro-spinal meningitis, scarlet fever, etc.; and it is always safe to advise any one in whose house such diseases appear, to uncover his soil pipes and have them thoroughly examined. Dr. Furgus says, "For some years back I have insisted on the careful examination of the soil pipes wherever I have had cases of diphtheria or typhoid, and *in every case where I could get this carefully carried out I have detected sewer gas getting into the house through perforated pipes or in some other way.*"

One of the other ways he believes to be by the transfusion of the gas through the water of the trap, which he seems clearly to have detected. In experiments with glass pipes having bends or water traps it was found that the light gases passed through by the top of the bend, and the heavy gases by the bottom. "The action of the gas was curious. It was found, first, to saturate the surface of the water next to it in the trap; then to sink down in a fine stream, and then gradually travel through to the other or house side of the trap, when it again spread out and began to diffuse itself both into the atmosphere above it and downward through the water also."

Dr. Carpenter, of Croydon, England, says: "The demands of air for fires and for respiration must be supplied from some source, and as the easiest means of access is often the communication between the house and the sewer, the poisonous gases which are lightest, and therefore in the highest parts of the

drains nearest at hand, are first drawn in."

He gives the following means by which its admission is obtained: through the water-closet trap when the soil pipe itself is unventilated; through defective joints or fissures in the soil pipe, resulting from bad workmanship, accident, or decay; through the waste pipes of house - maids' sinks, butlers' sinks, kitchen sinks, and untrapped bath outlets; through the overflow pipe from wash - basins, etc. He especially emphasizes the emptying of the traps by siphon-like suction, or, where the trap is not constantly used, by the evaporation of the sealing water. He thinks that not one trap in ten thousand is properly protected, and that without protection they are worse than useless.

The healthful arrangement of the water supply and drainage of the house in its minutest details should be a chief care of the architect, whereas, in practice, it is almost invariably left to a plumber, doing the work too often by contract, and having no conception of what is needed, — only of what has hitherto been done.

Evils resulting from the admission of sewer gas into living-rooms are popularly called "accidents," but they are accidents which may always be foreknown and the prevention of which is perfectly understood; they are no longer accidents, but gross faults of commission.

Until lately, in applying the water system, it has been considered sufficient to interpose what is called a water trap — usually an inverted siphon, in which water is supposed to be always standing — between the house and the waste pipe leading to the sewer. These traps, as commonly constructed, are in every way defective: even a light wind blowing into the mouth of the sewer often increases the pressure sufficiently to send the sewer gas bubbling through them into the house; a great rush of water into the sewer during heavy rains, by lessening the air-space, often similarly forces the traps. The same effect is produced in a marked degree by the rise

of the tides into the mouths of outlet sewers in sea-side towns, the air being compressed into a smaller space and forced to find a vent. Even did these difficulties not exist, the fact that water transmits aeriform matter would always remain as an objection; sewer gas is absorbed by the water of the end of the trap which is toward the sewer, and is given off to contaminate the air at the end which has a communication with the interior of the house.

The ordinary soil pipe has a trap at its lower part, and, if unventilated, its air stagnates often for hours together. When the pipe is used, every gallon of water poured down causes a displacement of some of the contained gas, which will seek its easiest means of escape, probably into the house. When a current is set up in the siphon-shaped trap below, its contents necessarily vibrate back and forth for a certain time, giving an impulsion to the confined air above that will tend to force it through fissures or feeble traps.

Instances of fatal disease arising from imperfect plumbing have been and still are numberless, many of them as glaring as the following, described by Hakerman, who says that in the prisons at Brest the apartments which were supplied with water-closets were filled with sewer gas when the southwest wind drove the air through the sewers and forced the traps. In these apartments the cholera raged with great intensity, while those parts of the prison not supplied with closets remained free from it.

Dr. Furgus asserts that diarrhœa, cholera, diphtheria, and dysentery have increased fourfold since the introduction of the water-closet system with its numerous inlets for sewer gas into houses and water-supply cisterns.

In 1872 the Medical Officer for Edinburgh reported that wherever water-closets were introduced, "in the course of one year there were double the number of deaths from typhoid and scarlet fever, and any epidemic fever occurring in these houses assumed a character of malignant mortality." In our own cities it is known that the fatal prevalence

of typhoid, and it is believed that frequent epidemics of diphtheria and cerebro-spinal meningitis, are due to faulty drainage alone.

In doing away with cess-pools and substituting sewers, unless proper precautions are taken, we simply make an elongated cess-pool, rarely sufficiently cleansed, and often grossly foul, and communicating with the interior of every dwelling-house. If typhoid excreta are thrown into a sewer a mile away from us, we have no security against the danger that its poisonous organisms will float in the gas of the sewer and enter our own living-rooms. Grave as this difficulty is, it may be almost entirely removed by a proper arrangement of the drainage works of the house itself.

How slight a change in temperature in a sewer or cess-pool suffices to force a water trap may be seen by experimenting with the simple apparatus illustrated herewith.

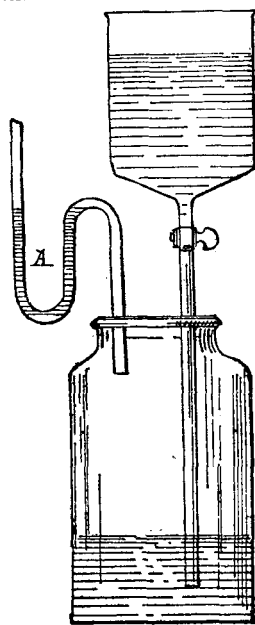


Figure 5.

The bend in the pipe A, filled with water, represents the common trap of house plumbing; the flask is filled with air. If the hand be simply placed upon the flask, the bodily heat will expand

the air sufficiently to throw the water quite out of the pipe, although its upper arm may be several inches long. In like manner, on opening the cock in the pipe leading from the vessel above, containing water, the contents of this vessel will flow into the jar and bring to bear upon its contained air such a pressure as will force the water out of the bent tube. This represents precisely the condition of things when the quantity of water in the sewer is materially increased by sudden rains or by the rise of the tide into the outlet.

Another cause of changing pressure upon the air of the sewer is the frequent ebb and flow of the volume of sewage, now only a thread of water along the floor, and now an amount sufficient to fill it to half its height.

The ventilation of soil pipes is not only needful to carry away sewer gas which would otherwise be forced through the traps or transmitted by their water, but also to prevent the formation of a vacuum when large volumes of water are poured down them. The vacuum thus formed is quite sure to suck open one or more of the water traps, — which, until it is filled at its next use, will remain free for the passage of the gas from the pipe into the house.

A soil pipe in untrapped communication with a sewer has been described by Dr. Carpenter as an elongated bell-glass, affording a certain depot for the lighter products of decomposition and putrefaction; if the soil pipe has a free ventilation by a direct channel to the outer air above, these gases will escape harmlessly, but unless such outlet is provided, they will themselves seek out (or create) defective spots through which to find their way to the interior of the house.

Unused water-closets are especially dangerous, as the water in the trap, which was their only feeble barrier to the communication between the inside of the sewer and the inside of the house, is soon removed by evaporation; and as ordinarily arranged, the overflow pipes of little used bath-tubs and stationary wash-basins have their traps empty and open during a large part of the time.

In the very complete sewerage work of Croydon, Dr. Carpenter early insisted upon the compulsory ventilation of soil pipes, but his opinion and advice had to be reinforced by a long list of deaths traceable to the lack of ventilation before the authorities adopted the rule. The work was systematically carried out by Mr. Latham, who was then a director of the Croydon board, and who has since become a leading authority in matters of sanitary engineering. Although he had himself given full credence to Dr. Carpenter's belief, he was astonished at the result. "Typhoid was sprinkled here and there before him; but as the work progressed it entirely disappeared from behind him and has not returned."

It is especially important that soil-pipe ventilators should be as nearly straight and vertical as possible; a crooked ventilator pipe will not "draw" any more than will a badly built chimney flue, nor even so well, as it lacks the heat of a fire to set up a current.

Incidentally to the seclusion of sewer air from our houses, we have to consider the subject of general ventilation, — a subject that has been more bemuddled and befogged by quasi scientific treatment than any other connected with domestic life, unless it be the much vexed and generally misunderstood subject of sewerage itself.

The best practical statement I have met about ventilation was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: "Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it." All mechanical appliances for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided.

It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, al-

lowing the upper and warmer portions to descend and take its place.

An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one half or two thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease; and large though this seems from its daily draft on the wood-pile or the coal-bin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills and with the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably result from living in unventilated apartments.

The admission of fresh air to supply the place of that which is withdrawn is an imperative necessity, and in tightly built modern houses cracks and cranies for this purpose are wanting. It is not unusual in modern houses supplied with furnaces, especially where there is no public sewerage, to find such an arrangement of closet and kitchen drains as permits the escape of some of their dangerous gases immediately into, or in the vicinity of, the cold-air box which supplies the furnace, and the flues which furnish the interior of the house with its heated air.

In a house warmed by a furnace the supply from the registers is usually sufficient to feed the chimney, and if the furnace chamber draws its air from the outer atmosphere, from an unfouled locality, and by all means *not* from a cellar, the only objection lies in the character of ordinary furnace heating. Concerning this it need be said here only that iron heated by hot water is better than iron heated by the direct action of fire, and that, if water-pipes be not used,

wrought iron is a much safer material than cast-iron for the transmission of the heat.

In all houses which are connected with public sewers or cess-pools, especial pains should be taken to supply enough fresh air for the fires through some efficient means of communication with the outer atmosphere. Otherwise, there is danger that they will feed themselves from badly trapped communications with the drain.

Sunlight is the handmaiden of ventilation and fresh air. Indeed, ample sunlight and the avoidance of a damp soil may be taken as the very fundamental conditions of healthy living.

In the lying-in hospital in Dublin the mortality of new-born infants during twenty-five years preceding its ventilation was one in six. In the twenty-five years following the supply of pure air by better ventilation, it was one in one hundred and four.

It seems almost incredible that such striking changes should have taken place so recently, but it is to be remembered that it is only about one hundred years since oxygen was discovered, and hardly fifty years since the physiology of respiration was made known; while the fact of injury from breathing foul air is indeed a very recent discovery.

Popular attention is now being resolutely drawn to these important sanitary considerations, and we may reasonably hope that we have fairly entered on an era in which the improvement of sanitary conditions will be an important attendant of advancing civilization.

George E. Waring, Jr.

A STRAGGLER.

I LEFT the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plethoric hamperfuls of cheer.

Along a dark, moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, glade-like place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space

A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there beamed
One blue, delicious glimpse of day!

In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly, as I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spell.

In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seemed to mark,
While dames and gallants roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,
And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

And then (most beauteous change of all!)
Strewn o'er its mottled slab lay low
A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
A vellum-bound Boccaccio!

Edgar Fawcett.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

III.

A QUITE unpremeditated inspiration which occurred to me upon being again offended — to run away — probably alarmed my parents more than my sororicidal projects, and I think determined them upon carrying out a plan which had been talked of for some time, of my being sent again to school; which plan ran a narrow risk of being defeated by my own attempted escape from home. One day, when my father and mother were both in London, I had started for a walk with my aunt and sister; when only a few yards from home I made an impertinent reply to some reproof I received, and my aunt bade me turn back and go home, declining my company for the rest of the walk. She proceeded at a brisk pace on her way with my sister, nothing doubting that, when left alone, I would retrace my steps to our house; but I stood still and watched her out of sight, and then revolved in my own mind the proper course to pursue.

At first it appeared to me that it would be judicious, under such smarting injuries as mine, to throw myself into a certain pond which was in the meadow where I stood (my remedies had always rather an extreme tendency); but it was thickly coated with green slime studded with frogs' heads, and looked uninviting. After contemplating it for a moment, I changed my opinion as to the expediency of getting under that surface, and walked resolutely off towards London; not with any idea of seeking my father and mother, but simply with that goal in view, as the end of my walk.

Half-way thither, however, I became tired and hot and hungry, and perhaps a little daunted by my own undertaking. I have said that between Craven Hill and Tyburn turnpike there then was only a stretch of open fields with a few cottages scattered over them. In one of

these lived a poor woman who was sometimes employed to do needle-work for us, and who, I was sure, would give me a bit of bread and butter, and let me rest; so I applied to her for this assistance. Great was the worthy woman's amazement when I told her that I was alone, on my way to London; greater still, probably, when I informed her that my intention was to apply for an engagement at one of the theatres, assuring her that nobody with talent need ever want for bread. She very wisely refrained from discussing my projects, but, seeing that I was tired, persuaded me to lie down in her little bedroom and rest before pursuing my way to town. The weather was oppressively hot, and having lain down on her bed I fell fast asleep. I know not for how long, but I was awakened by the sudden raising of the latch of the house door, and the voice of my aunt Dall inquiring of my friendly hostess if she had seen or heard anything of me.

I sat up breathless on the bed, listening, and looking round the room perceived another door than the one by which I had entered it, which would probably have given me egress to the open fields again, and secured my escape; but before I could slip down from the bed and resume my shoes, and take advantage of this exit, my aunt and poor Mrs. Taylor entered the room, and I was ignominiously captured and taken home; I expiated my offense by a week of bread and water, and daily solitary confinement in a sort of tool house in the garden, where my only occupation was meditation, the clare-obscure that reigned in my prison admitting of none other.

This was not cheerful, but I endeavored to make it appear as little the reverse as possible by invariably singing at the top of my voice whenever I heard footsteps on the gravel walk near my place of confinement.

Finally I was released, and was guilty of no further outrage before my departure for Paris, whither I went with my mother and Mrs. Charles Matthews at the end of the summer.

We traveled in the *malle poste*, and I remember but one incident connected with our journey. Some great nobleman in Paris was about to give a grand banquet, and the *conducteur* of our vehicle had been prevailed upon to bring up the fish for the occasion in great hampers on our carriage, which was then the most rapid public conveyance on the road between the coast and the capital. The heat was intense, and the smell of our "luggage" intolerable. My mother complained and remonstrated in vain; the name of the important personage who was to entertain his guests with this delectable fish was considered an all-sufficient reply. At length the contents of the baskets began literally to ooze out of them and stream down the sides of the carriage; my mother threatened an appeal to the authorities at the *bureau de poste*, and finally we got rid of our pestiferous load. Whether M. le Duc's *chef* suicided himself, *à la Vatel*, for the non-arrival of the precious *marée* I know not, but we must have died of it, if not for it, if we had persevered in conveying it a league farther.

I was now placed at a school in the Rue d'Angoulême, Champs Élysées; a handsome house, formerly somebody's private hotel, with *porte cochère*, *cour d'honneur*, a small garden beyond, and large, lofty ground-floor apartments opening with glass doors upon them. The name of the lady at the head of this establishment was Rowden; she had kept a school for several years in Hans Place, London, and among her former pupils had had the charge of Miss Mary Russell Mitford, and that clever but most eccentric personage, Lady Caroline Lamb. The former I knew slightly, years after, when she came to London and was often in friendly communication with my father, then manager of Covent Garden, upon the subject of the production on the stage of her tragedy of the *Foscari*. Of the merits of this drama I have but

a faint recollection. I remember much better a volume of *Dramatic Scenes* by Miss Mitford, which made a very powerful and striking impression upon me. One in particular I was greatly fascinated by, on the subject of the German legend of the lady who compelled her lovers to ride round the top of her castle wall above a deep precipice, as the qualification for pretending to her hand, and is scornfully rejected by the only knight who succeeds in captivating her affections, and achieves the perilous ordeal of the ride, in attempting which his younger brother has been dashed to pieces before him. This story was also made the subject of a pretty ballad by M. Planché, called the *Lady of Kienast*, and set to a popular melody from Weigl's *Schweitzer Familie*. Miss Mitford's gallant hero, caressing and praising and thanking his horse for having borne him successfully round the terrible summit, while the humbled lady, trembling with love and agony at his feet, in vain implores a look or word from him, was a very spirited and striking picture that remains vividly in my mind, though it must be upwards of forty years since I read the poem. The play of *Rienzi*, in which Miss Mitford achieved the manly triumph of a really successful historical tragedy, is of course her principal and most important claim to fame, though the pretty collection of rural sketches, redolent of country freshness and fragrance, called *Our Village*, precursor, in some sort, of Mrs. Gaskell's incomparable *Cranford*, is, I think, the most popular of Miss Mitford's works.

She herself has always a peculiar honor in my mind, from the exemplary devotion of her whole life to her father, for whom her dutiful and tender affection always seemed to me to fulfill the almost religious idea conveyed by the old-fashioned, half-heathen phrase of filial piety.

Lady Caroline Lamb I never saw, but from friends of mine who were well acquainted with her I have heard manifold instances of her extraordinary character and conduct. I remember my friend Mr. Harness telling me that,

dancing with him one night at a great ball, she had suddenly amazed him by the challenge: "Gueth how many pairth of thtockingth I have on." (Her ladyship lisped, and her particular graciousness to Mr. Harness was the result of Lord Byron's school intimacy with and regard for him.) Finding her partner quite unequal to the piece of divination proposed to him, she put forth a very pretty little foot, from which she lifted the petticoat ankle high, lisping out, "Thixth."

I believe it was on the occasion of that same ball that she asked Lord Byron to waltz with her, when, probably irritated by her impertinent disregard of the infirmity which was always so bitter a mortification to him, he not only refused, saying, "You know I cannot," but added, "and you or any other woman ought not." (His poetical vituperation of the dance, then first coming into vogue, will be remembered.) Upon this rebuff the lady went to a dressing-room, and throwing open a window rushed out upon the balcony, and exclaiming in the words of St. Preux under the rocks of La Meilleraie: "*La roche est escarpée! l'eau est profonde!*" prepared to precipitate herself, not into the blue waters of Lake Lemán, but on to the hard-hearted pavement of a London street, which travesty of Rousseau's tragedy being timely averted by a friendly and firm clutch at her ladyship's skirts behind, she desired to have a glass of water, which being brought to her, she set her teeth in the glass and broke it, and proceeded to cut her throat with the jagged edge; but this being also interfered with, as injudicious, she was finally persuaded to postpone her despair to a more convenient season, and go home to bed. I have heard another version of the above attempted suicide, which made a pair of scissors snatched from the dressing-table and about to be plunged into her bosom the remedy of the lady for her outraged feelings. She might have equally illustrated her self-murder by a French quotation from Scribe's funny little piece of *Les premières Amours*: "*L'arme fa-*

tale était déjà levée sur son sein! c'était une paire de ciseaux." I remember my mother telling me of my father and herself meeting Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb at a dinner at Lord Holland's, in Paris, when accidentally the expected arrival of Lord Byron was mentioned. Mr. Lamb had just named the next day as the one fixed for their departure; but Lady Caroline immediately announced her intention of prolonging her stay, which created what would be called in the French chambers "sensation."

When the party broke up, my father and mother, who occupied apartments in the same hotel as the Lambs, — Meurice's, — were driven into the court-yard just as Lady Caroline's carriage had drawn up before the staircase leading to her rooms, which were immediately opposite those of my father and mother. A *ruisseau* or gutter ran round the court-yard, and intervened between the carriage step and the door of the vestibule, and Mr. Lamb, taking Lady Caroline, as she alighted, in his arms (she had a very pretty, slight, graceful figure), gallantly lifted her over the wet stones; which act of conjugal courtesy elicited admiring approval from my mother, and from my father a growl to the effect, "If you were *my* wife I'd put your ladyship in the gutter," justified perhaps by their observation of what followed. My mother's sitting-room faced that of Lady Caroline, and before lights were brought into it she and my father had the full benefit of a curious scene in the room of their opposite neighbors, who seemed quite unmindful that their apartment being lighted and the curtains not drawn they were, as regarded the opposite wing of the building, a spectacle for gods and men.

Mr. Lamb on entering the room sat down on the sofa, and his wife perched herself upon the elbow of it with her arm round his neck, which engaging attitude she presently exchanged for a still more persuasive one, by kneeling at his feet; but upon his getting up the lively lady did so also, and in a moment began flying round the room, seizing

and flinging on the floor cups, saucers, plates, — the whole *cabaret*, — vases, candlesticks, her poor husband pursuing and attempting to restrain his mad moiety, in the midst of which extraordinary scene the curtains were abruptly closed and the domestic drama finished behind them, leaving no doubt, however, in my father's and mother's minds, that the question of Lady Caroline's prolonged stay till Lord Byron's arrival in Paris had caused the disturbance they had witnessed. Poor Lady Caroline's worship seems to have been of as little avail with her spoilt poet as her husband's patient forbearance was with her. Indeed, Mr. Lamb's entire subjugation to her influence very long survived the period at which society judged that he ought to have withstood it in the interest of his dignity and her decorum, of which fact his very affectionate and admiring old friend, Lord Dacre, gave me a comical illustration in the following anecdote.

Her flighty and eccentric conduct with regard to Lord Byron, and the many unaccountable vagaries in which she indulged, at length brought her husband's family and friends to the unanimous resolution of using all possible influence to induce him to part from her. Much urgent persuasion was brought to bear upon the kindly, amiable gentleman, and a promise at length extorted from him by his irritated relations to separate himself from his crazy consort.

His firmness, however, was not supposed of a nature to be intrusted with the management of the parting, and he went off to Brocket Hall, leaving his sister to break his determination to Lady Caroline, and afterwards to follow him with the news of how she had received the expression of his resolution never to see her again. The interview between the wife and sister-in-law took place, and the offending lady was emphatically apprised of her husband's stern determination with regard to her; after which several members of Mr. Lamb's family left town for Hertfordshire, to tell him how the matter had gone, to strengthen him in his resolution, and

comfort him in his desolation. Arrived at Brocket, they sought the disconsolate husband in vain in the house and grounds till in a remote summer-house in the park he was discovered with Lady Caroline, *en Amazone*, sitting in his lap and feeding him with dainty slices of bread and butter, which she was literally putting into his mouth: the countenances of the relations must have been curious to see.

Among Lady Caroline's accomplishments was that of being a first-rate horsewoman. On parting from her sister-in-law she had mounted her horse and ridden as hard as she could ride straight to Brocket, to tell her husband herself how she had taken his sentence against her. I never read Glenarvon, in which I believe Lady Caroline is supposed to have intended to represent her idol, Lord Byron, and the only composition of hers with which I am acquainted is the pretty song of Waters of Elle, of which I think she also wrote the air. She was undoubtedly very clever in spite of her silliness, and possessed that sort of attraction, often as powerful as unaccountable, which belongs sometimes to women so little distinguished by great personal beauty that they have suggested the French observation that "*ce sont les femmes laides qui font les grandes passions.*" The European women fascinating *par excellence* are the Poles; and a celebrated enchantress of that charming and fantastic race of sirens, Mademoiselle Delphine Potocka, always reminded me of Lady Caroline Lamb, in the descriptions given of her by her adorers.

With Mr. Lamb I never was acquainted till long after Lady Caroline's death; after I came out on the stage, when he was Lord Melbourne and Prime Minister of England. I was a very young person, and though I often met him in society, and he took amiable and kindly notice of me, our intercourse was, of course, a mere occasional condescension on his part.

He was exceedingly handsome, with a fine person, verging towards the portly and a sweet countenance, more express-

ive of refined, easy, careless good-humor than almost any face I ever saw. His beauty was of too well born and well bred a type to be unpleasantly sensual; but his whole face, person, expression, and manner conveyed the idea of a pleasure-loving nature, habitually self-indulgent, and indulgent to others. He was my *beau idéal* of an Epicurean philosopher, supposing it possible that an Epicurean philosopher could have consented to be Prime Minister of England; and I confess to having read with unbounded astonishment the statement in the Greville Memoirs, that this apparent prince of *poco curantes* had taken the pains to make himself a profound Hebrew scholar. My dear old friend, Lord Dacre, often enlarged upon Lord Melbourne's amiable qualities; he was much attached to him, and spoke enthusiastically of his fine temper towards his political antagonists. Of this I recollect Charles Greville giving me an instance. When the Tories under Sir Robert Peel succeeded to the Melbourne ministry, Lord Melbourne ended a conversation upon the subject of his being "turned out," by saying, "Well, Charles, if those fellows [the ones new in office] want any help or information about business, you know you may come to me for it, for them." Mr. Greville was clerk of the council and an intimate friend of Lord Melbourne's.

He told me the queen was personally much attached to the pleasant premier under whose ministry she began her reign. He was always agreeable to her in his business relations with her, and she exhibited decided pleasure in his society; he used to amuse and make her laugh, and I believe his great successor, Sir Robert Peel, was at an immense disadvantage in his intercourse with his royal mistress, from the contrast between the easy, high-bred grace of Lord Melbourne's manner, and the rather awkward stiffness of his own.

Charles Greville thought Lord Melbourne's feeling for his young girl queen was a mixture of fatherly and lover-like tenderness and interest; and she may well have felt severely the change from his affectionate and chivalrous devotion

and solicitude, to the formal service, however dutiful, of his successor. She is said to have shed tears when Lord Melbourne went out of office, and certainly delayed by the mere exercise of her will Sir Robert's full assumption of his position, as long as it was possible to do so.

I retain one very vivid impression of that most charming of debonair noblemen, Lord Melbourne. I had the honor of dining at his house once, with the beautiful, highly-gifted, and unfortunate woman with whom his relations afterwards became subject of such cruel public scandal; and after dinner I sat for some time opposite a large, crimson-covered ottoman, on which Lord Melbourne reclined, surrounded by those three enchanting Sheridan sisters, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Blackwood (afterwards Lady Dufferin), and Lady St. Maur (afterwards Duchess of Somerset, and always queen of beauty). A more remarkable collection of comely creatures I think could hardly be seen, and taking into consideration the high rank, eminent position, and intellectual distinctions of the four persons who formed that beautiful group, it certainly was a picture to remain impressed upon one's memory.

To return to my school-mistress, Mrs. Rowden: she was herself an authoress, and had published a poem dedicated to Lady Bessborough (Lady Caroline Lamb's mother), the title of which was *The Pleasures of Friendship* (hope, memory, and imagination were all bespoken), of which I remember only the two opening lines:—

"Visions of early youth, ere yet ye fade,
Let my light pen arrest your fleeting shade;"

and a pathetic, though rather prosaic episode about two young Scotch girls, a certain Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, who, retiring together from some town infected with small-pox or other contagious disease, less fortunate than the fair Decameronians of Boccaccio, were followed to the rural retreat where they had taken refuge, by a young man, the lover of one of them, who brought the infection to them, of which they both died.

Mrs. Rowden during the period of her school-keeping in London was an ardent admirer of the stage in general and of my uncle John in particular, of whom the mezzotint engraving as Coriolanus, from Lawrence's picture, adorned her drawing-room in the Rue d'Angoulême, where, however, the nature and objects of her enthusiasm had undergone a considerable change: for when I was placed under her charge, theatres and things theatrical had given place in her esteem to churches and things clerical; her excitements and entertainments were Bible-meetings, prayer-meetings, and private preachings and teachings of religion. She was what was then termed Methodistical, what would now be designated as very Low Church. We were taken every Sunday either to the chapel of the embassy or to the Église de l'Oratoire (French Protestant worship), to two and sometimes to three services; and certainly Sunday was no day of rest to us, as we were required to write down from memory the sermons we had heard in the course of the day, and read them aloud at our evening devotional gathering. Some of us had a robust power of attention and retention, and managed these reproductions with tolerable fidelity. Others contrived to bring forth such a version of what they had heard as closely resembled the last edition of the subject matter of a prolonged game of Russian scandal. Sometimes upon an appeal to mercy and a solemn protest that we had paid the utmost attention and *could n't* remember a single sentence of the Christian exhortation we had heard, we were allowed to choose a text and compose an original sermon of our own; and I think a good-sized volume might have been made of homilies of my composition, indited under these circumstances for myself and my companions. I have always had rather an inclination for preaching, of which these exercises were perhaps the origin, and it is but a few years ago that I received at Saint Leonard's a visit from a tottering, feeble old lady of near seventy, whose name, unheard since, carried me back to my Paris school-days, and who, among other

memories evoked to recall herself to my recollection, said, "Oh, don't you remember how good-natured you were in writing such nice sermons for me when I never could write down what I had heard at church?" Her particular share in these intellectual benefits conferred by me I did not remember, but I remembered well and gratefully the sweet, silver-toned voice of her sister, refreshing the arid atmosphere of our dreary Sunday evenings with Händel's holy music. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and He shall feed his Flock, which I heard for the first time from that gentle school-mate of mine, recall her meek, tranquil face and liquid thread of delicate soprano voice, even through the glorious associations of Jenny Lind's inspired utterance of those divine songs. These ladies were daughters of a high dignitary of the English Church, which made my sermon-writing for their succor rather comical. Besides these Sunday exercises, we were frequently taken to week-day services at the Oratoire to hear some special preacher of celebrity, on which occasions of devout dissipation Mrs. Rowden always appeared in the highest state of elation, and generally received distinguished notice from the clerical hero of the evening.

I remember accompanying her to hear Mr. Lewis Wade, a celebrated missionary preacher, who had been to Syria and the Holy Land, and brought thence observations on subjects sacred and profane that made his discourses peculiarly interesting and edifying.

I was also taken to hear a much more impressive preacher, Mr. César Malan, of Geneva, who addressed a small and select audience of very distinguished persons, in a magnificent *salon* in some great private house, where everybody sat on satin and gilded *fauteuils* to receive his admonitions, all which produced a great effect on my mind, not however, I think, altogether religious; but the sermon I heard, and the striking aspect of the eloquent person who delivered it, left a strong and long impression on my memory. It was the first fine preaching I ever heard, and though I

was undoubtedly too young to appreciate it duly, I was, nevertheless, deeply affected by it, and it gave me my earliest experience of that dangerous thing, emotional religion, or, to speak more properly, religious excitement.

The Unitarians of the United States have in my time possessed a number of preachers of most remarkable excellence; Dr. Channing, Dr. Dewey, Dr. Bellows, my own venerable and dear pastor, Dr. Furness, Dr. Follen, William and Henry Ware, being all men of extraordinary powers of eloquence. At home I have heard Frederick Maurice and Dean Stanley, but the most impressive preaching I ever heard in England was still from a Unitarian pulpit; James Martineau, I think, surpassed all the very remarkable men I have named in the wonderful beauty and power, spirituality and solemnity, of his sacred teaching. Frederick Robertson, to my infinite loss and sorrow, I never heard, having been deterred from going to hear him by his reputation of a "fashionable preacher;" he, better than any one, would have understood my repugnance to that species of religious instructor.

Better, in my judgment, than these occasional appeals to our feelings and imaginations under Mrs. Rowden's influence, was the constant *use* of the Bible among us. I cannot call the reading and committing to memory of the Scriptures, as we performed those duties, by the serious name of study. But the Bible was learnt by heart in certain portions and recited before breakfast every morning, and read aloud before bedtime every evening by us; and though the practice may be open to some objections, I think they hardly outweigh the benefit bestowed upon young minds by early familiar acquaintance with the highest themes, the holiest thoughts, and the noblest words the world possesses or ever will possess. To me my intimate knowledge of the Bible has always seemed the greatest benefit I derived from my school training. Of the secular portion of the education we received, the French lady who was Mrs. Rowden's partner directed the principal part. Our lessons of

geography, grammar, history, arithmetic, and mythology (of which latter subject I suspect we had a much more thorough knowledge than is at all usual with young English girls) were conducted by her.

These studies were all pursued in French, already familiar to me as the vehicle of my elementary acquirements at Boulogne; and this soon became the language in which I habitually wrote, spoke, and thought, to the almost entire neglect of my native tongue, of which I never thoroughly studied the grammar till I was between fifteen and sixteen, when, on my presenting, in a glow of vanity, some verses of mine to my father, he said with his blandest smile, after reading them, "Very well, very pretty indeed! My dear, don't you think before you write poetry, you had better learn grammar?" a suggestion which sent me crestfallen to a diligent study of Lindley Murray. But grammar is perfectly uncongenial matter to me, which my mind absolutely refuses to assimilate. I have learned Latin, English, French, Italian, and German grammar, and do not know a single rule of the construction of any language whatever. Moreover, to the present day, my early familiar use of French produces uncertainty in my mind as to the spelling of all words that take a double consonant in French and only one in English, as apartment, enemy, etc.

The men of my family, that is, my uncle John, my father, and my eldest brother, were all philologists, and extremely fond of the study of language. Grammar was favorite light reading, and the philosophy which lies at the root of human speech a frequent subject of discussion and research with them; but they none of them spoke foreign languages with ease or fluency. My uncle was a good Latin scholar, and read French, Italian, and Spanish, but spoke none of them; not even the first, in spite of his long residence in French Switzerland. The same was the case with my father, whose delight in the dry bones of language was such that at near seventy he took the greatest pleas-

ure in assiduously studying the Greek grammar. My brother John, who was a learned linguist and familiar with the modern European languages, spoke none of them well, not even German, though he resided for many years at Hanover, where he was curator of the royal museum and had married a German wife, and had among his most intimate friends and correspondents both the Grimms, Gervinus, and many of the principal literary men of Germany. My sister and myself, on the contrary, had remarkable facility in speaking foreign languages with the accent and tune (if I may use the expression) peculiar to each; a faculty which seems to me less the result of early training and habit, than of some particular construction of ear and throat favorable for receiving and repeating mere sounds; a musical organization and mimetic faculty; a sort of mocking-bird specialty, which I have known possessed in great perfection by persons with whom it was in no way connected with the study, but only with the use of the languages they spoke with such idiomatic ease and grace. Moreover, in my own case, both in Italian and German, though I understand for the most part what I read and what is said in these languages, I have had but little exercise in speaking them, and have been amused to find myself, while traveling, taken for an Italian as well as for a German, simply by dint of the facility with which I imitated the accent of the people I was among, while intrepidly confounding my moods, tenses, genders, and cases in the determination to speak and make myself understood in the language of whatever country I was passing through.

Mademoiselle Descuillès, Mrs. Rowden's partner, was a handsome woman of about thirty, with a full, graceful figure, a pleasant countenance, a great deal of playful vivacity of manner, and very determined and strict notions of discipline. Active, energetic, intelligent, and good-tempered, she was of a capital composition for a governess, the sort of person to manage successfully all her pupils and become an object of enthusiastic devo-

tion to the elder ones whom she admitted to her companionship.

She almost always accompanied us when we walked, invariably presided in the school-room, and very generally her easy figure and pleasant, bright eyes were to be discovered in some corner of the play-ground, where from a semi-retirement, seated in her fauteuil with book or needle-work in hand, she exercised a quiet but effectual surveillance over her young subjects.

She was the active and efficient partner in the concern, Mrs. Rowden the dignified and representative one. The whole of our course of study and mode of life, with the exception of our religious training, of which I have spoken before, was followed under her direction, and according to the routine of most French schools.

The monastic rule of loud-reading during meals was observed, and L'Abbé Millot's Universal History, of blessed boring memory, was the dry daily sauce to our diet. On Saturday we always had a half-holiday in the afternoon, and the morning occupations were feminine rather than academic.

Every girl brought into the school-room whatever useful needle-work mending or making her clothes required; and while one read aloud, the others repaired or replenished their wardrobes.

Great was our satisfaction if we could prevail upon Mademoiselle Descuillès herself to take the book in hand and become the "lectrice" of the morning; greater still when we could persuade her, while intent upon her own stitching, to sing to us, which she sometimes did, old-fashioned French songs and ballads, of which I learnt from her and still remember some that I have never since heard, that must have long ago died out of the musical world and left no echo but in my memory. Of two of these I think the words pretty enough to be worth preserving, the one for its naïve simplicity, and the other for the covert irony of its reflection upon female constancy, to which Mademoiselle Descuillès' delivery, with her final melancholy shrug of the shoulders, gave great effect.

LE TROUBADOUR.

Un gentil Troubadour
Qui chante et fait la guerre,
Revenait chez son père,
Rêvant à son amour.

Gages de sa valeur,
Suspendus à son écharpe,
Son épée, et sa harpe,
Se croisaient sur son cœur.

Il rencontre en chemin
Pelerine jolie,
Qui voyage, et qui prie,
Un rosaire à la main,

Colerette, à long plis,
Cachait sa fine taille,
Un grand chapeau de paille,
Ombrait son teint de lys.

"O gentil Troubadour,
Si tu reviens fidèle,
Chante un couplet pour celle
Qui bénit ton retour."

"Pardonne à mon refus,
Pelerine jolie!
Sans avoir vu ma mie,
Je ne chanterai plus."

"Et ne la vois-tu pas?
O Troubadour fidèle!
Regarde moi — c'est elle!
Ouvre lui donc tes bras!"

"Craignant pour notre amour,
J'allais en pelerine,
À la Vierge divine
Prier pour ton retour!"

Près des tendres amans
S'éleva une chapelle,
L'Ermite qu'on appelle,
Benit leurs doux sermens.

Venez en ce saint lieu,
Amans du voisinage,
Faire un pèlerinage
À la Mère de Dieu!

The other ballad, though equally an illustration of the days of chivalry, was written in a spirit of caustic contempt for the fair sex which suggests the bitterness of the bard's personal experience: —

LE CHEVALIER ERRANT.

Dans un vieux château de l'Andalousie,
Au temps où l'amour se montrait constant,
Où Beauté, Valeur, et Galanterie
Guidait aux combats un fidèle amant,
Un beau chevalier un soir se présente,
Visière baissée, et la lance en main;
Il vient demander si sa douce amante
N'est pas (par hasard) chez le châtelain.

"Noble chevalier! quelle est votre amie?"

Demande à son tour le vieux châtelain.

"Ah! de fleurs d'amour c'est la plus jolie"

Elle a teint de rose, et peau de satin,

Elle a de beaux yeux, dont le doux langage

Porte en votre cœur vif enchantement,

Elle a tout enfin — elle est belle, — et sage!"

"Pauvre chevalier! cherchez longtemps!"

"Poursuivez, pourtant, votre long voyage,

Et si vous trouvez un pareil trésor —

Ne le perdez plus! Adieu, bon voyage!"

L'amant repartit — mais, il cherche encore

The air of the first of these songs was a very simple and charming little melody, which my sister, having learnt it from me, adapted to some English words. The other was an extremely favorite *vaudeville* air, repeated constantly in the half singing dialogue of some of those popular pieces.

Our Saturday sewing class was a capital institution, which made most of us expert needle-women, developed in some the peculiarly lady-like accomplishment of working exquisitely, and gave to all the useful knowledge of how to make and mend our own clothes. When I left school I could make my own dresses and was a proficient in marking and darning.

My school-fellows were almost all English and, I suppose, with one exception, were young girls of average character and capacity. Elizabeth P——, a young person from the west of England, was the only remarkable one among them. She was strikingly handsome, both in face and figure, and endowed with very uncommon abilities. She was several years older than myself, and an object of my unbounded school-girl heroine worship. A daughter of Kiallmark, the musical composer, was also eminent among us for her great beauty, and always seemed to my girlish fancy what Mary Queen of Scots must have looked like in her youth. Among the rest none were in any way peculiar except a Scotch girl, of the name of Sybilla M——, a perfect typical ugly she Scot — tall, thin, raw-boned, whey-faced, sandy-haired, gooseberry-eyed, shambling, angular, awkward, speaking with the broadest Scotch twang, and sleeping with eyes and mouth wide open.

This curious image is made more ludicrous in my memory by an incident of school discipline, which illustrated her imperturbable Scotch phlegm and peculiar, rigid Scotch conscientiousness. For some offense, I know not what, Mademoiselle Descuillès desired her to kneel down in the middle of the school-room — a favorite foreign punishment for recalcitrant subjects, borrowed undoubtedly, like the loud-reading at meal-times, from monastic discipline. The mandate having been repeated with increasing sternness several times without effect, received at last the deliberate reply in the broadest North British: "*Nong, madame, jè nè pouee — paw.*" (Sybilla certainly never bowed her knees except to Heaven, and then, I imagine, not without their creaking.) The irate French lady then rejoining, "*Eh bien, allez mettre votre bonnet de nuit, si vous pouvez,*" was as deliberately obeyed, with a "*Wee, madame, jè pou-ee,*" and out shambled the Sybilla, to return with her head and face arrayed in such a hideous night-gear as produced an uproar among the class, and constrained Mademoiselle Descuillès to stoop very suddenly and very low over her desk, while the unperturbed performer of this grotesque penance resumed her place among us, and, with as perfect unconcern as if she had been in one of her wide-eyed slumbers, went through a lesson with one of the masters, whose galvanized start on entering was followed by repeated apparent fascinations, during which he remained for several seconds absorbed in the contemplation of the "*bonnet de nuit* of Mees Sibillena." She was a girl of fifteen or sixteen, and certainly had a supernatural contempt for personal appearance. That *bonnet de nuit* penance would hardly serve, nowadays, any serious purpose of humiliation, what with the dandy night-caps, all ribbon and Valenciennes, and the still prettier white nets, with the bright braids glistening through them, of the American and English girls of the present day; but Sybilla M——'s night-cap was a grim skull-cap of thick linen, tied under her chin with tape,

and hideous was the only word appropriate to it.

Besides pupils Mrs. Rowden received a small number of parlor boarders, who joined only in some of the lessons; indeed, some of them appeared to fulfill no purpose of education whatever by their residence with her. There were a Madame and Mademoiselle de L——, the latter of whom was supposed, I believe, to imbibe English in our atmosphere. She bore a well-known noble French name, and was once visited, to the immense excitement of all "*ces demoiselles,*" by a brother in the uniform of the royal Gardes du Corps, whose looks were reported (I think rather mythologically) to be as superb as his attire. In which case he must have been strikingly unlike his sister, who was one of the ugliest women I ever saw; with a disproportionately large and ill-shaped nose and mouth, and a terrible eruption all over her face. She had, however, an extremely beautiful figure, exquisite hands and feet, skin as white as snow, and magnificent hair and eyes; in spite of which numerous advantages she was almost repulsively plain; it really seemed as if she had been the victim of a spell, to have so beautiful a body, and so all but hideous a face. Besides these French ladies there was a Miss McC——, a very delicate, elegant looking Irishwoman, and a Miss H——, who in spite of her noble name was a coarse and inelegant but very handsome Englishwoman. In general, these ladies had nothing to do with us; they had privileged places at table, formed Mrs. Rowden's evening circle in the drawing-room, and led (except at meals) a life of dignified separation from the scholars.

I remember but two French girls in our whole company: the one was a Mademoiselle Adèle de G——, whose father, a fanatical Anglomane, wrote a ridiculous book about England. His daughter was, I think, a little cracked, and left her education in a state of deplorable incompleteness behind her, when she quitted the Rue d'Angoulême to contract a marriage of the very usual

French construction then, and still, I believe: it surely can hardly have been one of inclination or have begun very auspiciously, to judge by her own mode of speaking of it.

The other French pupil I ought not to have called a companion, or said that I remembered, for in truth I remember nothing but her funeral. She died soon after I joined the school, and was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, near the tomb of Abelard and Eloïse, with rather a theatrical sort of ceremony that made a very lugubrious impression upon me. She was followed to her grave by the whole school, dressed in white and wearing long white veils fastened round our heads with white fillets. On each side of the bier walked three young girls, pall-bearers, in the same modern mourning, holding in one hand long streamers of broad white ribbon attached to the bier, and in the other several white narcissus blossoms.

The ghostly train and the picturesque mediæval monument, close to which we paused and clustered to deposit the dead girl in her early resting-place, formed a striking picture that haunted me for a long time, and which the smell and sight of the chalk-white narcissus blossom invariably recalls to me.

Meantime the poetical studies, or rather indulgences of home had ceased. No sonorous sounds of Milton's mighty music ever delighted my ears, and for my almost daily bread of Scott's romantic epics I hungered and thirsted in vain, with such intense desire that I at length undertook to write out *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* from memory, so as not absolutely to lose my possession of them. This task I achieved to a very considerable extent, and found the stirring, chivalrous stories and spirited, picturesque verse a treasure of refreshment when all my poetical diet consisted of *L'Anthologie française à l'Usage des Demoiselles*, and Voltaire's *Henriade*, which I was compelled to learn by heart and with the opening lines of which I more than once startled the whole dormitory at midnight, sitting suddenly up in my bed and from the

midst of perturbed slumbers loudly proclaiming, —

"Je chante ces héros qui regnes sur la France,
Et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance."

Familiarity breeds contempt. I went on committing to memory the tiresome rhymed history of *Le Béarnais*, and by and by slept sound in spite of *Henri Quatre* and *Voltaire*.

More exciting reading was *Madame Cottin's Mathilde*, of which I now got hold for the first time, and devoured with delight, finishing it one evening just before we were called to prayers, so that I wept bitterly during my devotions, partly for the Norman princess and her Saracen lover, and partly from remorse at my own sinfulness in not being able to banish them from my thoughts while on my knees and saying my prayers.

But, to be sure, that baptism in the desert, with the only drop of water they had to drink, seemed to me the very acme of religious fervor and sacred self-sacrifice. I wonder what I should think of the book were I to read it now, which Heaven forefend! The really powerful impression made upon my imagination and feelings at this period, however, was by my first reading of Lord Byron's poetry. The day on which I received that revelation of the power of thought and language remained memorable to me for many a day after.

I had occasionally received invitations from Mrs. Rowden to take tea in the drawing-room with the lady parlor boarders, when my week's report for "*bonne conduite*" had been tolerably satisfactory. One evening, when I had received this honorable distinction and was sitting in sleepy solemnity on the sofa opposite my uncle John's black figure in *Coriolanus*, which seemed to grow alternately smaller and larger as my eyelids slowly drew themselves together and suddenly opened wide, with a startled consciousness of unworthy drowsiness, Miss H——, who was sitting beside me, reading, leaned back and put her book before my face, pointing with her finger to the lines, —

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard."

It would be impossible to describe the emotion I experienced. I was instantly wide awake, and, quivering with excitement, fastened a grip like steel upon the book, imploring to be allowed to read on. The fear, probably, of some altercation loud enough to excite attention to the subject of her studies (which I rather think would not have been approved of, even for a "parlor boarder") prevented Miss H—— from making the resistance she should have made to my entreaties, and I was allowed to leave the room, carrying with me the dangerous prize, which, however, I did not profit by.

It was bedtime, and the dormitory light burned but while we performed our night toilet, under supervision. The under teacher and the lamp departed together, and I confided to the companion whose bed was next to mine that I had a volume of Lord Byron under my pillow. The emphatic whispered warnings of terror and dismay with which she received this information, her horror at the wickedness of the book (of which of course she knew nothing), her dread of the result of detection for me, and her entreaties, enforced with tears, that I would not keep the terrible volume where it was, at length, combined with my own nervous excitement about it, affected me with such a sympathy of fear that I jumped out of bed and thrust the fatal poems into the bowels of a straw *pailleasse* on an empty bed, and returned to my own to remain awake nearly all night. My study of Byron went no further then; the next morning I found it impossible to rescue the book unobserved from its hiding-place, and Miss H——, to whom I confided the secret of it, I suppose took her own time for withdrawing it, and so I then read no more of that wonderful poetry which, in my after days of familiar acquaintance with it, always affected me like an evil potion taken into my blood. The small, sweet draught which I sipped in that sleepy school-salon atmosphere remained indelibly impressed upon my memory, inso-much that when, during the last year of my stay in Paris, the news of my

uncle John's death at Lausanne, and that of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, was communicated to me, my passionate regret was for the great poet of whose writings I knew but twenty lines, and not for my own celebrated relation, of whom, indeed, I knew but little.

It was undoubtedly well that this dangerous source of excitement should be sealed to me as long as possible; but I do not think that the works of imagination to which I was allowed free access were of a specially wholesome or even harmless tendency. The false morality and attitudinizing sentiment of such books as *Les Contes à ma Fille* and *Madame de Genlis' Veillées du Château* and *Adèle et Théodore* were rubbish, if not poison. The novels of Florian were genuine and simple romances, less mischievous, I incline to think, upon the whole, than the educational countess's mock moral sentimentality; but Chateaubriand's *Atala et Chactas*, with its picturesque pathos, and his powerful classical novel of *Les Martyrs*, were certainly unfit reading for young girls of excitable feelings and wild imaginations, in spite of the religious element which I suppose was considered their recommendation.

One great intellectual good fortune befell me at this time, and that was reading Guy Mannering; the first of Walter Scott's novels that I ever read, the *dearest*, therefore. I use the word advisedly, for I know no other than one of affection to apply to those enchanting and admirable works, that deserve nothing less than love in return for the healthful delight they have bestowed. To all who ever read them, the first must surely be the best; the beginning of what a series of pure enjoyments, what a prolonged, various, exquisite succession of intellectual surprises and pleasures, amounting for the time almost to happiness. Excellent genius! second but to one in England, fortunate above all other countries in having given to the world Shakespeare and Scott: kindred in kind though not in degree of gift, alike sweet of heart and sound of head, in whose conceptions beauty was never divided from truth;

the fabric of whose soaring, wide-spread fancy rose from the firmest, broadest base of moral integrity and sober judgment, genuine human sympathy and robust common-sense; like the great marble minster of Lombardy, whose foundations strike their roots deep down among the homes of the fair city, clustering at its feet, whose wide portals stand forever open to the busy populace that throngs its streets, and whose splendid roof, soaring into the air, with its countless spires and pinnacles of matchless workmanship, commands at once the Alps and the great Italian plain, and carries into the neighborhood of the stars a whole world of saints and martyrs, heroes, kings, and winged angelic presences, the glorified types of the human nature flowing in ceaseless currents around its base.

Scott, like Shakespeare, has given us, for intimate acquaintance, companions, and friends, men and women of such peculiar individual nobleness, grace, wit, wisdom, and humor, that they people our minds and recur to our thoughts with a vividness which makes them seem rather to belong to the past realities of the memory, than to the shadowy visions of the imagination.

It was not long before all this imaginative stimulus bore its legitimate fruit in a premature harvest of crude compositions which I dignified with the name of poetry. Rhymes I wrote without stint or stopping, — a perfect deluge of doggerel; what became of it all I know not, but I have an idea that a manuscript volume was sent to my poor parents as a sample of the poetical promise supposed to be contained in these unripe productions.

Besides the studies pursued by the whole school under the tuition of Mademoiselle Descuilles, we had special masters from whom we took lessons in special branches of knowledge.

Of these, by far the most interesting to me, both in himself and in the subject of his teachings, was my Italian master, Biagioli.

He was a political exile of about the same date as his remarkable contempo-

rary, Ugo Foscolo; his high forehead, from which his hair fell back in a long grizzled curtain, his wild, melancholy eyes, and the severe and sad expression of his face impressed me with some awe and much pity. He was at the same time one of the latest of the long tribe of commentators on Dante's *Divina Commedia*. I do not believe his commentary ranks high among the innumerable similar works on the great Italian poem; but in violence of abuse and scornful contempt of all but his own glosses he yields to none of his fellow-laborers in that vast and tangled poetical, historical, biographical, philosophical, theological, and metaphysical jungle.

I have said that I thought my brother John's early predilection for grammatical study had probably been the result of his master's kindred pursuit in the compilation of his dictionary. And I have no doubt that Biagioli's own passionate devotion to the great work of Dante induced him to abridge with very little ceremony my preparatory exercises in Goldoni, Metastasio, and Tasso, and place (perhaps prematurely) the weird opening of the *Divina Commedia* in my hands.

Dante was his spiritual consolation, his intellectual delight, and indeed his daily bread; for out of that tremendous horn-book he taught me to stammer the divine Italian language, and illustrated every lesson, from the simplest rule of its syntax to its exceedingly complex and artificially constructed prosody, out of the pages of that sublime, grotesque, and altogether wonderful poem. My mother has told me that she attributed her incapacity for relishing Milton to the fact of *Paradise Lost* having been used as a lesson-book out of which she was made to learn English, a circumstance which had made it forever *Paradise Lost* to her. I do not know why or how I escaped a similar misfortune in my school-girl study of Dante, but luckily I did so, probably being carried over the steep and stony way with comparative ease by the help of my teacher's vivid enthusiasm. I have forgotten my Italian grammar, rules of syntax and

rules of prosody alike, but I read and re-read the *Divina Commedia* with ever-increasing amazement and admiration. Setting aside all its weightier claims to the high place it holds among the finest achievements of human genius, I know of no poem in any language in which so many single lines and detached passages can be found of equal descriptive force, picturesque beauty, and delightful melody of sound; the latter virtue may lie perhaps as much in the instrument itself as in the master hand that touched it,—the Italian tongue, the resonance and vibrating power of which is quite as peculiar as its liquid softness.

While the stern face and forlorn figure of poor Biagioli seemed an appropriate accompaniment to my Dantesque studies, nothing could exceed the contrast he presented to another Italian who visited us on alternate days and gave us singing lessons. Blangini, whose extreme popularity as a composer and teacher led him to the dignity of *maestro di capella* to some royal personage, survives only in the recollection of certain elderly drawing-room nightingales who warbled fifty summers ago, and who will still hum bits of his pretty Canzoni and Notturmi, Care pupille, Per valli per boschi, etc., with pleasant recollection of their agreeable melody and easy accompaniment: how different from the amateur struggles of the present day, with the perilous modulations of Mendelssohn and Schubert!

Blangini was a *petit maître* as well as a singing master; always attired in the height of the fashion, and in manner and appearance much more of a Frenchman than an Italian. He was mercilessly satirical on the failure of his pupils, to whom (having reduced them, by the most ridiculous imitation of their unfortunate vocal attempts, to an almost inaudible utterance of *pianissimo* pipings) he would exclaim, “Ma per carità! aprite la bocca! che cantate come uccelli che dormono!” Besides his many graceful Italian songs and charming French romances for one or two voices, he published some more ambitious works: an Italian opera or two, out of which I

learnt some scenes of no particular musical merit; and a French one called *Le jeune Oncle* (a musical version of the pretty piece of that name), which contained some pleasant and cleverly constructed concerted pieces.

My music master, as distinguished from my singing master, was a worthy old Englishman of the name of Shaw, who played on the violin, and had been at one time leader of the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre. Indeed, it was to him that John Kemble addressed the joke (famous because in his mouth unique) upon the subject of a song in the piece of Richard Cœur de Lion—I presume an English version of Grætry's popular romance: “O Richard, O mon Roi!” This Mr. Shaw was painfully endeavoring to teach my uncle, who was entirely without musical ear, and whose all but insuperable difficulty consisted in repeating a few bars of the melody supposed to be sung under his prison window by his faithful minstrel, Blondel. “Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kemble, you are murdering the time, sir!” cried the exasperated musician; to which my uncle replied, “Very well, sir, and you are forever beating it!” I do not know whether Mrs. Rowden knew this anecdote and engaged Mr. Shaw because he had elicited this solitary sally from her quondam idol, John Kemble. The choice, whatever its motive, was not a happy one. The old leader of the theatrical orchestra was himself no piano-forte player, could no longer see very well or hear very well, and his principal attention was directed to his own share of the double performance, which he led much after the careless slap-bang style in which overtures that nobody listened to were performed in his day. It is a very great mistake to let learners play with violin accompaniment until they have thoroughly mastered the piano-forte without it. Fingering, the first of fundamental acquirements, is almost sure to be overlooked by the master whose attention is not on the hands of his pupil but on his own bow; and the pupil, anxious to keep up with the violin, slurs over rapid passages, scrambles

through difficult ones, and acquires a general habit of merely following the violin in time and tune, to the utter disregard of steady, accurate execution. A person who has mastered so thoroughly the mechanical difficulties of piano-forte playing as to be able to go through Bach's exercises quite correctly by heart, may be trusted with a violin accompaniment to lighter compositions. The lights and shades of expression, the effects of execution, the precision of time and general spirit of style may be improved by playing with the violin, or better still by taking a part in quartette and concerto playing with good performers. As for me, I derived but one benefit from my old violin accompanier, that of becoming a good timeist; in every other respect I received nothing but injury from our joint performances, getting into incorrigible habits of bad fingering, and of making up my bass with unscrupulous simplifications of the harmony, quite content if I came in with my final chords well thumped in time and tune with the emphatic scrape of the violin that ended our lesson. The music my master gave me, too, was more in accordance with his previous practice as leader of a theatrical orchestra than calculated to make me a steady and scrupulous executant. I made acquaintance with all the overtures that ever were composed — Mozart's, Cimarosa's, Paesello's, Rossini's, Boieldieu's, Méhul's, Kreutzner's, the whole theatrical *répertoire* of the day; only occasionally varied with one of Cramer's or Herz's showy arrangements or variations on popular airs, a symphony or two of Haydn's, some pretty rondos by Dussek, and Steibelt's Storm, the *ne plus ultra* of brilliant and difficult piano-forte amateurship, in Mr. Shaw's estimation.

We had another master for French and Latin, — a clever, ugly, impudent, snuffy, dirty little man, who wrote vaudevilles for the minor theatres and made love to his pupils. Both these gentlemen were superseded in their offices by other professors before I left school: poor old Pshaw Pshaw, as we used to

call him, by the French composer, Adam, unluckily too near the time of my departure for me to profit by his strict and excellent method of instruction; and our vaudevilleist was replaced by a gentleman of irreproachable manners, and I should think morals, who always came to our lessons *en toilette*, — black frock-coat and immaculate white waistcoat, unexceptionable boots and gloves, — by dint of all which he ended by marrying our dear Mademoiselle Descuillès (who, poor thing, was but a woman after all, liable to charming by such methods), and turning her into Madame Champy, under which name she continued to preside over the school after I left it; and Mrs. Rowden relinquished her share in the concern, — herself marrying and becoming Mrs. St. Quintin.

I have spoken of my learning Latin. Elizabeth P——, the object in all things of my emulous admiration, studied it, and I forthwith begged permission to do so likewise; and while this dead-language ambition possessed me I went so far as to acquire the Greek alphabet; which, however, I used only as a cipher for "my secrets," and abandoned my Latin lore, just as I had exchanged my Phædrus for Cornelius Nepos, not even attaining to the "*Arma virumque cano*."

Nobody but Miss P—— and myself dabbled in these classical depths, but nearly the whole school took dancing lessons, which were given us by two masters, an old and young Mr. Guillet, father and son: the former, a little dapper, dried-up, wizen-faced, beak-nosed old man, with a brown wig that fitted his head and face like a Welsh night-cap; who played the violin and stamped in time, and scolded and made faces at us when we were clumsy and awkward; the latter a highly-colored, beak-nosed young gentleman who squinted fearfully with magnificent black eyes, and had one shining, oily wave of blue-black hair, which, departing from above one ear, traversed his forehead in a smooth sweep, and ended in a frizzly breaker above the other. This gen-

tleman showed us our steps and gave us the examples of graceful agility of which his father was no longer capable. I remember a very comical scene at one of our dancing lessons, occasioned by the first appearance of a certain Miss L——, who entered the room, to the general amazement, in full evening costume, a practice common, I believe, in some English schools where “dressing for dancing” prevails. We only put on light prunella slippers instead of our

heavier morning shoes or boots, and a pair of gloves, as adequate preparation. Moreover, the French fashion for full dress, of that day, did not sanction the uncovering of the person usual in English evening attire, and which under the auspices of the female potentate who has given the laws of dress to Paris, and therefore to the world, in these latter days has amounted as nearly as possible to the absolute nudity of the whole bust.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE JUDGMENT.

I DREAMED that I saw the Judgment set:

Ah, the old world's tale's untrue!

There was no throne in the clouds of heaven,

No armies in all the blue;

But a lonely man, with sad sweet face,

Slow walking from soul to soul—

Of all the pomp of the last dread day

This one sad man was the whole.

My soul stood naked before the man;

To my naked soul he spake,

And pointed up to a tall, pearl gate

Where the skies began to break.

“I am the Lord of that house,” he said,

“My supper up there is spread;

I invite your soul, I ask each soul

Among all the quick and dead:

“Come sup with me, I will sup with you,

We'll drink of the sweet new wine.

You are the branch, and I ask you in

Unto Christ, the living vine.”

I bowed my head, and I said, “My Lord,

I cannot go in with thee,

For I am one of the world whose sins

Once nailed thy hands to a tree.

“I am worse than much of the world besides,

And mine is the greater blame,

For I have owned and disowned thee, both,
And put thee to open shame.

“Go sup with thee? Ah, my Lord, not so;
Let my soul go out into night,
Where I ne’er shall hear an angel sing,
Nor see one star of thy light.

“Let me be forgot by thee, my Lord,
Unknown to the holy throng,
Unknowing myself the happy place
Where they sing the Lamb’s new song.

“I could not breathe in that high, pure air,
I should falter at every star,
I should discord make if I tried to sing;
Thy glory would kill me afar.

“So let me go to the night of space,
Where never thy love can be;
It is heaven enough to have ceased to sin;
There, silent, I’ll worship thee.”

He waved his hand, I lifted my head,
I looked for the gulfs of night,
But the crowns of heaven were gilding space
And heaven alone was in sight.

“Unworthy thou,” the sweet voice said,
“I grant it, but look on me:
I have been worthy for all the world,
And my righteousness give to thee.”

Then he led me in to his right hand,
Above, where the stars do shine;
He placed me among the wedding guests,
And himself poured out the wine,

And said, “There is now no night in space,
I am the sun, it is day.”
And I dared to kneel and to kiss his feet,
For my sins had passed away.

Henry Whitney Cleveland.

THE CURIOUS REPUBLIC OF GONDOUR.

As soon as I had learned to speak the language a little, I became greatly interested in the people and the system of government.

I found that the nation had at first tried universal suffrage pure and simple, but had thrown that form aside because the result was not satisfactory. It had seemed to deliver all power into the hands of the ignorant and non-tax-paying classes; and of a necessity the responsible offices were filled from these classes also.

A remedy was sought. The people believed they had found it; not in the destruction of universal suffrage, but in the enlargement of it. It was an odd idea, and ingenious. You must understand, the constitution gave every man a vote; therefore that vote was a vested right, and could not be taken away. But the constitution did not say that certain individuals might not be given two votes, or ten! So an amendatory clause was inserted in a quiet way; a clause which authorized the enlargement of the suffrage in certain cases to be specified by statute. To offer to "limit" the suffrage might have made instant trouble; the offer to "enlarge" it had a pleasant aspect. But of course the newspapers soon began to suspect; and then out they came! It was found, however, that for once, — and for the first time in the history of the republic, — property, character, and intellect were able to wield a political influence; for once, money, virtue, and intelligence took a vital and a united interest in a political question. For once these powers went to the "primaries" in strong force; for once the best men in the nation were put forward as candidates for that parliament whose business it should be to enlarge the suffrage. The weightiest half of the press quickly joined forces with the new movement, and left the other half to rail about the proposed "destruction of the liberties" of the

bottom layer of society, the hitherto governing class of the community.

The victory was complete. The new law was framed and passed. Under it every citizen, howsoever poor or ignorant, possessed one vote, so universal suffrage still reigned; but if a man possessed a good common-school education and no money, he had two votes; a high-school education gave him four; if he had property likewise, to the value of three thousand *sacos*, he wielded one more vote; for every fifty thousand *sacos* a man added to his property, he was entitled to another vote; a university education entitled a man to nine votes, even though he owned no property. Therefore, learning being more prevalent and more easily acquired than riches, educated men became a wholesome check upon wealthy men, since they could outvote them. Learning goes usually with uprightness, broad views, and humanity; so the learned voters, possessing the balance of power, became the vigilant and efficient protectors of the great lower rank of society.

And now a curious thing developed itself — a sort of emulation, whose object was voting-power! Whereas formerly a man was honored only according to the amount of money he possessed, his grandeur was measured now by the number of votes he wielded. A man with only one vote was conspicuously respectful to his neighbor who possessed three. And if he was a man above the commonplace, he was as conspicuously energetic in his determination to acquire three for himself. This spirit of emulation invaded all ranks. Votes based upon capital were commonly called "mortal" votes, because they could be lost; those based upon learning were called "immortal," because they were permanent, and because of their customarily imperishable character they were naturally more valued than the other sort. I say "customarily" for the rea-

son that these votes were not absolutely imperishable, since insanity could suspend them.

Under this system, gambling and speculation almost ceased in the republic. A man honored as the possessor of great voting-power could not afford to risk the loss of it upon a doubtful chance.

It was curious to observe the manners and customs which the enlargement plan produced. Walking the street with a friend one day, he delivered a careless bow to a passer-by, and then remarked that that person possessed only one vote and would probably never earn another; he was more respectful to the next acquaintance he met; he explained that this salute was a four-vote bow. I tried to "average" the importance of the people he accosted after that, by the nature of his bows, but my success was only partial, because of the somewhat greater homage paid to the immortals than to the mortals. My friend explained. He said there was no law to regulate this thing, except that most powerful of all laws, custom. Custom had created these varying bows, and in time they had become easy and natural. At this moment he delivered himself of a very profound salute, and then said, "Now there 's a man who began life as a shoemaker's apprentice, and without education; now he swings twenty-two mortal votes and two immortal ones; he expects to pass a high-school examination this year and climb a couple of votes higher among the immortals; mighty valuable citizen."

By and by my friend met a venerable personage, and not only made him a most elaborate bow, but also took off his hat. I took off mine, too, with a mysterious awe. I was beginning to be infected.

"What grandee is that?"

"That is our most illustrious astronomer. He has n't any money, but is fearfully learned. Nine immortals is *his* political weight! He would swing a hundred and fifty votes if our system were perfect."

"Is there any altitude of mere moneyed grandeur that you take off your hat to?"

"No. Nine immortal votes is the only power we uncover for — that is, in civil life. Very great officials receive that mark of homage, of course."

It was common to hear people admiringly mention men who had begun life on the lower levels and in time achieved great voting-power. It was also common to hear youths planning a future of ever so many votes for themselves. I heard shrewd *mammas* speak of certain young men as good "catches" because they possessed such-and-such a number of votes. I knew of more than one case where an heiress was married to a youngster who had but one vote; the argument being that he was gifted with such excellent parts that in time he would acquire a good voting strength, and perhaps in the long run be able to outvote his wife, if he had luck.

Competitive examinations were the rule in all official grades. I remarked that the questions asked the candidates were wild, intricate, and often required a sort of knowledge not needed in the office sought.

"Can a fool or an ignoramus answer them?" asked the person I was talking with.

"Certainly not."

"Well, you will not find any fools or ignoramuses among our officials."

I felt rather cornered, but made shift to say, —

"But these questions cover a good deal more ground than is necessary."

"No matter; if candidates can answer these it is tolerably fair evidence that they can answer nearly any other question you choose to ask them."

There were some things in Gondour which one could not shut his eyes to. One was, that ignorance and incompetence had no place in the government. Brains and property managed the state. A candidate for office must have marked ability, education, and high character, or he stood no sort of chance of election. If a hod-carrier possessed these, he could succeed; but the mere fact that he was a hod-carrier could not elect him, as in previous times.

It was now a very great honor to be in

the parliament or in office; under the old system such distinction had only brought suspicion upon a man and made him a helpless mark for newspaper contempt and scurrility. Officials did not need to steal now, their salaries being vast in comparison with the pittance paid in the days when parliaments were created by hod-carriers, who viewed official salaries from a hod-carrying point of view and compelled that view to be respected by their obsequious servants. Justice was wisely and rigidly administered; for a judge, after once reaching his place through the specified line of promotions, was a permanency during good behavior. He was not obliged to modify his judgments according to the effect they might have upon the temper of a reigning political party.

The country was mainly governed by a ministry which went out with the administration that created it. This was also the case with the chiefs of the great departments. Minor officials ascended to their several positions through well-earned promotions, and not by a jump from gin-mills or the needy families and friends of members of parliament. Good behavior measured their terms of office.

The head of the government, the Grand Caliph, was elected for a term of twenty years. I questioned the wisdom of this. I was answered that he could do no harm, since the ministry and the par-

liament governed the land, and he was liable to impeachment for misconduct. This great office had twice been ably filled by women, women as aptly fitted for it as some of the sceptred queens of history. Members of the cabinet, under many administrations, had been women.

I found that the pardoning power was lodged in a court of pardons, consisting of several great judges. Under the old *régime*, this important power was vested in a single official, and he usually took care to have a general jail delivery in time for the next election.

I inquired about public schools. There were plenty of them, and of free colleges too. I inquired about compulsory education. This was received with a smile, and the remark, —

“When a man’s child is able to make himself powerful and honored according to the amount of education he acquires, don’t you suppose that that parent will apply the compulsion himself? Our free schools and free colleges require no law to fill them.”

There was a loving pride of country about this person’s way of speaking which annoyed me. I had long been unused to the sound of it in my own. The Gondour national airs were forever dinning in my ears; therefore I was glad to leave that country and come back to my dear native land, where one never hears that sort of music.

OCTOBER DAYS.

THE maples in the forest glow;
On the lawn the fall flowers blaze;
The landscape has a purple haze:
My heart is filled with warmth and glow.

Like living coals the red leaves burn;
They fall — then turns the red to rust;
They crumble, like the coals, to dust:
Warm heart, must thou to ashes turn?

Sylvester Baxter.

SOUTHERN HOME-POLITICS.

THREE years ago the most natural question that a stay-at-home Southerner could ask was, "Why do you Northern people hate us so?" using the word "hate" in all its worst significance. On the other hand, the most natural observation that a stay-at-home Northerner could make was, "I suppose they hate us down there as much as ever," and he used the word "hate" as if it were coined by the very devil for the special purpose of expressing this particular sentiment.

A Northerner was fain to believe that the hate of a Southerner had more sides to it than the hate of any other people, and he was very apt to speak of it with a certain amount of respect; while the Southerner was inclined to look upon Northern hate as a frigid iceberg of contempt, never to be melted, always to remain just so high.

It has only begun to appear that there has been no hate worthy the name for at least five years. But it is the most common of all suspicions among Northerners that this present good-will of the South is an impulse that is in constant danger of being displaced by another impulse from the other side of the house; that were Massachusetts to scowl upon Louisiana, or Grant to criticise Lee's good qualities, the whole cotton country would fire up and begin to hate once more. This is about the estimate that is made of the stability of Southern convictions. Never was one more mischievous or with less foundation. The Southern desire for deep and thorough amity with all other sections of the country rests upon grounds as enduring as any social and political grounds can be, and one comprehends this when he is enabled to walk in and out of Southern homes, a friend permitted to hear all and to see all without restraint. The editorials that the papers print and the speeches that men make upon platforms fall flat before the spoken evidence of

the men and women of any settlement, and it is just this that Northern people rarely, if ever, hear of. And *per contra*, for that matter.

The writer spent a good part of last spring in a town of South Carolina that would, in all likelihood, be one of half a dozen selected to represent Southern characteristics in towns. It was Southern in every possible respect, and Southern people lived in it in their old houses. The population consisted of a thousand whites and a thousand blacks. Everybody had felt the blast of the war straight upon their backs and in their hearts, and when Lee surrendered "some had five dollars (or what five dollars would buy now) and some had fifty cents." One lady was fortunate in the possession of some flour, bacon, and coffee that her shrewd old grandmother, who had been in wars before, had begged her to buy in flush times and hide in the wainscoting of the drawing-room. This made her a millionaire. There was not a man in the place who was thirty years of age who had not fought in some capacity, and there was not a woman who had not gone hungry for weeks and badly clad for years.

Convinced, by the evidence of such telling trifles as these, that one's friends have known the bitterness of strife, it is profoundly interesting to hear what they think of the sweetness of peace.

Upon a shady, lane-like street, with his porches covered with roses and his pathway guarded with Spanish bayonet, dwells a tall, bent gentleman who is a little shaken with the palsy. He said, "I think that even had I twice the strength and spirit that God once gave me, I should say, Come, forgetfulness! I am of the old guard. They are now very apt to take my kindness for all my countrymen as senility, even though they think with me. I can never forget the wild dream of those six or seven years, and I can never turn my back

upon the emblems of that dream — the flags of the Confederacy, the portraits of its great men, and the names of its battles; and yet it is my greatest comfort, the greatest of all, to feel that I may again love the flag of my fathers." A dull negro servant had brought some linty glasses and a quaint decanter of sherry, and the venerable man drank a sort of *pousse-mot*, and nothing could have been graver than his gravity.

One day a fine figure on a fine horse came around a bend at a lope, and reined straight up to the relator through some oak bushes that intervened. The man had a flushed face, and he wore a brown felt sombrero. He sat his horse like a Mameluke, and he held his reins after the manner that they teach at West Point. He was a little the worse for liquor, and his eyes were bloodshot; yet what he said was coherent.

"You're a Yankee, sir! Yes? I knew it. I can tell a Yankee as far as I can see him. I am *not* a Yankee. I fought you, and I fought you like the devil. And" — he dropped his voice and reached out his hand — "and you fought us like the devil. I was a general, sir. My name is —, and I'm right glad to see you. D'ye see that clump of trees over yonder in the field? Well, my father and mother and brother are buried there, and they all died, God bless 'em, while I was fighting you like the devil." Tears rolled down his cheeks in streams, and he straightened himself up and looked hard at his confabulator through the mist in his eyes. "Take a drink, sir, if you can get the cork out," and he drew a flask of some sort of tipple from a rear pocket in his pantaloons. "If Buchanan and Davis and Scott and Beauregard had been allowed to take a few hours together in the first place, there would n't have been any war. No war at all! Whisky is a pacificator, sir! You can go home and say that General —, of the late Confederate army, believes in peace, in trading, in travel, and that he's down on war between brothers. You're a brother, I'm a brother; we're all brothers, and d—— the politicians. We're all the United

VOL. XXXVI. — NO. 216.

States. United, by George, sir, forever and a day, and down with the politicians! Hang 'em, sir. Hang 'em high. Your hand, sir, once more. Sorry about the cork, but I'll see you again, sir. Good by. God bless you." He backed his horse through the bushes, making a few military salutes at the same time, and then turned and went down the road, raising a cloud of red dust, looking every inch the soldier.

There was a charming girl, moderately tall, slender, dark, and sweetly-spoken, who lived in a small cottage with her father and her brother. She had a slow, deliberate method of enunciating, and a few peculiarities of pronunciation that made her speech very delightful. Her burden was, "Oh how you Northerners have *trampled* upon us!" When pressed to define her charges she would plunge into the very middle of the monstrous tangle, and wind herself up like a poor fly in a web. When this was done she would ask with contracted brows, "How can you expect women to know the ins and outs of all these things?" Then she would go indignantly to her "pet" (pit, a small hot-bed that all gardens in that region contain) and make a bouquet for her visitor, and would say finally, "After all, what I said about being trampled upon is only a sort of slogan that we girls keep up for pride's sake. The gentlemen have their cries, too, but when they meet Northern people they always ask them to dine. One cannot be expected to give up all appearances of being faithful to old interests. You must allow a little for vainglory. At heart we all love what is now our country. You may believe that."

A certain Southern general, at the surrender of Lee, made his way through the Federal lines and with a few followers escaped to his home without having surrendered his sword. He is a man of great energy, quick to act, and impetuous and headstrong to the last degree.

Seated in a porch after tea one evening, he said, "I do not believe there is any sentiment in the South that can be called a public sentiment that does not

demand reunion and concord. I am a violent man, and I fought violently. I hate the administration violently, but I accept the results of the war without reservation. Another thing. I have come to look upon John C. Calhoun in a different light than that in which I once regarded him. I now place him lower as a statesman and a far-seeing man than I had been taught to place him. The war was a subsoil plow that overturned everything, and fresh earth came to the surface. What has grown up since then is of different color, and there are mighty few eyes that can't see it." He struck his broad hand on his knee and cast his small gray eyes around the circle, impatient for contradiction. Six other Southerners who were present acquiesced by silence. "The cloud of the war still hangs over us," continued the general, "and will for twenty years more, in the shape of a low morality; but I hope, gentlemen, before I die to see the sun again. I shall do my best to help my country to be prosperous."

In a retired by-way of the town there lives a lady of fifty years who dresses in deep mourning, but whose attire is simple and inexpensive. She was formerly wealthy, having owned many slaves and several large plantations. She is a widow, and childless. Her house, with one or two acres of sandy land, is all that remains to her of her once vast estates. She gave all she had to the cause of the Confederacy, and she has two large bundles of its worthless bonds and demand notes as a recompense for her noble folly. Her house is surrounded with clouds of beautiful but nearly odorless roses, and is shaded by enormous pines, whose glittering plumes far above her roof murmur a melancholy lay, month in and month out, always in tune with her spirit. Upon the darkened walls hang portraits of Lee and Jackson, and toward these the sad lady lifts a calm devotion. "They tell me," said she, "that it was all a great mistake, that they had not reckoned properly, and that there were seeds of destruction in the very conception of the idea. Ah well, after all, I think, now

that I am old, that I am glad they failed. They prove to me that one division would have only led to subdivisions, and those to others, and that we should have been wondering in a few years if it were safe to keep our idols, lest they turn to dust in our hands. I am glad that the North and the South begin to intermingle. Do you not see how eagerly our people respond to advances from your people? Do you know the reason of that? It is nothing less than the outcropping of the instinct to love, to adore some great thing, that is in every human breast. Since the sad conviction was forced upon us that we could have nothing new whereon to spend our patriotism, we have been shut out, ostracized; we have been people without a country. That was hard. The passion to love our land grew and grew, and within the last few years you have seen it leap up like a fire whenever they who had held the flag said or wrote, 'It is yours, as well as ours.' "

This was the language of one who chose to environ herself, not with things that might serve to turn aside her sorrow, but with relics of the ruined enterprise. What she said was the mournful outcome of a later intelligence and a bitter discipline combined, and it was not possible to listen to it and not feel one's own loyalty grow a little stronger.

In a shaded and dusty law-office opening directly upon the main street of the town, there commonly sat in the latter part of the afternoons a small and aged man who was regarded by all who knew him with love and veneration. He represented, to the fullest extent, the old party of the South; its slave-holding element, its State-sovereignty element, and its secession element. He was a Southerner in all respects, and a gentleman in all. People referred to him as the best exponent of their political and social status of past times, and they invariably attached to the recommendation, "You will find him very courteous and very hospitable." He was thoughtful and somewhat melancholy, and his method of speaking was deliberate. One respected him sincerely upon seeing him.

One day he said this, impressively: "My old system of theories and my old beliefs are bored and riddled through and through, and they totter with myself. There is a number of us who should be silent till we are silenced, for the future belongs to others and our voices are very discordant. It is hard to pretend to be blind when we fancy that we still see clearly; yet it is a duty that I feel that I, for my part, must perform. Therefore I listen and watch, but keep a lock upon my lips."

A little while after, he read a patriotic speech made at Augusta, Georgia, by an ex-Confederate officer, on Decoration Day. The speech was warmly welcomed by the North. The gentleman said, "I could not have spoken in that manner. Yet, believe me, I am glad that some one has. And the ladies strewed flowers upon the graves of the Federal dead! I am glad, I am *very* glad of that!"

Later still, he read General Bartlett's speech at the Lexington Centennial. It was printed beside a reprint of General Evans's speech, in the same column of the paper.

Those two noble and vigorous utterances could have had but one effect upon that generous spirit. They stirred it to its very depths. The agitated man arose from his chair, and with his eyes streaming with tears read in a faltering voice many of the most striking passages in both the speeches. At length, overcome, he buried his face in his hands and surrendered himself to his emotion.

He said finally, "I must confess it. I wish that I were young again and that I could take a part in this renewal of confidence. But, as I told you, I am outside the pale; I must be content to gaze and do nothing more. You should feel happy. Your generation has now but one task. That is to make your

judges all over the country punish your evil-doers; it is all comprised in that. Give me your hand; say at home that the people here are amazingly like the people there; that they can respect and reason, and can love honorable things."

The seemingly sketchy character of this paper will doubtless cause many to disregard its matter and to class the testimony that it contains as trivial. They who do this will make a mistake. Instead of being poor evidence, it is, on the contrary, the very best. There is none that is to be had that is more clear or more honest. It comes at first hand. The sayings that have been repeated are those of representative people.

Only one class has been slighted; that is the class of shop-keepers; and as they are mainly Germans of the lower order, their principles are subordinated to the chances of making money. Inasmuch as the United States are now strong, they believe in the national government, with a reservation that inflation would be a capital thing.

But the people who have been quoted came to their newer beliefs by thought, and by the softer urgings of their native kindness and love of country. Forced by actual poverty to live modestly and to remain at home, they have been permitted to see little more than the general drift of public sentiment, and it has here been shown how it has affected them. Their views are of generalities, not of particulars. Ask them their opinion of the record of any man, or of the platform of any convention, or of the resolutions of any legislature, and they will give you in return either their impressions or nothing.

They think that all is going well for unity and reconciliation. They are sure of that, and we should be devoutly glad of it.

Albert F. Webster.

OLD-TIME ORIENTAL TRADE.

THE "Orient" of the ancients comprised but a very small portion of the great continent of Asia now commonly included under that name. The Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and even the Persians, though themselves so much farther east than the three first-mentioned peoples, knew almost nothing of the vast and populous regions east of the Oxus and Indus. It is true, they had vague notions of a Cathay beyond the tremendous mountain-chains of Central Asia, and a map by Ptolemy the geographer, in the first century of our era, even gives some few outlines of the coasts to the east of the Bay of Bengal. But the fact that from this map the whole of the southern half of India is omitted, and the great peninsula appears to be cut off at an east-and-west line running from the Gulf of Cutch to the mouths of the Ganges, shows that even these outlines of "India extra Gangem" were drawn mainly upon conjecture. The successive waves of Tartar invasion which had poured through the mountain passes from Central Asia to overflow Iran and Assyria, and finally to sweep around southward and eastward again into India, had brought nothing with them but terror and devastation. Even the conquering hordes themselves seemed transformed by their advent into the new countries, and, forgetting those from whence they came, seemed impressed with the feeling that they had been forced by some mysterious influence, crowded out by the ever-increasing swarms of humanity generated in that "cradle of the human race." Imagination invested the remote regions beyond the Indus, and particularly beyond the mountains of Tartary, with monstrosities and supernatural dangers. Even the soldiers of the Macedonian conqueror were appalled and became mutinous at the proposal to proceed to the Ganges. None of the conquerors known to history ever even proposed to penetrate eastward from Turkistan into

Central Asia until the attempts made by Ghengis Khan in the beginning, and by Timour at the close, of the thirteenth century. The dim legend of a great expedition into India by the Egyptian king, Sesostris, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, lacks even circumstantial evidence. By some of the ancient writers, notably Strabo, it is pronounced a myth, and as far as history is concerned, Alexander was the discoverer of India.

The countries known to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans as the Orient extended only from the Levant and the Red Sea to the Himalayas, and from the Arabian Sea to the southern shores of the Black and the Caspian; a tolerably well-defined region, between three and four hundred miles broad from south to north, but nearly three thousand miles long from the Ægean Sea to the Indus. The expedition of Alexander resulted in adding the northwestern quarter of India to the territory of the known Orient.

From its topography and position relative to the adjoining continents, this small part of the habitable world (about equal in area to the States of the American Union lying east of the Mississippi) seemed destined by nature to be the theatre of the most important events in the history of mankind. Separated from the rest of Asia by great mountain-walls through which there were only a few lofty and dangerous passes, from Europe and Africa by the chain of seas that surround it on three sides, and from even the greater portion of Arabia by impassable deserts, communication between all these continents was confined to a few distinct gateways: the tremendous gorges which lead up to the table-land of Pamir, and over the "roof of the world" into Central Asia; the isthmus of the Caucasus, furnishing a mountain pathway into northern Europe; the Dardanelles, which afforded a short ferriage into South-

ern Europe; and the Isthmus of Suez, a sandy dike between the seas, leading to Africa. Through these gateways the tides of conquest have ebbed and flowed ever since the records of human events began. In the same mountain defiles and along the same sea-shore passes have been heard the trampings and the trumpet-calls of hundreds of conquering armies. During the historic era—which, however, only runs back in an unbroken chain of definite dates about twenty-five hundred years—Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Alexander, Mithridates, the captains of the Mahometan caliphs, the Ottoman sultans, Ghengis Khan, Timour, and Nadir Shah, each successively overran this Orient with their hosts, and consolidated the greater portion of it into as many successive empires. But these are only a few of the greatest; history gives misty outlines of a dozen more, not only intermediate of these, but long prior to the era of definite chronology, that have arisen and disappeared. From the recently resurrected Ilium to Nicea and Bucephala, built by Alexander on the Hydaspes, the land is strewn with the ruins of cities, some of which were almost equal in magnitude to Babylon and Persepolis, and yet have vanished like dreams, having not even a place in history. Kings, caliphs, khans, and sultans have fought over its plains until the soil seems made of the dust of their slaughtered armies. Prophets of Israel and Islam uttered their grandest vaticinations there, and over all that part of the world there hovers an atmosphere of mingled mystery and historic interest beside which the more explicit histories of Greece and Rome seem literal and tame.

The vagueness of the information, in ancient and even in comparatively modern times, about the countries east of Persia may be estimated from the fact that Strabo, the great geographic authority of the first century, believed the Caspian Sea to be only a bay of a "great northern ocean." This impression was prevalent even in the sixth century, and indeed was not completely dispelled until an Englishman, Anthony Jenkinson,

traveled far enough around it in 1558 to determine its actual dimensions.

The general belief in the existence of monstrosities and wonders of all kinds to the eastward of the Indus and the Oxus is shown in the account of India given by Megasthenes, — sent thither as ambassador by Seleucus, King of Syria, — who tells of giants, dwarfs, men without noses, ants as large as foxes, and men with ears so large that they could wrap themselves up in them. In fact, Megasthenes' stories were so prodigious that if they were not matched by those of other travelers in the Orient, it would almost seem that the shrewd Hindoos had been indulging in an American style of humor in stuffing his own extensive ears with their inventions. Arrian, the Greek historian of the second century, in his *Circumnavigation of the Red Sea*, gives an account of the Island of the Rising Sun, near the mouths of the Ganges, which he says was the last region toward the east that was inhabited, being peopled with cannibals and beings monstrous in form. Nor did these beliefs disappear after a thousand years. William de Rubruquis, a monk sent by Pope Innocent IV., in 1247, as ambassador to the Great Khan of Mongolia, had no sooner entered the dominions of the Tartars than he imagined he had fallen among a race of demons. The strange aspect of the country and the savage countenances of the people made him feel as though, to use his own forcible expression, he had "passed through the gates of hell." Marco Polo also, at the close of the thirteenth century, though in all respects the most trustworthy narrator of adventure in the Middle Ages, tells of demons that decoy and mislead the traveler in the Desert of Lop, of the city of Kinsai, a hundred miles in circumference, and of the roof of the prince's palace in Zipangri (Japan) being made of solid gold.

Ibn-Battuta, a celebrated Mahometan traveler, tells of a mysterious marine monster in the shape of a ship filled with candles and torches, which he saw (1325) off the Maldiv Islands — a sort of Oriental Flying Dutchman, which ap-

peared in that locality every year, and would not depart until one of the most beautiful virgins of the islands was sent out to him to be devoured; of the sacred cypress-tree in Ceylon, of which if a person finds and eats one of the fallen leaves, his youth will be restored; and of seeing off the coast of Sumatra the famous Roc of the Arabian Nights' tales. But even more skeptical travelers, who saw none of these supernatural marvels, clothed their descriptions in words of Oriental extravagance: Masoudi, a Mahometan historian who published an account of his travels in India in the tenth century, which exhibits an extensive knowledge of the population, industries, and wealth of the country, gives his book the fanciful title of *Meadows of Gold and Mines of Jewels*. Thus in all ages, even until very recent times, imagination still invested the farther Orient with a matchless dower of gold, gems, spices, and all beautiful and valuable things, but at the same time with all conceivable dangers and monstrosities.

Yet even in the remotest antiquity of which history gives any information, however vague, there seems to have been considerable trade between what were then the eastern and western "worlds:" that is, Asia Minor, Persia, and India on the one hand, and the Mediterranean coasts of Europe and Africa on the other. This traffic was carried on mainly by caravans on the land, and by boats and rafts that floated down the rivers.

But there must have been a time when the art of navigating the seas had a beginning, or at least there was an era when it experienced such a development as to deserve the title of a new art. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of historic outlines in this respect, there is reason to believe that this era embraced the Greeks who besieged Troy and the Phœnicians who founded Sidon and Tyre; and concurrent with this development in the art of navigation, there must have been a similar development of commerce. Where history begins, it finds commerce almost exclusively in the hands of the Phœnicians, a peculiar,

thrifty, calculating people, — disposed to grow rich by trading rather than by conquest of arms, having scarcely even a definite territory of their own, but at home on the coasts of all the known seas, untrammelled by the daily religious duties that prevented the Persians and Hindoos from embarking in maritime trade, and superior to all other nations in their knowledge of navigation, — who had established commercial relations not only with all the Mediterranean coasts but also with those of Persia and India. They seem to have had the same fear of interiors that other nations had of the seas. The Tyrian traders who sailed down the Red Sea and along the coasts of Iran to the mouths of the Indus long before Alexander sent Nearchus back on his notable voyage from the Indus to Ormuz, probably helped to exaggerate the wonders and mysterious dangers of the land routes to the countries with which they held communication. There may even have been the shrewd purpose, in these exaggerations, of deterring other nations from becoming competitors for the trade. As the Tyrians kept secret their arts of dyeing purple and of the manufacture of gems and glass, they would be likely also to conceal or misrepresent their knowledge of the mysterious East, from which they drew such large profits of trade that the merchants of Tyre, a city almost without a territory, were "princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth."

The growth and prosperity of Tyre, more than any other feature of ancient history, indicates the progress of mankind, the enlargement of ideas, the increase of wants, the desire to be acquainted with each other, and to live on amicable terms for mutual benefit. The little colony of fugitives from Sidon, — which had been captured by the Assyrians, — who about 1690 B. C. established themselves on the rocky coast forty or fifty leagues farther south, founded the most remarkable city of antiquity.

But it was not until nearly two hundred and fifty years afterwards that Tyre attained her greatest prosperity.

Then the Tyrians had formed an alliance with the Hebrews under Solomon, whose assistance enabled them to secure the ports of Elath and Ezion-Geber, at the northeast extremity of the Red Sea, and to seize Rhinoculura, the port nearest to these on the Mediterranean. With these advantages the Tyrians made a revolution in the transportation question of that day. Instead of bringing the spices, gems, ivory, and other products of Persia and India up the Euphrates Valley and thence through Tadmor in the Desert to the Mediterranean coast by caravans, and sending the gold, tin, silver, and wines of Italy and Spain back to the Orient by the same route, they now turned the great bulk of their commerce through the Red Sea, making a short transportation by caravan, between Elath and Rhinoculura. During this era, it is believed, the Tyrian ships traded along the entire coast from Ormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, to the mouths of the Indus. So complete was the commercial supremacy of Tyre and so exclusive her knowledge of the remote Orient, that when by the death of Solomon she lost her Red Sea ports and abandoned her navigation of the Arabian Sea, there was none to take advantage of her loss. She simply diverted the trade with Persia and India to the old caravan routes, and the knowledge of the Arabian Sea seems to have been in a great measure lost, for when Nearchus made his long voyage to Ormuz, it was over an unknown sea; yet such might well be the case, for eleven hundred years had elapsed from the time that Tyre lost her Red Sea ports until Nearchus set out to rediscover the route by sea.

The commerce of Tyre probably culminated about 650 to 500 B. C. At that time the Tyrian traders were the factors of the whole known world. Carthage had been founded nearly three hundred years, and was carrying on an extensive trade between Europe and Egypt, but Tyre was still the great emporium. Her commercial supremacy in the world extends over a period of about thirteen hundred years. So long did it take in

those slow-moving ages to build up and break down.

The reduction of Tyre cost Alexander more time, more labor, and the lives of more soldiers, than the subjugation of all the rest of Asia Minor, and her unexampled opulence and power inspired him and his successors with the idea of acquiring her secrets by bold exploration and force. Having at last nearly destroyed her, he went into Egypt to found the great city that perpetuates his name, and from thence made his expedition into India, which, notwithstanding his premature death, did result in giving Alexandria the commercial supremacy of the world for a longer period than any other city that has ever existed, except Tyre.

The objective point of all the great conquerors who ravaged Asia Minor and Persia for more than two thousand years was, with one exception, India. Genghis Khan alone delayed the invasion of India until he should conquer China. It is also a remarkable fact that all the invasions of India, whether by Tartar hordes from the north, or by Persian Mussulmans or Greeks from the west, have been made at one point, namely, that where stands the town of Attock, on the Indus, at the extreme northwestern corner of the Punjab. Here, where the width of the river is much contracted, every conqueror since Alexander has made his entrance into India. Mahmood, the Tartar prince, who erected a new empire in the East on the ruins of the Caliphate of Bagdad, invaded India at this point twelve times in the first twenty-four years of the eleventh century. After him came Timour, in 1395; Babur, in 1518, in 1523, and again in 1525; Nadir Shah, in 1737; and Ahmed Abdalli, six times between 1747 and 1760. The great incentive which drew all these into India was its wealth; and this also has been the magnet which in all ages seems to have drawn to the Indus the traders of the far western cities on the Mediterranean.

In ancient times there were three great routes for this traffic: one from the Punjab, the cities of Cabul and Chanda-

har, to the river Oxus, thence downstream by its ancient but now forsaken channel into the Caspian, across this and up the river Kur, which still recalls the name of Cyrus, and thence by a short portage into the Black Sea, along its southern shores and through the Bosphorus into the *Ægean*. It is presumed that this was the route used by the earliest Greeks, even before the historic era, in their traffic with the Orient. Long afterwards, when the rise of the Mahometan and Ottoman empires debarred the Greeks from any communication with India and Iran by way of the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf, this became again the route of a large trade between those countries and the Greek empire; and still later, also, when in the fourteenth century the city of Genoa attached itself to the Greek Church as a means of competing with Venice, which was an ally of the Pope.

Of the two other routes, one was followed by the Tyrian and Egyptian caravans to Palmyra in the desert, and thence down the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf; the other by the ships of the same people, down the Red Sea and along the coasts of Arabia and Persia to the mouths of the Indus. All these routes, though between three and four thousand miles long, and from five hundred to two thousand miles apart, brought the Mediterranean traders to the same countries, and indeed to many of the same Oriental cities. Pearls from the fisheries of Fars; gold from the ancient mines of Sejestan; ivory, diamonds, dyes, and textile fabrics of India; the silks of China, which came through India—though the luxurious Romans who used them so extensively did not know where silk was produced or what it was made of, but only that it came from that prolific India which seemed the treasure-place of the world; the gums, spices, and gems, particularly the turquoises, of Iran, were important articles of trade in all the ancient cities near the Indus. Chandahar was, and is to some extent yet, a centre of trade between India and Iran; as Cabul was the emporium of that between India and

Tartary. Even down to the beginning of the present century, the annual fairs at the latter city were so largely attended by traders from India and the coasts of Iran that the average sale of horses on these occasions was estimated at about sixty thousand head.

For nearly eighteen hundred years after the reduction of Tyre by Alexander, the trade with the East was still small enough to be monopolized by first one and then another of the Mediterranean cities. Alexandria held it without a rival of any considerable importance for about six hundred years, until A. D. 330, when Byzantium became the capital of the new Eastern Empire, and the policy of the Greek emperors to foster trade with the Orient by way of the Black and Caspian seas and the river Oxus diverted a large share of the traffic to that route. Under the Ptolemies and the Romans, Alexandria was the great commercial mart of the known world. Its population was estimated at three hundred thousand, it was full of magnificent buildings, and the fire of its Pharos lighted all the merchant ships of the Mediterranean into its port. Its trade with Iran and India was by ships, on the Red Sea from the ports of Myos-Hormos and Berenice, coasting along the shores of Arabia until they struck the route discovered by Nearchus at the Gulf of Ormuz, and thence still along the coast to the mouths of the Indus. This was the only route of ships to India for more than a hundred years, until Hippalus, an Egyptian trader, with boldness equal to that of Columbus fifteen hundred years later, ventured to sail with the western monsoon directly out into the Indian Ocean, and thus discovered a new route to India and gave his name to the periodic wind that carried him thither. From the Red Sea ports the goods of India were carried by caravans to Coptos, — the modern Keneh, — on the Nile, and thence by boats down the river to a landing-place at the modern Cairo. This trade lasted in some degree until the ascendancy of the Saracens diverted part of it through Bassorah and Bagdad to Aleppo. The subsequent oppressions of the Turks grad-

ually destroyed the trade of Alexandria. In the early part of the eighteenth century its population had dwindled to a hundred thousand, and it became merely a prison for slaves and a port for Cairo.

The Abbasside caliphs, under whom the Mussulman empire attained its greatest glory, built Bassorah solely as an *entrepôt* for the East India trade. This indeed was the chief consideration in establishing their capital at Bagdad, the splendors of which under Haroun Al Raschid rivaled those of Constantinople. But the long struggle, from the early part of the fourteenth century to the close of the fifteenth, between the Turks — whose empire began to rise on the ruins of that of the Abbasside caliphs — and the decaying power of the Greek emperors, turned the attention of both Greeks and Turks temporarily away from the Oriental trade, and furnished the opportunity which was taken advantage of by the Venetians to make their city another Tyre. In many of the most important particulars, the parallelism between Tyre and Venice is remarkable. Both were built upon islands which they completely covered, and therefore both appeared to be rising out of the waves. The people of both possessed a greater degree of intelligence than the surrounding nations; the same enterprising mercantile spirit, the same secret, shrewd policy, and pliable, accommodative religious sentiment belonged to both. As the Tyrians excelled in making glass and artificial gems, and were famous for their purple dye, so Venice excelled all the rest of the world in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the manufacture of glass, cloth of gold, leather, and silks. As Tyre kept secret the arts of manufacturing glass and gems, and of dyeing purple, so Venice forbade by law any workman to carry his art to any foreign country, on pain of the imprisonment of all his relatives left in Venice; and if he had none of these, an emissary of the republic was sent after him to secretly kill him in whatever foreign land he might have found shelter. As the Greeks and many other ancient peoples were indebted to Tyre for the art of letters, so the Venetians carried

the art of printing to a higher degree of perfection than any other contemporary people of the world. As Tyre possessed the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, the ports of Rhinoculura, Elath, and Ezion-Geber, and the colonized parts of Carthage and Gades (Cadiz), so Venice possessed Cyprus, Crete, the greater part of the Morea, and the most of the isles of the Aegean Sea, and had a chain of coast forts from the Morea to Dalmatia. Both were cities of the sea, and they encroached upon the land only far enough to make a landing place for their ships, and room for trading with the inhabitants of the interiors.

The prosperity of the Venetians was at its maximum about the beginning of the fifteenth century. At that time the value of goods exported from Venice, exclusive of those sent to the adjacent Lombardian provinces, was ten million ducats annually. The Venetian merchant fleet comprised three thousand vessels, of from one hundred to two hundred tons burden each, employing seventeen thousand sailors, besides forty-five war galleys, on which were eleven thousand men. The maritime commerce of Venice was equal to that of all the rest of Christendom; the Venetian ships visited every port of Europe, and as late as 1518 an argosy of five Venetian ships arrived at Antwerp laden with spices, drugs, silks, gems, leather, etc., for the great annual fair held in that city.

The loss of Candia, captured from the Venetians by the Turks in 1670, was the beginning of the decline of Venetian power. The ensuing war, which lasted twenty-five years, cost the Turks two hundred thousand men, but it also left Venice prostrate. In 1797 she submitted to the Austrians, and since that time, like a worn-out, rotting ship anchored in some deserted harbor, has been slowly sinking into the waves from which she so proudly arose.

In the height of her commercial supremacy, Venice had but one competitor of any importance — Genoa, which had allied herself with the Greek emperors, and the Greek Church against the Pope, as already explained. The Genoese were

granted every possible facility by the emperors, the suburb of Pera at Constantinople was devoted exclusively to the Genoese merchants as a centre for their trade, and even yet the commercial usages of the Genoese are remembered by the people of the shores of the Caspian. The fall of the Greek empire, however, in 1453, completely destroyed the Oriental trade of Genoa, and left Venice mistress of the field until the Portuguese began to divert it by their newly-discovered route around the Cape of Good Hope to Lisbon.

The struggle between the Mediterranean cities to monopolize the Oriental trade turned the world upside down for more than a thousand years. It leagued Venice with the Turks in their purpose of overthrowing the Greek empire, and, strangely enough, at the same time with the Pope in his purpose of crushing the schismatic Greek Church. When the Mamelukes got possession of Egypt they gave the monopoly of the European trade in Oriental commodities to Venice, and barred the way to India against all other Mediterranean cities. But the Portuguese, ambitious of a share in the traffic with India, sent Vasco Da Gama in 1498 to discover a new route by way of that "ultimate dim Thule" the Cape of Good Hope. The Pope now became the *deus ex machina* of Oriental trade, and by a bull gave to the Portuguese not only the monopoly of Oriental trade as far as he could control it, but also the right to enter and take possession of all countries not Christian, on the route between Portugal and the Indies. The Soldan of Egypt, seeing his monopoly about to slip away, warned Pope Julius and King Emmanuel of Portugal that he would put to death all the Christians in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, would burn their churches, and destroy the Holy Sepulchre itself, if the Portuguese did not cease their encroachments upon his exclusive right to control the trade with India. The dispute was ended by a war between the Turks and the Portuguese, in which the latter were victorious. But in the mean time, Spain also was stirred with hopes of participating in the wealth

that seemed to flow from exhaustless fountains in the East, and Columbus, sent in 1492 to find a new way to India that would not come in conflict with the monopoly granted to the Portuguese by the Pope, discovered America. England, too, seeking an independent route to the same land of golden dreams, but avoiding the route *via* the Cape of Good Hope for fear of offending the Pope, began her search for the northwest passage, and sent out a long succession of exploring expeditions, beginning with that of Sebastian Cabot in 1498, and continued by those of Davis, Baffin, and Sir John Franklin, until the problem of the passage, together with that of the mysterious fate of Franklin, invested Arctic discovery with a fascination which is even yet drawing venturesome navigators from America to those realms of silence and death. Spain, not content even with the vast empire opened to her by the discovery of America, seeking still the strange golden Orient that now loomed up in the imaginations of all the European powers in more magnificent proportions than ever, sent Magellan in 1519 in search of the westward route thither, only to discover the southern extremity of the New World at the straits which bear his name. The English war with Spain and Portugal, and the sea fights of Drake, Cavendish, and Sir John Burroughs with the Spanish and Portuguese ships, from 1582 to 1588; the war between England and France, ending in 1765; the invasion of Egypt and Syria by Napoleon I., in 1798; the fear which made England tremble, in 1808, lest Russia should join Napoleon, and the combined armies, marching in the ancient footsteps of Alexander, should conquer England on the banks of the Ganges; the Crimean war, in which England was at last allied with the mediæval monopolists of Oriental trade, the Turks—these are only a few of the prominent events in the history of the last thousand years, directly resulting from the struggle for the monopoly of the trade with the Orient. To tell what have been the secondary consequences of the contest, and their effects upon the progress of man-

kind, would require a history as comprehensive as that of civilization itself.

Commerce with the East has experienced two great eras of development. The first of which we have any account began with Alexander's invasion of India, and embraced the whole period of the supremacy of the Selencidæ in Syria and of the Ptolemies in Egypt. During this time a steadily increasing knowledge of the "far East" spread as far as the Bosphorus and the Nile, but to all the people west of these the Orient was still a region of mystery for more than a thousand years after the time of Alexander. The second era of development began in the fifteenth century. The discovery of the route to India via the Cape of Good Hope was the beginning of a succession of events which extended the knowledge of the globe on which we live more rapidly than ever before or since. In the fifty-four years after Bartholomew Diaz first turned the Cape of Good Hope in 1487, Da Gama had found the new route to India, Columbus had found the western limit of the Atlantic, Cabot had visited Labrador and Brazil, Magellan had seen the southern extremity of South America, De Soto had penetrated nearly to the centre of North America, and Balboa had looked upon the Pacific, which still interposed its vast expanse between these explorers and the primal object of their search, the fleeting, golden Orient, which first seemed to be in India and then in Cathay.

But, as during the first half of the Christian era direct commercial intercourse with the East did not extend farther west than the cities of the Levant, so the westward search for means of commerce with the East by circumnavigation of the globe paused on the western shores of America. The Pacific was an obstacle too vast—both its shores being so remote from the progressive nations of Eastern and Western Europe—to be overcome by the explorers of the fifteenth century; and for two hundred years after its discovery no

European ship had yet crossed it. The world had become acquainted with Persia and India, but China and Japan were still sealed books, and though the Portuguese, extending their voyages along the coasts from India, had begun to trade in some of the Japanese ports as early as 1540, the seclusion of these countries has only been penetrated within the memory of the present generation. Another era of development in intercourse with the East began to dawn with the completion of the American transcontinental railway and the opening of the Suez Canal. The commercial world is stirred, as it was in the fifteenth century, with projects for more intimate commercial relations with the East.

Russia has a design for a railway through Central Asia to India, and another through Siberia to China. England has a scheme for a railway traversing the entire length of Asia Minor, from the Bosphorus to the Indus, and for another from near the site of ancient Tyre, across the desert and down the Valley of the Euphrates, to the Gulf of Ormuz. Some months ago, a project was started in London for a railway from Rangoon, in Burmah, to Momien, in Western China. The Russian government has within the past two years authorized surveys for a canal four hundred miles long, to connect the Manitch, a tributary of the Don, with the Kooma, and thus make a channel for steamers from the Black Sea into the Caspian. English enterprise recently brought the Shah of Persia out of the seclusion of the East, to give prestige to Baron De Reuter's scheme of anglicizing Persia, and thus protecting British trade with India. Even the government of the United States has felt the general stir among commercial nations for closer relations with the Orient, and Congress is asked to subsidize steamship lines to China and Japan, and to lend its authority to American traders in those countries by chartering one or more Asiatic commercial companies.

W. L. Fawcette.

GENERAL JOHN DE KALB.¹

ON the 29th of June, 1721, John Kalb, the child of Hans Kalb and Margaret, his wife, peasants, was born in the German town of Hüttendorf. On the 19th of August, 1780, Major-General Baron De Kalb died prisoner of war in the American town of Camden, of wounds received three days before, in the defeat of the American General Gates by the English General Cornwallis. How and when did this peasant become a baron, and mingle his name with great historic names and great historic events? We find him at school at Kriegenbronn, a peasant boy still. We see him leave his native place at sixteen to earn his living as a butler. We lose sight of him for six years, and suddenly find ourselves face to face with him again towards the end of 1743, with the distinctive *de* between the Jean and Kalb of his half gallicized name, and the rank of lieutenant in the regiment of Löwenthal, a body of German infantry in the service of France. How did he, in six short years, succeed in transforming the obsequious butler into the haughty baron? That he did thus pass from a peasant to a noble, and put on, as though they had been his birth-right, the air and bearing of nobility, is a fact which Mr. Kapp has fully established, although he has not been able to explain it, and, accepting it as one of the secrets of history, we pass directly with him from the peasant's cottage to the camp in Flanders.

Frederick of Prussia, the greatest general of his own day, was the teacher of Steuben, the subject of Mr. Kapp's first contribution to American history. Kalb's teacher was Marshal Saxe, "the professor," according to Frederick himself, "of all the European generals of his age." And thus the lessons of the two greatest soldiers of their time passed

through two brilliant adventurers to the camp of Washington. Both lives belong in part to the American historian. Toward the latter part of 1743, when Washington was going to Mr. Williams's school at Brydger Creek and Greene was a babe in arms, Kalb comes into the light of history as a lieutenant in one of the most brilliant German regiments in the service of France. In a single year he took part in three sieges and one hotly contested battle; and still following the history of his regiment, through which only we can trace his own, we find him at Fontenoy and every decisive action of the war except the battles of Lafeld and Raucoup. In 1747 he was made captain and adjutant, and was entrusted with the important duties of "officer of detail," duties of great responsibility, comprehending the internal administration of the regiment and an active correspondence with the ministers of war. In his brief intervals of leisure he found time for study, devoting himself chiefly to modern languages and those branches of the higher mathematics which were essential to the scientific departments of his profession.

The eighteenth century was still an age of mercenary soldiers. Men of hereditary rank let themselves out for military rank and the chances of military distinction. The German regiments in the French service were especially favored, and commissions in them were eagerly sought after. "There is not a general officer in Germany," said Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick to Boisgelin, "whatever his nobility, who would not consider himself as very fortunate in being able to enter the service of France. What a happiness to fight by the side of Frenchmen, and live with them in Paris during peace."

The foreign regiments in the French

¹ *Leben des Amerikanischen Generals Johann Kalb.* Von FRIEDRICH KAPP. Mit Kalb's Portrait. In deiner Brust sind deines Schicksals Sterne.—Schiller. Stuttgart: Cotta'scher Verlag. 1862.

The Life of John Kalb, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By FRIEDRICH KAPP. New York: privately printed. MDCCCLXX.

service were not all upon the same footing. Each had its own contract, and its own articles of war. Questions of discipline were decided differently in different regiments, one capitulation approving what another condemned. It was the duty of the officer of detail to make himself familiar with all these distinctions, and be prepared to defend the rights of his own regiment before the minister of war.

De Kalb was in the garrisons of Pfalzburgh and Cambrai, during the peace which preceded the Seven Years' War. The records of his regiment bear witness to his intelligence and zeal. But war was approaching. While deciding the European question, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle had left the American question undecided; and the American question was the question of the age, carrying with it the transformation of dependent colonies into the greatest of republics. War with England was inevitable. De Kalb looked to it for honor and fortune. As a first step toward them he addressed a memorial to the minister of marine, containing a detailed plan for the formation of a foreign regiment of marine infantry. Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, and above all, Ireland, were to furnish the men, who were to be thoroughly trained to service in different parts of the world, and especially to sudden landing on a foreign coast. De Kalb aimed high, but he aimed justly. He would have made Irish discontent a source of weakness to England and of strength to France. But he lacked court patronage, and failed.

A minute history of the Seven Years' War would hardly bring the name of De Kalb into prominence, owing to his subordinate position. He took part in nearly all its great battles, however, and won the favor of De Broglie, the best of the French generals. The peace of 1763 found him a lieutenant-colonel in rank, though in fact only a captain by purchase in the regiment of Anhalt. It gave him, however, an opportunity of adding largely to his private fortune, by his successful advocacy of the claims of several princely and noble families

of Wetterau, for supplies furnished the French army during the war.

The war was over; what was to become of those for whom war was a profession? Assistant quartermaster-general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, De Kalb had strong claims to promotion; but none of his hopes in this direction were realized. During the administration of the provident Colbert, a Hollander named Robin, skilled in the manufacture of cloth, had been allured to France, where his services were rewarded by a patent of nobility. The occupation was handed down from father to son, and at the time of De Kalb's visit to Paris, a grandson of the original immigrant was living with his wife upon the fruits of his own and his ancestors' industry, in pleasant retirement at Courbevoie, near Paris. A younger daughter, "accomplished, sprightly, and beautiful," lived with them. She was betrothed to De Kalb in the first winter after the peace, and married on the 10th of April, 1764. They were both Protestants.

De Kalb was very happy. He had never fallen into the dissolute habits of his times and profession. Temperate in all things but the thirst of glory, he sought happiness at his own fireside. An adventurer hitherto, he was now the head of an honorable family and the master of an independent fortune. Money, like other gifts of fortune, came flowing in upon him from many sources. He threw up his captain's commission, and retired from service, with a pension as lieutenant-colonel.

But he had not read his own heart aright. The memory of his old life, of its adventures, its vicissitudes, its brilliant rewards, began to stir within him. Before a year of that domestic life which promised such happiness was over, he was once more knocking at the doors of men in power. His letters to his wife show how warmly he loved her and how readily she entered into his feelings.

It was now that his attention was called for the first time to the dispute between England and her colonies.

French indignation at the ignomin-

ious treaty of Paris of 1763, which stripped France of her colonies in North America, had found full utterance in the ministry of the Duke of Choiseul. France had reached the lowest depths of humiliation. Her troops had lost their moral strength by a succession of defeats. Her ships of war had been annihilated. Her ships of commerce had been driven from the seas. Even in the Mediterranean, which she had learnt to look upon as her own, they crept stealthily from port to port. Had Pitt remained at the head of the ministry, the house of Bourbon, which he hated so bitterly, would have become a third-class power both in France and in Spain. But the fall of Pitt opened the way, if not for the recovery of all that had been lost, at least for revenge.

Choiseul availed himself skillfully of the opportunity. He resolved to renew the struggle for the mastery of the ocean, and in a few years had sixty-four ships of the line and thirty-six frigates afloat. In 1764 M. de Fontleroy, an agent of the active minister, was sent to North America to study on the spot, and see whether the report that a question of taxation was fast alienating the affections of the British colonists from the mother country was true. In 1766 the answer came. Fontleroy, entering fully into the views of his employer, traveled over the land in its length and breadth, taking careful note of its rich soil, its abundance of grain, its vast stores of iron, its boundless forests of timber, its capacious harbors and mighty rivers. The inhabitants, he said, were a hardy, bold, and enterprising race, growing daily in wealth and power, fully conscious of their strength. Choiseul smiled at the flattering report so favorable to his own wishes, and continued his inquiries. How well they were conducted, the extracts from New England sermons still preserved in the French archives attest.

It was evident that there was a general fermentation in the colonies, but how extensive, and how like to prove lasting, it was difficult to say. The minister resolved to send a new agent,

and fixed upon De Kalb for the delicate and difficult office. "M. de Kalb," say his instructions, "will repair to Amsterdam and there direct his particular attention to the rumors in circulation about the English colonies. Should they appear to be well founded, he will immediately make preparations for a journey to America.

"On his arrival he will inquire into the intentions of the inhabitants, and endeavor to ascertain whether they are in want of good engineers and artillery officers, or other individuals, and whether they should be supplied with them.

"He will acquaint himself with the greater or lesser strength of their purpose to withdraw from the English government.

"He will examine their resources in troops, fortified places, and forts, and will seek to discover their plan of revolt and the leaders who are expected to direct and control it."

On the 2d of May he received his passports, letters, letters of introduction to the French ambassadors at Brussels and the Hague, and twelve hundred francs for his traveling expenses. On the 15th of July he addressed his first dispatch to Choiseul from the Hague.

He had done his duty thoroughly, visiting all the sea-ports of Holland, and conversing with men who had lived in the colonies. A German who had passed fifteen years there, and was actually collecting new colonists to carry back with him, assured him that, in spite of appearances, the breach between the colonies and the mother country was as wide as ever. The English troops were but twenty thousand in number, and those twenty thousand were so widely scattered that they would find it hard to cope with the four hundred thousand militia of the colonists. The Germans of Pennsylvania could raise sixty thousand men. The Irish population was numerous, and ready for revolt. The provincial assembly were resolved to maintain their rights by the sword. The English, on the contrary, asserted that the spirit of resistance had been laid by the repeal of the Stamp Act. De Kalb

listened attentively to both statements, and suspected exaggeration in both. He had early learned the art of judicious doubt. Choiseul, with his hot Celtic blood, was more sanguine than his Teutonic agent.

Meanwhile the work of raising emigrants for the colonies went briskly on. At Rotterdam De Kalb saw twelve hundred of them, traveling from Cologne. They were all crowded into four of the small and inconvenient ships of those days.

De Kalb's first dispatch had hardly reached the minister, when tidings of the temporary lull in the tempest which followed the repeal of the Stamp Act came to Europe. He asked for new instructions. "As it is possible and even probable," answered Choiseul, with the sure perception of a true statesman, "that this quiet will not be of long duration, it is the will of his Majesty that you should make immediate preparations for a speedy tour to America, in order to satisfy yourself by personal inspection as to the condition of the country, its harbors, ships, land forces, resources, weapons, munitions of war, and provisions,—in short, as to the means at our command if disposed, in case of a war with England, to make a diversion in that direction. You will adopt the greatest precautions in sending me your report."

The instructions of Choiseul were promptly obeyed. On the 12th of January, 1768, De Kalb landed at Philadelphia.

An expression in his first report, written three days after his arrival, shows how promptly he had fathomed the real nature of the relations of the mother country to the colonies. He calls them an "invaluable magazine of raw productions, and a most profitable market for English manufactures." Looking at them from this point of view he cannot conceive that the British government will spare any efforts to secure such a mine of wealth. He quickly sees, also, that the dispute is far from being adjusted. In Holland the English party had assured him that the repeal of the Stamp Act had been vol-

untary. In Philadelphia he learns that it had been wrung from the ministers by organized resistance. He was struck by the substantial union of the provincial assemblies. He attaches great importance to the renunciation by Boston of British commerce. He sees the full significance of the part borne by women in the dispute, a part of sacrifice and self-denial. "They deny themselves tea, they deny themselves foreign sugar. They will have no more fine linens from England, but sedulously ply their spinning-wheels to prepare them linens of their own. Silks, which they cannot yet make for themselves, they will do without." He detects also signs of temporizing on the part of the Parliament. The troops treat the colonists with greater forbearance. The commanding general, instead of prosecuting libels and pasquinades, pretends to ignore them, and the authors, though well known, go unpunished. He has not had time to study the military question, but foresees many obstacles to carrying on war with militia, and obstacles equally great to the formation of an army in a country so extensive and so divided. In one thing he saw that the temper of the colonists had been misjudged. The remoteness of the centre of government inspired them with a spirit of freedom and enterprise, and their taxes were really very light; but they had no desire to "shake off the English supremacy with the aid of foreign powers." The immediate object of popular hatred was the House of Commons; of popular admiration, William Pitt.

On the 20th of January he writes again. He has had time to look about him, and to sift and verify his observations. It is very interesting to study the impressions of an intelligent foreigner at this critical moment, and compare them with those of our own public men. America was so little known that the wildest stories were repeated without exciting a doubt, and it required no common sagacity to form a calm and deliberate opinion in the midst of so many contradictions. A circumstance which caused him no little alarm was to find

that his letters had been opened in their passage through the post-office. Would they not all be opened and the information which he had so laboriously collected be read in Downing Street before it reached Versailles? What, too, would become of his mission if the letters of the minister should be intercepted? He resolved to forestall the danger by hastening his tour of observation and returning home in April. The few days that had passed between his first and second dispatches were sufficient to convince him that the indignation excited by the Stamp Act had not been appeased by its repeal. The declaratory act, by which Parliament claimed the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever, was equally unacceptable, and the tax on tea, paper, and glass which followed was interpreted as an indirect method of enforcing the principle of the Stamp Act. Neither did it escape De Kalb's attention that a bitter feeling had been awakened by the restraints with which the Parliament had hampered American industry. No sooner had the manufacture of iron become almost equal to that of England than it was prohibited by law. The same repression of manufacturing enterprise had been extended to other branches of industry. And he esteemed the restrictions imposed upon American commerce equally unwise and unjust.

On the 25th of January, 1768, he started for New York. It was a long, tedious, and disastrous journey. The land carriage was cold and slow. The passage of the Delaware was difficult and dangerous. It took three days to reach Princeton. A fresh wind was blowing when he reached the Kill, but it was fair, and the landlord of the Ferry Inn and the ferryman himself said that the passage was safe. There were five men to cross and four horses, and although it was already between eight and nine in the evening, they set sail. But no sooner had they reached the middle of the stream than the wind chopped round, and drove the helpless little craft upon a small island half-way between the ferry and the mouth of

Fish-Kill Creek, where she sank. The horses were drowned, and the baggage lost; but the passengers, partly by wading and partly by swimming, reached the shore. It was but half a mile from the ferry, but they could not make themselves heard. There was neither tree nor shrub to shelter them from the bleak wind. They huddled close together to get what warmth they might from the contact of their bodies. They stamped with their feet and threshed with their arms, and walked up and down to keep off the sleep which leads to death. The heavy hours wore slowly on. At eleven a ferry boy died; at three, Mr. George, a passenger. Day came at last, but it was not till nine that the survivors were seen from the shore, and a boat was sent for them. Benumbed, unconscious, hardly able to move their limbs, they were placed in a sleigh and conveyed to the house of Mr. Mercerau, whose name reappears a few years later in a useful though not a brilliant position in the war of independence. The first instinct of the half-frozen men was to crowd around the fire, and they paid for the imprudence by the loss of fingers or toes, and in one instance of a leg. The wiser De Kalb bathed his feet and legs in ice-water, and then ate and went to bed. His baggage was lost; and with it "several hundred louis d'or, the badge of his order, and the key to his cipher." It was not till the end of February that he was able to renew his correspondence with the minister.

"The colonies," he writes on the 25th of February, "seem to intrench themselves more and more in their system of opposition and of economy. It is said that the merchants of London are already beginning to feel the effects of this policy; that in consequence of it the wages of labor are fallen off; that a number of the trades, by combining among themselves, have destroyed the business of those who worked for less than the established prices." Then passing to the subject of taxation, which he has evidently studied with great intelligence and care, he says, "The assembly at Boston have just resolved to

remonstrate with the court against the tea tax, as will appear from the accompanying English documents, which I inclose in the original in order to excite less suspicion in case this letter should be intercepted. The dissatisfaction with the impost grows out of their aversion to being taxed by the Parliament instead of by the representatives of their own provinces. It would seem to me that the court of St. James mistakes its own interest. If the king would ask the colonies for sums much larger than the proceeds of the imposts in dispute, they would be granted without any objection, provided the colonists were left at liberty to tax themselves, and, as free subjects, to give their money with their own consent. During the late war they have paid enormous sums, larger ones than the king demanded, because he approached their assemblies with the same formalities as he observed in calling upon Parliament for subsidies. It is a matter of surprise that the court has discarded this advantageous method, and that the people of Great Britain are ready to subvert the fundamental polity of the kingdom by taxing their fellow-citizens without their consent, when they submit to the same proceeding only at the hands of their representatives in the House of Commons. The colonies have the same right; they can only be taxed by their own assemblies. The king would therefore have to make an application for that purpose to every single colony. But the colonies themselves would not favor the last alternative, partly on account of the expense involved and partly on account of the certainty of finding themselves in a minority on all occasions, which would unavoidably constrain them to participate in every war waged in Europe by England or by the Elector of Hanover. They would prefer a parliament or a continental assembly, a power which, however, would soon become dangerous to the crown. All classes of people here are imbued with such a spirit of independence and freedom from control, that if all the provinces can be united under a common representation, an independ-

ent state will soon be formed. At all events it will certainly come forth in time. Whatever may be done in London, this country is growing too powerful to be much longer governed at such a distance. The population is now estimated at three millions, and is expected to double itself in less than thirty years. It is not to be denied that children swarm everywhere like ants. The people are strong and robust, and even the English officers admit that the militia are equal to the line in every respect."

His observations at Boston confirm those at Philadelphia and New York. "I meet," he writes, "with the same opinions as in the provinces already visited, only expressed with greater violence and acrimony. The four provinces composing New England — Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire — appear to be more firmly united among themselves, on account of the community of interests, than the remaining colonies. Massachusetts in particular, the most wealthy and populous, gives the impulse and the signal of independence to the rest. In spite of this restive spirit, however, they all, from the leaders down to the humblest citizen, seem to be imbued with a heart-felt love of the mother country. The inhabitants of this province are almost exclusively Englishmen or of English stock, and the liberties so long enjoyed by them have only swelled the pride and presumption peculiar to that people. All these circumstances go to show but too clearly that there will be no means of inducing them to accept of assistance from abroad. In fact, they are so well convinced of the justice of their cause, the clemency of the king, and of their own importance to the mother country, that they have never contemplated the possibility of extreme measures." Nothing struck him with such surprise as the commercial spirit of the colonists. "I am more and more astonished," he writes, "at the number of merchantmen to be seen in the ports, rivers, and bays, from the Potomac and Chesapeake to Boston harbor. And in addition to these, numberless ships are in

course of construction. What must have been the trade of these colonies before the disturbances began? Nor am I less struck with the flourishing appearance of the interior."

From Boston, De Kalb went to Halifax, making everywhere the same inquiries and obtaining the same answers. The ultimate separation of the colonies from the mother country he looked upon as inevitable, but it was to the steady increase of their population and prosperity, and not to foreign bayonets, that he looked for it. He had done a great deal of work in a very short time, and developed civil talents of a very high order. His reports contain views of the colonies which throw a clear but sober light upon the aims and character of the colonists and the resources of the country. He saw from the first what our own statesmen were several years in seeing, that the Canadians could not be counted by the French government as allies.

But, meanwhile, a grave difficulty arose. In spite of all the pains he had been at to secure the transmission of his letters, they had reached his wife with the seals broken. It was evident that he was an object of suspicion, and should his communications with the minister be interrupted it would be impossible for him to continue his work. He resolved, therefore, to return to France, make new arrangements for his correspondence, and hold himself at the minister's orders if a new mission should be thought necessary.

It is evident that De Kalb had been strongly impressed with the resources and rapid growth of the colonies, but what was the part of France to be in the impending contest? Evidently that of an interested state, seeking for an opportunity to avenge itself on an enemy. And how could that revenge be made sure? De Kalb believed that France could obtain her end only by watching. The day of separation would surely come. To endeavor to hasten it would be risking all on a single throw when the game was already in her hands.

There is another value in these re-

ports. They bear directly on the question of the motives of France in the treaty of 1778. De Kalb's mission affords the strongest evidence that whatever may have been the aims of Vergennes, Choiseul was seeking the humiliation of England.

In April, De Kalb sailed for England, and on the 12th of June was in Paris. Of all his reports five only had reached the minister. But he had the materials of other reports in his portfolio, which he arranged and sent to the duke. Through the rest of the summer and early fall Choiseul's interest in the colonies was unchanged. But another question had risen, which now absorbed his attention. He had long been trying to strengthen France in the Mediterranean by the subjugation of Corsica. And here first comes to view the Garibaldi of the eighteenth century, the Italian Paoli. To seize upon Corsica was to weaken England. Still more deadly was the blow which he meditated through the colonies. By a system common to all, the commerce of each was confined to the mother country. Could this restriction be removed, and the productions of North America be admitted into the colonies of France and Spain, what a blow would be given to the commercial prosperity of England. So thought Choiseul. So thought Count Châtelet, the French ambassador at the court of St. James. But the Spanish ambassador, Grimaldi, saw in it the building of the English colonies into a powerful republic, an evil example to the French and Spanish colonies, and his reasoning prevailed. Had he gone a little further, he would have foreseen that the colonies were making rapid strides towards independence by virtue of a law more powerful than the decrees of parliaments or kings. Absorbed by these questions the French minister felt that he had no more need of De Kalb and his reports, and coolly threw him off. Choiseul was a great minister, but, like most of his class, regarded men as tools to be taken up and laid down at will. A few months later he found that in spite of all his services, and while his brain was still teeming with

designs for the glory of France, he too was but a tool to be cast aside at the caprice of a vile woman and still viler king. Had Choiseul remained in power, it is difficult not to believe that the war of independence would have begun under different auspices and led to speedier results. Still, De Kalb's mission was not lost.

The next two years were years of deep humiliation for those who loved France. The downward impulse which society had received from the licentious administration of the Duke of Orleans reached the lowest point of degradation during the last years of Louis XV. The position which the bold bearing and broad statesmanship of Choiseul had won for France was lost by the incompetence and corruption of his successor. It was not till Vergennes was firmly seated in the chair of foreign affairs that America became once more a subject of interest to the French cabinet.

For De Kalb, these years were not without their pleasures, although tranquil beyond any others of his restless career. They were years of domestic happiness and that pleasant provision for the future which so naturally follows the appearance of children at the fireside. Still the ambitious and active nature would out. No chance of promotion escaped his watchful eye. But while Louis XV. lived, all his efforts to obtain active service failed. The accession of Louis XVI. opened brighter prospects. His friends and early patrons, the two brothers De Broglie, returned to court, and soon we find De Kalb in active life. When in 1775 the Count de Broglie went to Metz as military commander-in-chief, he took De Kalb with him. America, too, was again looming up on the political horizon, and Vergennes, like Choiseul, hated England. The minister of war gave him a private audience, and he asked for a brigadiership. In November the commission of brigadier-general for the islands was given him. It was in the colonies that he was to win his grade. This period of his career deserves a careful study for its connection with the history of the French alliance. But the

full story of the wiles and craft by which the way was prepared for the treaty of 1778 would carry us too far beyond the circle of De Kalb's individual action.

Assistance was to be given to the colonies as far as it could be done without compromising France. War was to be avoided as long as possible, and accepted only when the Americans had given unequivocal proofs of their strength and perseverance. With this view, arms and money were to be supplied secretly, and for this purpose Colonel du Courdray, an artillery officer of distinction, was sent on an apparent tour of inspection to the forts and arsenals, but with secret instructions to select an ample supply of arms for the use of the insurgents. It is in this connection that we first meet the name of Beaumarchais in American history. De Kalb was to go as a volunteer, on leave, and without imperiling his position in the French army. Too cautious to hazard himself without a positive agreement with some trustworthy agent, he resolved to wait the arrival of Silas Deane, the secret agent of the Americans, who was daily expected at Paris. Deane eagerly grasped at the opportunity of securing the services of so experienced an officer, and assured him of the grade of major-general with rank from the 7th of November, 1776. De Kalb and Vergennes would have smiled could they have seen the closing sentence of the dispatch in which the unskilled agent announced the negotiation to Congress. "This gentleman," he writes, "has an independent fortune, and a certain prospect of advancement here; but being a zealous friend to liberty, civil and religious, he is actuated by the most independent and generous principles in the offer he makes of his services to the states of America." On the 1st of December a formal contract was signed, De Kalb affixing his name to it for himself and fifteen others. On the 7th of December a new contract was signed, and on this we find the name of Lafayette, the first time that we meet this beloved name in American history. This important transaction did not escape the watchful eye

of the English ambassador, who immediately reported it to his government. But England did not want a war with France, and delayed her revenge.

Meanwhile the arms and military stores destined for the insurgents reached the different ports at which they were to be embarked. A large number of officers also appeared in the streets of Havre and other sea-port towns. Love of adventure, thirst for distinction, an ill-defined zeal for the rights of man, had kindled the enthusiasm of the young nobility. Some of them of large fortune and high rank resolved to take an active part in the contest. But instead of following the course which the relations between France and England required, they talked loud in the streets, discussed their plans in coffee-houses, and went further than Lord Stormont's spies in supplying him with materials for remonstrance.

On the 14th of December the *Amphitrite* sailed with Du Coudray and his suite. Like De Kalb, Du Coudray, on reaching Philadelphia, was to rank as major-general, thus outranking native officers of the highest merit. When the tidings reached the colonies it excited a menacing dissatisfaction. But for the moment the danger was averted. The accommodations of the *Amphitrite* and the storage of her cargo were found unsuitable for a long voyage, and she returned to L'Orient. With such evidence in his hands Lord Stormont addressed an energetic remonstrance to the French minister, who, not yet prepared for war, forbade the expedition. At this critical moment came the tidings of the disheartening campaign of 1776. Vergennes felt that the hour was not yet come, and ordered the stores which had already been put on shipboard to be detained. Du Coudray sailed alone on the 14th of February, 1777. De Kalb resolved to wait a more favorable opportunity. Meantime, De Broglie had written him an extraordinary letter.

It is hard to say how far De Kalb shared in the delusion of his patron. His knowledge of the colonies was the result of personal intercourse, and it

seems impossible that he could have fallen into so great an error upon so important a point as their willingness to put a foreigner at the head of the government. Yet Silas Deane, fresh from Congress, believed that the young nation, distrustful of its actual leaders, would gladly put a general of approved skill at its head. The affair of Du Coudray soon taught him better, and when De Kalb reached Philadelphia, he shut up in his portfolio the record of his patron's ignorance and presumption, and no attempt was made to carry out the foolish scheme.

It was during the interval of waiting, that De Kalb became intimately associated with Lafayette. The union was a profitable one for both. De Kalb had age, experience, and practical knowledge; Lafayette, wealth, high rank, and the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. They encouraged each other in the resolve that the temporary delay should not prevent them from carrying out their plan. Lafayette had serious obstacles to apprehend from the opposition of his family, especially from that of his father-in-law, the Duke d'Ayen. At his request, in fact, the ardent young nobleman was ordered to renounce his project and travel in Italy with his family. A consultation with the Comte de Broglie was at once held, and it was resolved that Lafayette should buy and freight a ship, and sail without delay for the colonies, De Kalb and eleven officers accompanying him. De Kalb's letters to his wife contain a minute history of the embarrassments, both small and great, which delayed their embarkation. At length, on the 20th of April they sailed, and on the 15th of June made land on the coast of South Carolina.

Thus it happened that Lafayette, one of the earliest of abolitionists, was brought for the first time into contact with slavery on his landing in the country in which he first fought the battles of freedom. The ship-captain was out in his reckoning and did not know where he was. Lafayette and De Kalb, with one of their companions and seven sailors, took to the boat and rowed toward

the shore to look for a pilot. The first persons they met were three negro oystermen, who could only tell that they belonged to a major in the American army, and that the coast was infested by hostile cruisers. But they guided the strangers to their master's house, which they reached about ten in the evening, being received there with characteristic hospitality. There was much to ask and tell. Huger, for that was the major's name, told the progress of the war. De Kalb and Lafayette could speak of the public sentiment in France, to which American eyes were turned with deep anxiety. It was an auspicious beginning.

From Huger's hospitable mansion they proceeded to Charleston, where their ship had already arrived, and, disposing profitably of the cargo, hastened toward Philadelphia with as much speed as the heat of July would permit. The day after their arrival they presented themselves at the door of Congress; and now for the first time they saw what trouble Deane had caused by his unauthorized promises of rank and high pay to foreigners. They had come at an unfortunate moment. Du Coudray's arrogant claims had raised a general ferment of indignation. Congress was fast losing the confidence of the army. Greene, Knox, and Sullivan had offered their resignations. Would it be just or even safe to accept them, and fill their places with foreigners? Congress determined to make the best of its awkward position. It was resolved that the officers for whom no provision could be made should have their expenses paid, and return home. Lafayette asked to be allowed to serve as a volunteer without pay. He had brought private letters from Franklin as well as Deane, which called attention to the moral strength his name would give to the American cause in France. His prayer was granted, and he received the commission of major-general. But his generous nature did not allow him to stop here. He resolved to use all his influence to secure De Kalb, and assured his friend that he would not accept his own com-

mission unless a similar one should be given to him. With equal generosity De Kalb refused the offer, and advised the young general to join the army without delay.

How the discarded officers felt may be learnt from a very acrimonious letter which De Kalb addressed to the President of Congress on the 1st of August, 1777. But bitterly as he wrote on this occasion, he had seen too much of the world not to feel that Congress was substantially in the right, and that an army commanded by foreigners would be a dangerous foundation to build upon in a civil war. In this dilemma Congress took the wisest course, disavowed Deane, and assumed the expenses of the rejected officers. De Kalb was employed to arrange and present their accounts, which were accepted and promptly paid.

Meanwhile the shrewd diplomatist had not passed so many weeks in Philadelphia in vain. Part of the time, it is true, he was confined to a sick-bed, but even that was a means of bringing him into personal contact with some of the leading members of government. No one could converse with him often without being convinced of his fine parts, extensive observation, and sound judgment. As these gentlemen compared their observations they became convinced that De Kalb was too valuable a man to be rejected. Accordingly, Congress resolved to appoint another major-general, and offered the commission to him, with the same date as that of Lafayette. The offer found him at Bethlehem, where he was making a visit to his Moravian brethren. His first impulse was to reject it, for he did not know in what light his acceptance would be looked upon by his patrons, the De Broglies, and the officers who had accompanied him. Further reflection convinced him that there was no good reason for a refusal. On the 13th of October he set out for the army.

He was welcomed by the officers as a brother in arms. Conway alone, who was already engaged in the infamous cabal which bears his name, looked coldly upon him, complaining that De

Kalb had been his inferior in France and could not justly be allowed to outrank him here. But Conway was already too well known in the army to find adherents there, although in Congress he had friends enough to procure him the coveted promotion even in direct opposition to the avowed wishes of Washington. De Kalb's story now becomes closely interwoven with the story of the war. He was sent in November with St. Clair and Knox to examine the fortifications of Red Bank, by which Washington still hoped to starve Howe out of Philadelphia. He was present at the council of war which was called to decide upon the propriety of an attack upon Philadelphia, and voted with the majority against it. Fortunately for the historian he was as fond of his pen as of his sword, and his minute and frequent letters to his wife and the Comte de Broglie are full of history, and valuable as a record not merely of events but also of opinions. It was some time before he was able to form a correct idea of Washington. His personal qualities he was struck with at once; but the campaign of '77 had not been a brilliant one, and mistakes had been made which he laid at the door of the commander-in-chief. "I have not yet told you anything of the character of General Washington," he writes to the Comte de Broglie, on the 24th of September. "He is the most amiable, kind-hearted, and upright of men; but as a general he is too indolent, too slow, and far too weak; besides, he has a tinge of vanity in his composition, and overestimates himself. In my opinion, whatever success he may have will be owing to good luck and to the blunders of his adversaries, rather than to his abilities. I may even say that he does not know how to improve upon the grossest blunders of the enemy. He has not yet overcome his old prejudices against the French." This language sounds strangely as applied to Washington; yet it is historically important to know that it was actually used, though at the time of the Conway cabal, when Washington's enemies were bold and loud. But there is

no reason to suppose that De Kalb was in any way connected with that infamous intrigue.

A few weeks later his opinion is materially modified. "He is the bravest and truest of men," he writes, "has the best intentions and a sound judgment. I am convinced that he would accomplish substantial results if he would only act more upon his own responsibility; but it is a pity that he is so weak, and has the worst of advisers in the men who enjoy his confidence." He had already written, "It is unfortunate that Washington is so easily led." This is nearly the language of Lee and Reed a year before. They had all mistaken for want of decision the self-distrust which arose from a consciousness of inexperience. It was not long before De Kalb's opinion was still further modified. "He must be a very modest man. . . . He did and does more every day than could be expected from any general in the world in the same circumstances, and . . . I think him the only proper person, . . . by his natural and acquired capacity, his bravery, good sense, uprightness, and honesty, to keep up the spirits of the army and people, and . . . I look upon him as the sole defender of his country's cause. Thus much I thought myself obliged to say on that head. I only could wish in my private opinion he would take more upon himself and trust more to his own excellent judgment than to councils." This language was a decided renunciation of the schemes of De Broglie.

De Kalb was with the army during its last operations before Philadelphia and its bleak winter encampment at Valley Forge. He was restless and dissatisfied. Among his many hard experiences this was the hardest. His judgment as a scientific soldier was offended. His aspirations for military distinction were thwarted. He longed for the well clad and thoroughly disciplined armies with which he had fought under Saxe and against Frederick. He poured out his soul to his wife and his friend, and there was a great deal of bitterness in it. He condemns in unmeasured terms the

choice of encampment, saying that none but an enemy of the commander-in-chief could have advised him to risk his army in such a position. His picture of camp life is almost a satire. He seems hardly to know how to speak of the love for titles which makes every man a colonel, or of the love of display which wearies the troops with unprofitable parades, and leads officers of every grade to strip the ranks in order to secure a full array of unnecessary servants. The expense of living he finds enormous, and believes that many bills are paid which will not bear examination. "I am the only general," he writes, "who practices economy. Nevertheless, at the last camp I had to pay my purveyor of milk and butter two hundred and forty-two francs for the consumption of two weeks." He does not know what his pay is, whether a hundred and fifty dollars a month or two hundred; but whichever it may be it will be paid in paper and be subjected to a discount of four hundred per cent. before he can get silver for it. The contractors make, he has no doubt, fifty per cent. on their contracts; and through the whole department of supplies he finds a dangerous spirit of speculation. Nothing, however, gives him greater pain than the jealousies and bickerings of the French officers. Few as they comparatively were, they were divided into parties, and embittered against each other by an intolerant party spirit. The only exception was Lafayette, who, attaching himself to Washington, seemed to have no other view than the success of the cause to which he had dedicated his fortune and life.

What tried him yet more was that he could not secure at Valley Forge those laurels which had been his chief aim in coming to America. Then came rumors of European wars, and visions of honors won under his old commander, De Broglie, began to float before his dazzled eyes. Then his diplomatic ambition was awakened, and he thought it would be a pleasant thing to be the French envoy to Congress, or to represent France in Protestant Geneva. Sometimes, also, while he wrote to his wife, he longed

for more tranquil scenes and a purer happiness; he would throw up his commission and go home to live with her and their children. Dreams, all of them. The weeks and months passed on, and every day the fetters which his ambition had forged grew firmer.

But the winter was not altogether an inactive one. From the Conway cabal sprang the expedition to Canada, framed solely to detach Lafayette from the commander-in-chief. The snare was avoided by Lafayette's insisting upon De Kalb instead of Conway for second in command. When the two generals reached Albany they found that no preparations had been made for the opening of the campaign; neither men nor stores had been collected. It was too late to begin, and they returned to camp.

Meanwhile came the tidings of the French alliance, which seemed to make the victory of the Americans certain. "But for the late treaty," De Kalb writes to his wife, "I should have returned to you ere this. Now I cannot and will not do it for various reasons, two of which I shall here specify. In the first place, war between England and France having become inevitable, should I fall into the hands of the English while at sea, my treatment would be that of a French prisoner of war. . . . In the second place, the alliance with the United States transforms me from an officer on two years' furlough into a general of the French army, with the same if not a better title to promotion than if I had never quitted France. Henceforward, therefore, I shall only return by express command of the minister."

De Kalb was one of those who thought the contest virtually ended by the alliance with France. But his conjecture was not realized. For four more campaigns De Kalb remained with the army, but by a singular fatality was not present at any of its battles. His patience was sorely tried. "As often as a Frenchman returns home," he writes to his wife, "my heart is ready to burst with homesickness."

"What I am doing here is extremely

disagreeable. Without my excellent constitution it would be impossible to bear up long under this service. Yesterday I made the most wearisome trip of my life, visiting the posts and pickets of the army in the solitudes, woods, and mountains, clambering over the rocks, and picking my way in the most abominable roads. My horse having fallen lame, I had to make the whole distance on foot. I never suffered more from heat. On my return I had not a dry rag on me, and was so tired that I could not sleep. My temperate and simple habits greatly contribute to keep me in good health. My general health is very good, and I hardly notice the annoyances of camp life. Dry bread and water make my breakfast and supper; at dinner I take some meat. I drink nothing but water, never coffee, and rarely chocolate or tea, in order to avoid irritating my eyes. . . . I have now no more earnest wish than soon to see you and the children again, and never to leave you more. If our separation is destined to be of any advantage to us it is dearly paid for."

He bears emphatic testimony to the barbarity with which the war was carried on, on the part of the enemy. The English peace commissioners had threatened it when they saw that their mission had failed, and Sir Henry Clinton did not scruple to put the threat in execution. "General Clinton," De Kalb writes, "having left a garrison in New York, is amusing himself with plundering, burning, and ravaging. Fairfield, Bedford, Norwalk, New Haven, and West Haven have already felt his rage. The mode of warfare here practiced is the most barbarous that could be conceived; whatever the enemy cannot carry off in their forays is destroyed or burned. They cannot possibly triumph in the end. Their cruelty and inhumanity must sooner or later draw down upon their heads the vengeance of Heaven, and blast a government which authorizes these outrages." Such words from an officer who had gone through the Seven Years' War and seen with his own eyes the inhumanity with which it

was carried on, afford a strong confirmation of the charges which the Americans brought against the English.

It is pleasant to find a burst of enthusiasm in so deliberate a man as De Kalb. A letter from Washington announcing the capture of Stony Point came while they were still at table. "I drank no wine," he writes, "as the others did, yet I was carried away by the same enthusiasm."

We meet another trait in these letters, worth remembering. "The taking of Stony Point forms an epoch in the history of the war of American independence, because it was on this occasion that our troops first ventured to attack the intrenchments of the enemy, and because they displayed great valor in doing so. The action lasted only twenty-five minutes. A hundred or a hundred and twenty of the British were killed or wounded, while we had thirty killed and sixty wounded. I mean to tell the truth in spite of what the newspapers will say about our losses, greatly exaggerating, of course, the number of the fallen foe and cutting down our own casualties. But I am unable to appreciate the subtlety of this system of lies told by everybody and believed by no one."

From the French alliance to the spring of 1780 De Kalb, constantly with the army, shared all its hardships, cold, hunger, fatigue, the nights on a camp-stool or on the bare ground, clothes falling about him in rags, and his ink freezing in his pen, as he writes close by the fire. He resolves to go to Philadelphia to buy clothes. He has to pay four hundred dollars for a hat, for a pair of boots the same, and for other things in proportion. He wants a good horse, but is asked a price equivalent to ten years of his pay, and therefore falls back on his old stock. Some details given in his letters are not very creditable to the public spirit of certain officers. His division was composed of one regiment from Delaware and seven from Maryland, in two brigades, the first under Smallwood and all Marylanders, the second under Gist and containing three Maryland regiments and one from Delaware, two thousand and

thirty men in all. From time to time some of the States sent their officers supplies of a kind which could not be found in the market — coffee, cognac, tea, and sugar. As commanding officer, De Kalb would be entitled to a share; but Smallwood, violating both the laws of military subordination and the laws of good breeding, set a watch over them to prevent any of them from going into the hands of De Kalb, who, he said, not being a Marylander, had no right to them.

"My march," he writes to a German friend from Petersburg, Virginia, when on his way to reinforce the southern army, "costs me enormous sums. I cannot travel with my equipage, and am therefore compelled to resort to inns. My six months' earnings will scarce defray the most indispensable outlay of a single day. Not long since I was compelled to take a night's lodging at a private house. For a bed, supper, and grog for myself, my three companions, and three servants, I was charged, on going off without a breakfast next day, the sum of eight hundred and fifty dollars. The lady of the house politely added that she had charged nothing for the rooms, and would leave the compensation for them to my discretion, although three or four hundred dollars would not be too much for the inconvenience to which she had been put by myself and my followers." No wonder that he should add, "And these are the people who talk of sacrificing their all in the cause of liberty."

I feel myself bound to give these details. Those who look upon the history of our war of independence as an unqualified history of generous sacrifices forget that base and ignoble passions manifested themselves by the side of the noblest. We had but one Arnold, but we had many lesser villains, who played the spy on both sides, sometimes fought on both sides, and grew rich by speculating upon the necessities of their country. Our national history, like the early history of Rome, has suffered greatly from apocryphal heroism.

Meanwhile a change had taken place in the strategy of the British general.

Experience had shown the impossibility of conquering the Americans by the north. He resolved to carry the war into the south. Savannah was taken; siege was laid to Charleston. Lincoln, who was in command in the south, called earnestly for reinforcements; and on the 3d of April, De Kalb was ordered to march with his division to the succor of the besieged city. It was a long and weary march, during which men and officers were exposed to great hardships. It was an occasion also which called out De Kalb's military and executive talents to the best advantage. Supplies of all kinds were wanted, and he hurried on to Philadelphia to urge upon Congress the necessity of employing all its authority in order to collect them. The means of transportation, in particular, were wanting. Virginia promised them, but he writes to his friend Dr. Phyle, of Philadelphia, "I meet with no support, no integrity, and no virtue in the State of Virginia, and place my sole reliance on the French fleet and army which are coming to our relief." With every step in advance his embarrassments increased. "What a difference between war in this country and in Europe," he writes to his wife. "Those who do not know the former know not what it is to contend against obstacles." At Petersburg he received the tidings of the fall of Charleston, an event which had been foreseen and provided for. The enemy had as yet no firm footing in the Carolinas, and he was to prevent them from gaining one. He pressed on, his difficulties daily increasing, for the farther he advanced, the more difficult he found it to obtain wagons and food. North Carolina had prepared no supplies for the Continental troops, reserving all her stores for her militia, a body utterly untrustworthy for a campaign of marches and counter-marches, and deeply tainted with torism. As chief in command and consequently brought into frequent contact with dilatory legislatures and ignorant militia, De Kalb had much to endure. He had physical trials also, hardly less annoying, which he describes to his wife in those long and frequent letters which

give so pleasant a picture of his married life. "Here I am at last," he writes from Goshen, on the borders of North Carolina, "considerably south, suffering from intolerable heat and the worst of quarters, and the most voracious insects of every hue and form. The most disagreeable of the latter is what is commonly called the tick, a kind of strong black flea, which makes its way under the skin, and by its bite produces the most painful irritation and inflammation, which lasts a number of days. My whole body is covered with these stings."

One of his worst foes was hunger. Failing to obtain provisions from the State executive, he was compelled to send out foraging parties, a painful and yet an insufficient resource, for the farmers were living on their last year's crop, which was nearly exhausted, while the new crop, though full of promise to the eye, was not yet ripe; and although the commanders of these parties were ordered to treat the inhabitants with the greatest leniency, they could not but add materially to the miseries of the suffering country. When this resource failed, he was compelled to advance towards the richer districts.

It is only by minute details that such pictures can be made faithful, or such services as De Kalb's be placed in their true light, though even in this hasty sketch there is enough to prove that he possessed some of the soldier's highest qualities in the highest degree. But we are near the end. On the 13th of July a letter from General Gates announces to De Kalb that the command of the southern army has been transferred to the successful leader of the northern army of 1777. De Kalb replies on the 16th, from his camp on the Deep River, giving a concise description of his condition and prospects, and expressing his satisfaction at the promise of being relieved from so difficult a command. If anything could have prepared Gates's mind for a true conception of the condition of his army, it would have been an unvarnished tale like this. But his brain had been turned by success, and fancying that the men who had lent a deaf ear to the rep-

resentations of De Kalb would act with energy and promptitude at the call of the favorite of Congress, he pushed on to Wilcox's Mills, on the Deep River, where the famishing army lay encamped. De Kalb received him with a salute of thirteen guns, and all the pomp and circumstance that his scanty means would permit, and then sank with a lightened heart into the subordinate position of a commander of division. Gates paid him the compliment of confirming his standing orders, but startled officers and men by ordering them to hold themselves in readiness to set out the next morning on the direct route to Camden. When reminded in a written memorial, signed by all the leading officers, that the direct route led through a desolate and barren region, and that there was not food enough in camp for a single day, he replied that supplies of provisions and rum were on their way from the north and would reach the army in two days at the furthest. "I have but to stamp my foot," said Pompey when speaking of his readiness to meet Cæsar, "and armed men will start from the soil of Italy." "I have but to show myself," thought Gates, "and Cornwallis will take refuge in Charleston."

The disastrous march began. Disease, heat, and hunger fought for the enemy. Mutiny was twice at the door. Neither supplies nor reinforcements came. Molasses was used to temper the brackish water. The only meat was the meagre beef of the pine barrens, in small quantities. For bread they ate unripened corn, and peaches still half green. By the 13th of August they were within thirteen miles of the enemy. On the 15th the heavy baggage, camp equipage, the sick, and women and children were sent to the rear, and orders issued for a night march. A council of war was called, not for consultation, but to confirm the general's plan of action. The confidence in his judgment had not been increased by the knowledge that he had estimated his strength at seven thousand men, when he had but three thousand and fifty-two fit for duty. The confidence in his tactics was shaken when it

was seen that against all military laws he had placed at the head of a column in a night march Armand's cavalry, a body of raw and undisciplined foreigners. De Kalb urged that the army should remain at Clermont, a place strong by nature, and capable of being made stronger by art. This too, he argued, was the true course for the American army, the motley composition of which was much better adapted to defense than to attack; but this wise counsel was not heeded. "We may have Cornwallis against us," said an officer. "He will not dare to look me in the face," was Gates's reply. "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow," said another. "Dine, sir!" was the reply, "why, where but in Camden? I would n't give a pinch of snuff for the certainty of eating my breakfast at Camden to-morrow, and seeing Lord Cornwallis my guest at table."

At ten in the evening the tents were struck, and, the troops filing into position, the march began. The sky was clear, the stars shone brightly; but the air was sultry, and night had none of its wonted coolness to repair the strength consumed by the burning heat of the day. Silence was enjoined under penalty of death. The deep sand deadened the rumbling of the artillery and the heavy tread of the men. The air gleamed with myriads of fire-flies. But every now and then men sickened and fell out of the ranks. Meanwhile Cornwallis, little dreaming that his enemy was so near, was advancing at the head of twenty-two hundred and thirty-three men, in the hope of coming upon the Americans by surprise at Clermont. Thus the two armies were fast approaching each other, each ignorant of the proximity of the other. At about two in the morning they met in a glade in the pine forest, which fell off with a gentle declination towards Saunder's Creek, about half a mile distant, and was covered on both flanks by impenetrable marshes, a position not wanting in strength, but too narrow for the easy management of troops. A brisk fire followed the collision, and in the skirmish Armand's cavalry was thrown back

upon the first Maryland brigade, which caught the panic and broke. But Porterfield's light infantry held its ground and drove the English back, though with the loss of their gallant leader. Both sides paused, and drawing back waited with throbbing hearts to see what daylight might reveal.

From some prisoners who had been taken in the skirmish, Williams, the adjutant-general, learned that Cornwallis himself was at the head of the hostile army, and hastened with the intelligence to Gates. The inconsiderate general could not conceal his amazement. "Let a council be called," was his comment upon the unwelcome tidings. Williams hurried to De Kalb. "Well," said he, "did not the commanding general immediately order a retreat?" The council met in the rear of the American line. "You know our situation, gentlemen," said Gates; "what had we better do?" A deep silence followed. De Kalb had already twice offered wise council, which had been rejected. It was not in his nature to offer it again. The first to speak was the impetuous Stevens. "We must fight, gentlemen; it is not yet too late; we can do nothing else, we must fight." "We must fight, then," said Gates; "gentlemen, to your posts."

At break of day the battle began. The first scene was soon ended. Unable to stand the fierce onset of Cornwallis's veterans, the Virginia militia broke and fled, carrying the North Carolinians with them in their headlong flight. "I will bring the rascals with me back into line," exclaimed Gates, and pushed after them, not stopping till he reached Charlotte, sixty miles from the field of battle. And now the interest centres in De Kalb. The final hour of the veteran who had fought under Saxe, and taken an honorable part in the Seven Years' War, was come in the last and only honorable hour of the battle of Camden. He had drawn up the army, putting himself at the head of the men of Delaware and Maryland. A dense fog hung over the battle-field, pressing the smoke so low that it was

impossible to distinguish objects even at a small distance, and it was some time before he became aware of the flight of the left wing and centre. Then gathering all his forces around him, conscious of his danger but not despairing of victory, he led them to the charge. It must have been a thrilling sight to see how firmly they held their ground, how they fired volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, how when they had opened their way by their musketry they followed it up with the bayonet. Above them all towered the gallant German at their head. His sword was stained deepest, his battle-cry rang clearest; there was triumph in the keen flash of his eye — if not the victor's triumph, the triumph of duty done. Three times he led his willing men to the charge. Three times they were forced back by superior numbers. For numbers began to tell. His horse was shot under him. His head was laid open by a sabre-stroke. Jaquette, the adjutant of the Delaware regiment, bound up the wound with his scarf and besought him to withdraw from the fight. Without heeding the appeal, De Kalb led the charge on foot. Wound followed wound, but he held his ground desperately. At last, concentrating his strength in a final charge, Cornwallis came on. The Marylanders broke. De Kalb fell, bleeding from eleven wounds, still at this supreme moment strong enough to cut down a soldier who was aiming his bayonet at his breast. "The rebel general, the rebel general!" shouted the enemy, as they caught sight of his epaulettes. "Spare the Baron De Kalb," cried his adjutant, Dubuysson, vainly throwing himself upon his body and trying to shield it with his own from the thirsty bayonets. He spoke to hearts hardened by the

fierce spirit of battle. The furious English raised the helpless warrior from the ground, and leaning him against a wagon began to strip him. At this moment Cornwallis and his suite rode up. They found him already stripped to his shirt, and with the blood streaming from eleven wounds. "I regret to see you so badly wounded, but am glad to have defeated you," said the victorious general, and immediately gave orders that his brave antagonist should be properly cared for. For three days his strong frame struggled with death. Dubuysson watched by his bedside. English officers came to express their sympathy and regret. Soldier to the last, his thoughts were with the brave men who had faced the enemy so gallantly at his command, and just before he expired he charged his faithful adjutant to give them his "thanks for their valor and bid them an affectionate farewell."

On the 19th he died, three days after the battle. The Masons of the British army took part in his funeral, and buried him with Masonic rites. Gates announced his death to Congress in terms of warm admiration; and Congress voted a monument to his memory, which has never been erected. Till 1821 the solitary tree under which he had been buried was the only record of the spot where he lay. Then proposals were made to erect a monument to him at Camden, and after some delay the work was begun. Little progress had been made, when Lafayette's last visit to this country in 1825 reviving for a moment the sense of local rather than of national obligation, the illustrious Frenchman who had been De Kalb's first companion was, with peculiar propriety, asked to lay the corner-stone of this tardy tribute to the memory of his heroic friend.

George Washington Greene.

RECENT LITERATURE.

In one of the warmest, most delightfully personal of his Dramatic Lyrics, Browning represents the singer as anticipating the time when life's November shall find him dumb, sitting by the fire over "a great wise book as besemeth age," when the youngsters, whispering —

"There he is at it, deep in Greek;"

take the chance to slip out on some half-forbidden excursion. "I shall be at it, indeed, my friends," he says: —

"Greek puts already on either side
Such a branch-work forth as soon extends
To a vista opening far and wide
And I pass out where it ends."

This was written — published at least — twenty years ago, and perhaps hints, if we may read any autobiographic confession between the lines, at a foreseen intellectual rest among the enduring forms of Greek art. Browning's mind, with its restlessness, its incessant experimenting and exploring, could scarcely be supposed, if time enough were given, to miss adventures in this direction, but now that we find him within the region of Greek life,¹ we see no signs of anything that looks like the attitude of an old man warming himself by the fire. The same vigorous clinch of life which marks his handling of mediæval subjects is to be found here, and in the person of Balaustion he enters the heart of Athens and essays to lay bare the secrets of that wonderful life, giving it an interpretation as far as possible removed from the conventional mode.

Balaustion, the Rhodian girl who cast in her lot with Athens — as Browning told us in the forerunner of this book, Balaustion's Adventure — at the time when under the disastrous failure of the Sicilian expedition the allies of Athens were deserting her for Sparta, is seen now returning to Rhodes with Euthukles, her husband, seven years later, when the Spartan supremacy had accomplished the disgrace of Athens, and the double walls which Themistokles had caused to be built after the repulse of the Persians were destroyed by the city's rival. Sailing away from this horror Balaustion surveys it in recollection:

¹ *Aristophanes' Apology, including a Transcript from Euripides: being the Last Adventure of Balaustion.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

"I dare invite, survey the scene my sense
Staggered to apprehend: for, disengaged
From the mere outside anguish and contempt,
Slowly a justice centred in a doom
Reveals itself. Ay, pride succumbed to pride,
Oppression met the oppressor and its match.
Athenai's vaunt braved Sparte's violence
Till, in the shock, prone fell Peiraios, low
Rampart and bulwark lay, as, — timing stroke
Of hammer, ax, beam hoist and poised and
swung, —

The very flute-girls blew their laughing best,
In dance about the conqueror while he bade
Music and merriment help enginery
Batter down, break to pieces all their trust,
Those citizens once, slaves now. See what walls
Play substitute for the long double range
Themistoklean, heralding a guest
From harbor on to citadel! Each side
The senseless walls demolished stone by stone,
See, — outer wall as stonelike, — heads and
hearts, —

Athenai's terror-stricken populace!
Prattlers, tongue-tied in crouching abjectness, —
Braggarts who wring hands wont to flourish
swords —

Sophist and rhetorician, demagogue
(Argument dumb, authority a jest),
Dikast and heliast, pleader, litigant,
Quack-priest, sham-prophecy-retailer, scout
O' the customs, sycophant, whatever the style,
Altar-scrap-snatcher, pimp and parasite, —
Rivalities at truce now each with each,
Stupefied mud-banks, — that 's the use they serve
While the one order which performs exact
To promise, functions faithful last as first,
What is it but the city's lyric troop,
Chantress and psaltress, flute-girl, dancing girl?
Athenai's harlotry takes laughing care
Their patron miss no pipings, late she loved,
But deathward tread at last the kordax-step."

It is by resolutely facing this scene in recollection that Balaustion hopes to vanquish it in her mind, and not only the special horror of Athens' final shame, but that interior and antecedent crumbling of the city's life which only found outward sign at last in this more patent misery. "What hinders," she exclaims, —

"What hinders that we treat this tragic theme
As the Three taught when either woke some woe,
— How Klutaimnestra hated, what the pride
Of Iokasté, why Medea clove
Nature asunder. Small rebuked by large,
We felt our puny hates refine to air,
Our prides as poor prevent the humbling hand,
Our petty passion purify its tide.
So, Euthukles, permit the tragedy
To reëact itself, this voyage through,
Till sunsets end and sunrise brighten Rhodes!

Balaustion. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Majestic on the stage of memory,
 Peplosed and kothorned, let Athenai fall
 Once more, nay, oft again till life conclude,
 Lent for the lesson : Choros, I and thou !
 What else in life seems piteous any more
 After such pity, or proves terrible
 Beside such terror ? ”

So Balaustion rehearses, while Euthukles records, an adventure a year before, when they were still resident in Athens, not yet stripped of its honor. Euthukles had brought home to his wife, sitting alone, the news of the death of Euripides in Macedonia, how the news had been received in Athens, especially by the people returning from the theatre, where they had been to see one of Aristophanes' comedies crowned ; as this discourse between Balaustion and Euthukles goes on, and little by little they leave talk of Aristophanes and the fickle Athenians, to recall their master and friend Euripides, taking up his play, Herakles Mainomenos,¹ which he had given to Balaustion, the shouting and singing of a company is heard without, there is a knock at the door, which is flung open, and in troops the *choros* of the comedy, followed by the chief actors, a gay crowd of girl dancers and flute-boys, Elaphion, the *première danseuse*, and finally Aristophanes himself. Before the pure presence of Balaustion the drunken revelers slink back into the street, Elaphion going last, leaving Aristophanes alone. By the same power of womanhood, Aristophanes, stripped of his followers, owns himself stripped also of all disguises of his soul, and so confronts frankly and ingenuously the clear eyes of the searching Rhodian.

There follows then what is, by distinction, Aristophanes' Apology, a plea for his art in answer to the mute reproach of Euripides, and the plain, straightforward question and charge of Euripides' friend, Balaustion. The Apology is followed by Balaustion's defense of her master against the attack of Aristophanes, and for direct witness of the truth she holds she recites the whole of the play that lay by her side, the Herakles. Some words follow the recital ; then the story of the year following is rapidly told, the political events, the career of Aristophanes, the crash that came in the Spartan victory, and in the midst of that a kind of miniature adventure of Euthukles, whose brief recital of Euripides' words turns the edge of the Spartan vin-

dictiveness ; and so the ship that bears these two brings them at length to Rhodes.

Such is a brief outline of a poem which seems inexhaustible to the reader. It will be seen at once in how rich a mine the poet digs. Athens at its sudden downfall, Euripides, Aristophanes, tragedy, comedy, politics, art,—here are suggestions enough for a living poet, and Browning has cast himself into the time and scene with an energetic warmth which is kindled partly by the magnificent Greek life, and partly by that impetuous struggle with problems of art and life which has from the beginning marked him as the poetic athlete of English literature. If it be said that poetry can dispense with discussions on art, we may at least put in a caveat for the pictorial form in which this discussion is presented. To analyze the discussion itself would be inexpedient here, but whoever, reading the story once for the discussion, shall turn and re-read it for its wealth of imagination, will surely become somewhat reconciled to a treatment which is no barren rehearsal of principles, but the picture of two very distinct persons engaged in a fence with words that have power to hurt. The reader unfamiliar with Greek history and literature will hardly derive much satisfaction from a single reading, but in spite of the apparently learned look of the pages, the poem demands but an ordinary acquaintance with the historical realities upon which it is based ; still, the more one is at home in Athens, the more thorough enjoyment he will take in this historical picture.

In fact, we cannot help regarding the secondary value of the book as very significant. Its primary value as a rich and abiding poem is for all readers who can get through the hedge that seems to surround it. There remains a worth for the student so potent that we are almost ready to concede that Browning deliberately chose his theme for this ulterior object. It is impossible that one of so sturdy a nature as Browning, so ardently patriotic, so profoundly impressed by the ethical side of life, should fail to protest against the insidious *renaissance* of modern England which has displayed itself in a philosophy and art satisfied, at their best, with an earthly paradise. It has been the habit of the school adopting this return to the antique to represent Greek life under an aspect of fatalism, and to extract from it a creed of æsthetic indulgence which suffers the believer to dwell in a condition of refined

¹ Throughout the poem the Greek forms are used with a studied rigidity, to the confusion of old-fashioned readers.

sensualism. The masculine protest is found in this poem and its predecessor. Alike the chilly Greece of conventionalism and the luscious Greece of the renaissance disappear before this picture of Athens with its tempestuous crowd, its solitary figures, and its intense civil and political life. The whole poem is a warning against the attempt to separate literature and art from nationality and righteousness; as such it will brace many minds, and while it doubtless must remain a student's poem, its influence may be counted on over a susceptible class of young Englishmen and Americans.

—In probably a deeper sense than he intended, Mr. Hayne has traced in his title ¹ precisely the two forces which most prominently appear in his poems, — “nature and tradition.” Of the first element we will speak presently. Of the second we may say, that while retracing the romance-haunted paths of the past, in quest of poetic opportunity, Mr. Hayne is tacitly following another tradition than that which gives him his subject-matter, namely, the tradition of all our Southern songsters, who maintain a devout faith in the saving power of old legends. Not, of course, that he relies on his subject solely; on the contrary, the workmanship of these poems of tradition, *The Mountain of the Lovers*, *The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana*, *Visit of Mahmoud Ben Suleim*, and the rest, is most careful and elaborate. But there is a subtle sympathy between the poet and his material which seems to belong to an older time, and is expressed in the very choice of words and phrases obsolete except in poetry, to an extent greater than that of most modern verse: “natheless,” “puissance,” and a fondness for the form “what time,” may be cited, together with the use of words like “whisperous,” and “wailful.” A distinctly modern tone, in other places, gives to this trait the exaggerative force of contrast, perhaps; though for our own part we must frankly confess a preference for the poems of nature, in which the author reconciles his verse with the language of our time. We have no space for analysis of these out-of-door lyrics, in which a glad and genial temper so invariably asserts itself, and often with great success; but, as one of Mr. Hayne's happiest strokes, we may quote the lines, once before printed in *The Atlantic*, —

¹ *The Mountain of the Lovers; with Poems of Nature and Tradition.* By PAUL H. HAYNE. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1875.

“When Twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.”

There is in the volume a third element of sly humor and easy satire which we leave our readers to investigate.

—Mr. Saxe dedicates his new collection ² to Frederick Locker, but this were hardly needful to remind us where his goal and his ambition lie. Those who have learned to know and like his neat touch, before now, are not likely to miss the old gifts in the new setting, as witness these lines, from his *Ode to the Legislature*, concerning lobbyists: —

“Who swarm
In secret sessions and perform
‘Feats of the Ring’
Unequaled elsewhere; not the sort of thing
Where human features catch defacing blows,
But meaner feats than those,
Degrading legislative *Ayes* and *Noes*.”

In the present volume, we are carried through the entire gamut of certain well-known notes, with a nimble finger; we have *vers de société*, the allegory, the instructive legend, the epigram in abundance. Few writers of merely amusing verse in America have so completely mastered the special order of effects aimed at by them, as Mr. Saxe. Yet his view of the humorous is conventional; he builds no roads of his own, and chooses with cautious skill those which have been successfully laid out by Hood and his school. Naturally, he falls far short of those who went before him in these paths, and least of all should we wish, in mentioning Hood, to suggest that Mr. Saxe in any way reproduces the rich, tremulous emotion of that poet's serious pieces, the glowing fancies of his *Midsummer Fairies*, the simple, dewy freshness of *I Remember*, and *The Death-Bed*. Mr. Saxe is not a poet in the sense that Mr. Locker is, either; where shall we find in his verse tenderness like that of the Englishman's *Sick Man* and *The Swallows*? Still, he is a man of native wit, and, even more, an appreciator of successful versified wit in other languages than his own. One rests comfortably, too, on sensible, clever moralizing like this, from *A Charming Woman*: —

“Ah! what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of which she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?”

There is no need for asking Mr. Saxe to do what does not lie within him, in order to

² *Leisure-Day Rhymes.* By JOHN GODFREY SAXE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

value aright what he does so well. Therefore, though we find little feeling, nothing that can be called poetry, in this book, we can still enter into the perfectly sound, upright purpose of entertaining which it shows, and commend it to that wide popularity which surely awaits everything of its author's writing.

—In this, the third volume of his valuable history,¹ Mr. Bancroft presents the reader with the vast amount of information he has been able to collect with regard to the mythology of the westernmost inhabitants of this continent, and in addition with a brief *résumé* of what is known about their languages.

The mythologies of these various races, so different in intelligence and civilization, show the greatest divergences. The Quichés of Guatemala left behind them comparatively the most complete relic of the sort; full, to be sure, of inconsistencies and frivolities, but yet of the greatest interest, and inspired by a genuine belief in a great creative being. One of the episodes describing an attempt of the gods to create man is somewhat amusing; it runs as follows:—

“Again is there counsel in heaven: Let us make an intelligent being who shall adore and invoke us. It was decided that a man should be made of wood and a woman of a kind of pith. They were made; but the result was in no wise satisfactory. They moved about perfectly well, it is true; they increased and multiplied; they peopled the world with sons and daughters, little wooden manikins like themselves; but still the heart and the intelligence were wanting; they held no memory of their Maker and Former; they led a useless existence, they lived as the beasts live; they forgot the Heart of Heaven. They were but an essay, an attempt at men; they had neither blood nor substance, nor moisture nor fat; their cheeks were shriveled, their feet and hands dried up, their flesh languished.” Divine vengeance was taken against them. “The bird Xecotcovach came to tear out their eyes; and the Camalotz cut off their head; and the Cotzbalam devoured their flesh; and the Tecumbalam broke and bruised their bones to powder. Thus were they all devoted to chastisement and destruction, save only a few who were preserved as memorials of the wooden men that had been; and those now exist in the woods as little apes.” This explanation

of the origin of wooden men and women seems to deserve being better known than it is.

In one of the Aztec myths there is this imposing account of the creation of the sun. There had been no sun for a long time, and the gods assembled their worshippers and told them that the one who should first fling himself into the fire should be turned into the sun. One accordingly threw himself in, and soon arose as the sun in the east, the quarter where he was least expected, so bright that not even the gods could gaze upon him. He did not rise from the horizon, and the gods sent him word to leave, but he answered that he would not until he had killed them all. One of them took his arrows and shot them at the sun; the first the sun dodged, but being hit by the next two, he seized the last and hurled it back at the god, slaying him. The rest of the gods appointed one of their number to kill them all, which he did, and finally killed himself.

Traditions of a deluge existed among the Mexicans, and in one district there was a legend of an attempt to build an artificial mountain against further floods, but it was as much of a failure as the tower of Babel, and the wrath of the gods being roused, the builders were killed by lightning, and work upon it came to an end.

The northern Indians have various traditions about the origin of man; some hold that human beings first existed as birds, beasts, or fish. Most of the Californians claim their descent from the coyote; the Koniagas revere a dog as their original ancestor. The first father of the Aleuts is said to have fallen from heaven in the shape of a dog. Others again consider that beasts, fish, and edible roots are descended from human originals. A dog or bird was frequently the disguise of the god who created the earth and man. The Thlinkets have a very full cosmogony based on this notion: the great Somebody, as Mr. Bancroft calls him, being Yehl, the crow or raven, who created most things, and especially the Thlinkets. This Yehl, among many strange adventures, put the stars and the sun and moon into the sky by tricks which we have not space to narrate here; the light of the sun was so alarmingly bright that people were at first afraid; many hid in the mountains, woods, and water, and were changed into animals frequenting those

III. Myths and Languages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875

¹ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*. By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume

places. He also introduced fire to mankind. The interpretation of these myths is very difficult, and is not attempted by Mr. Bancroft, who collects the material for others to make theories about.

The worship of the sun by the Mexicans is clearly proved, and many high authorities unite in considering it the fundamental idea in the religions of civilized America.

Eclipses naturally excited a panic; men with white hair and white faces were sacrificed to the sun by the Mexicans; the Tlascaltecs, on the other hand, chose the ruddiest victims they could find. Comets were held, as they have been in later times by more civilized people, to be foreboders of plagues, famine, or the death of a ruler. With regard to water, Mr. Bancroft says its use "more or less sanctified or set apart or made worthy the distinction 'holy';" the employment of this in a rite of avowed purification from inherent sin at the time of giving a name, — baptism, in one word, — runs back to a period far pre-Christian among the Mexican, Maya, and other American nations, as ancient ceremonies to be hereafter described will show."

As to what comes after life there was the same diversity of belief. The ideas of a heaven and hell were not universally held; some savages are said to be wholly without any notion of the immortality of the soul. The heaven of those who believe in one is a spot of never-ending sensual pleasure; that of the Columbian tribes was a sunlit spot fully supplied with salmon and berries, a very modest resting-place; while the Okanagans find in their hell an evil spirit in human shape, but with tail and ears like a horse, who jumps about from tree to tree, with a stick in his hand, and beats the damned. The Ahts believe that Chayher, their Pluto, is a figure of flesh without bones, the counterpart of our grim skeleton king of death; in his gloomy realm there are no salmon and the deer are very small, and the blankets, like those furnished by the Indian Agency, are miserably thin and insufficient, so that survivors burn blankets at the funeral of their friends to keep them warm. Some of the tribes believe in metempsychosis; the Apaches consider the rattlesnake as the form the wicked will take after death. The Mexicans had a very complicated notion of a future life, and Mr. Bancroft briefly points out in a foot-note the resemblance in some respects between the ideas of the Mexicans and those of the ancient Greeks and Romans with regard to

their future abode: "The trembling soul has to pass over the same dreadful river, ferried by a brute Charon. In Hades, as in Mictlan, the condition of the dead was a shadowy sort of apparent life, in which, mere ghosts of their former selves, they continued dreamily to perform the labors and carry on the occupations to which they had been accustomed on earth. In Greece, as in Mexico, the shades of the dead were occasionally permitted to visit their friends on earth, summoned by a sacrifice and religious rites. Neither Elysion nor the glorious Sun House was the reward of the purely good so much as of the favorites of the gods. Such points of resemblance as these," Mr. Bancroft goes on, "are, however, unnoticed by those who theorize concerning the origin of the Americans; they go farther for analogies, and perhaps fare worse."

The gods worshiped by the Indian tribes were of many sorts. Matloze, the hobgoblin of the Nootkas, is a fair specimen: "His head is like the head of something that might have been a man but is not; his uncouth bulk is horrid with black bristles; his monstrous teeth and nails are like the fangs and claws of a bear. Whoever hears his terrible voice falls like one smitten, and his curved claws rend a prey into morsels with a single stroke." One is reminded of Victor Hugo's *Han d'Islande*.

When we come to the study of the Mexican religion, we find it, as Mr. Bancroft truly calls it, "a confused and clashing chaos of fragments." There were two schools of religious philosophy in Mexico, one held by the multitude, the other by the wiser few, and it is hard for investigators to find common ground between the two. Tezcatlipoca was apparently the principal one of the Mexican gods, and many prayers are given which were addressed to him under his various names; these prayers show traces of Christian padding, so to speak, on the part of the priest who is responsible for them, but in the main they are considered accurate reports. As to Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochtli, we have a full discussion of the various theories concerning their mythical existence and probable meaning. Much space is devoted to the other deities and the ceremonies of their worship. The number of religious buildings throughout the whole country was very great; Torquemada estimated the whole number at eighty thousand. For the support of these, great tracts of land

were the property of the church, and these were held by people on certain conditions, or worked by slaves; moreover, taxes of wine and grain and voluntary contributions made up the sums needed. The number of priests was immense, and sacred offices were held by women as well as by men; some, indeed, kept forever burning the sacred fire, like the Roman vestal virgins. There were various religious orders, not unlike those of other times and other religions. Fasts were observed in atonement for sin, and penance was done by thrusting sticks through the ears or tongue. The favorite offering was human beings. One authority puts the number of those sacrificed every year as high as twenty thousand; we are told that at the inauguration of a temple between seventy and eighty thousand were sacrificed. In Yucatan this cruel habit existed to a much smaller extent.

The amount of information Mr. Bancroft has amassed is very great, but the whole subject is in the greatest confusion. In time the inconsistencies in the various reports may be unraveled, and it may be possible to get at the real meaning of the intricate mythologies; for this purpose such a volume as this will be a rich mine for the student who has a clew to the explanation of what is now so obscure. It is so recently that anything has been done with the mythology of the Aryan peoples, and indeed there is still so much uncertainty about some of the methods now employed, that the prospect for getting to understand the Mexican is very dark; but that in time it will be made clear one can hardly doubt. What J. G. Müller has done in this way is a model of careful study and intelligent theorizing. It will be found fully repeated in this volume.

The last two hundred and fifty pages of the volume are taken up with an account of the languages of the native races of the Pacific States. Singularly enough, while the languages differ in vocabulary they are wonderfully alike in many of their characteristics, as, for instance, agglutination, the expression of the plural by reduplication, the application of gender to the third person of the verb, etc. If we exclude the Eskimo, which is not properly an American language, there are three great languages, the Tinnéh, the Aztec, and the Maya. This last is the tongue of Central America; the Aztec that of Mexico, with traces in California, Utah, Nevada, Idaho,

Montana, and Oregon. The Tinnéh extends over the northern part of the Rocky Mountain range, with branches in Alaska, British America, California, New Mexico, Texas, and Mexico. As to the dialects of these three grand divisions, they are numberless; the classification Mr. Bancroft has made of them covers eleven pages of his book. Of very many of them we find given a few examples of the words most commonly used, the paradigm of a verb, and often the version of the Lord's Prayer. Many examples are also to be found of long words; the following must enliven Miztec spelling-matches; it means to stumble in walking; *kavaundisasikandiyosauminahashan*.

A useful page is that in which the foolishness of proving analogies between different languages by the existence of words of similar sound and meaning is shown by a list of singular coincidences; such are "for the Sanscrit *da*, . . . the Cora *ta* (give); for *eké*, the Miztec *ec* (one); for *mâ*, the Tepehuana *mai* (not) and the Maya *ma* (no); for *tschandra*, the Kenai *tschane* (moon); for *pada* (foot), the Sekumne *poda* (leg); for *kamâ*, the Shoshone *kamakh* (to love); for *pâ*, the Kizh *paa* (to drink)." Enough are given to be the foundation of a very interesting volume to prove that the North American Indians are of Aryan origin.

In conclusion, we have only renewed congratulations and thanks to offer Mr. Bancroft for his faithful work. He has pushed on with the same perseverance and faithfulness, and the result is that we have a book which cannot fail to be the standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

— It is difficult to repress a sense of disappointment and pain at seeing a name which we have been taught to revere attached to a volume so flimsy in its construction, so slipshod in style, and altogether so unworthy of a scholar as these essays of Mr. Carlyle's on the Early Kings of Norway.¹ If written merely for the entertainment of the readers of Fraser's Magazine, in which they were first printed, they might, perhaps, have some excuse for being, but when gathered into a volume they naturally come to us with some pretension of historical accuracy, which, it is safe to say, they utterly fail to justify.

Mr. Carlyle's career as an author, with

¹ *The Early Kings of Norway: Also an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

all its intense beliefs and intenser prejudices, seems at last to have culminated in the conviction that the cudgel is the only true instrument of government; and his literary life for nearly half a century, when seen from his present point of view, seems to present a kind of *crescendo* movement toward this loud and strongly defined *finale*. It is in perfect keeping with this theory that he divides the Kings of Norway into two grand classes, the anarchic and the anti-anarchic, the former of whom he paints very black, while he becomes the defender and partisan of the latter. Whether the ideal historian of the future is to be of the Ranke or the Mommsen type — whether he is to be an impartial, dispassionate critic, or a man of ardent convictions and prejudices — is a question which only posterity can settle; but we hardly run much risk in saying that that extreme exaggeration of the Mommsen type which Mr. Carlyle represents will hardly long survive when a new generation shall have ceased to feel that personal fascination with which a powerful individuality like his always invests it. At least, we hope for his own sake that his more lasting contributions to literature will not lend a pernicious immortality to this hasty compilation of ill-digested facts, which, moreover, have long been accessible to the English-speaking public in Laing's translation of Snorri Sturlason's *Sagas of the Kings of Norway*.

Whatever may be said in defense of Mr. Carlyle's theory of government, it is not to be denied that in its application to the Norwegian kings it is attended with serious disadvantages. Like any other extreme notion, it excludes the possibility of a fair-minded judgment, and in some instances even leads to a positive distortion of facts. On pages 11 and 12, for instance, we read of Harald the Fairhaired, who was one of the anti-anarchic kings, and accordingly great, wise, and prosperous, that "he managed his government, aided by Jarl Rögnwald and others, in a large, quietly potent and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it. These were the times of colonization; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes, — to Iceland, to the Faröe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant," etc.

This is Mr. Carlyle's way of stating that the best and noblest families in Norway, rebelling against Harald's tyranny in making them royal vassals and tenants instead of free *bönder*, depriving them of their *Odels-*

ret, as the modern Norwegians call it, fled to Iceland, Greenland, and the Faröe Isles, and established there free, self-governing communities. Whether the king's measures were just or not, which admits of a diversity of opinions, we believe that neither he himself nor any of his biographers has hitherto regarded their results in driving so many staunch freemen into exile as beneficial to the realm, or, as Mr. Carlyle would have us believe, as part of the general prosperity. Again, his portrait of Sverre Sigurdson, whom for some unaccountable reason he classes among the anarchic rulers, is made up of such random tints and touches as his hostile fancy abundantly suggests, but which a conscientious reference to the acknowledged authorities of Norse history would prove to be utterly false and inaccurate. Mr. Carlyle goes even to greater length; he repeatedly emphasizes the doubt which existed concerning Sverre's birth, and in the end asserts that his pretended father's name was King *Harald Wry-Mouth*, instead of Sigurd.

It is quite safe to assert, judging from Mr. Carlyle's capricious spelling of proper names, that he does not understand Icelandic, and has consequently never read the *Sagas* in the original. The name of the first king of Norway he spells Harald Haar-fagr, which is indeed neither Norwegian nor Icelandic; the spelling of the *Sagas* being Haraldr Hárfagr, and that of modern Norwegian and Danish, Harald Haarfager. Again, if he had been consistent in rendering the Icelandic accented *á* with *aa*, as the Norwegians do, he would have written Haakon and not Hakon. Sveinn Tjuguskegg of Denmark is hardly twice referred to under the same name. Svein Double-Beard, Svein of the Double-Beard, the Double-Bearded, Fork-Beard, Svein of the Forked Beard, are all about equally correct translations of the famous surname, but must be very confusing to the reader whose knowledge of Norse does not enable him to trace these numerous variations to their linguistic source. Lundarsöl he translates "sunshine of the grove," instead of "sun of the grove." But these and many other minor inaccuracies would hardly have been worth dwelling on, if Mr. Carlyle had not needlessly emphasized them by either ignoring or sharply criticising both Snorri (whom, observe, he knows only in more or less imperfect translations) and the labors of later scholars who have devoted, not a few hours of leisure in their old age, but a life-time, to this study

of Norse language and history. It is indeed dangerous to move unsteadily on the ground where men like Freeman, Munch, Kaiser, Möbius, and Maurer have left the deep foot-prints of their march.

It is hard to imagine what can have started Mr. Carlyle on these aimless rambles through the Arctic forests of the North, where evidently he expects to find nothing to interest him, where he sees but savage customs and barren shores. His utter lack of sympathy with his subject reveals itself in every line and figure of speech; we seem to see the vivid gesture of disdain with which he greets these picturesquely barbaric kings (perhaps with two or three exceptions) as they pass in file before him. If he quotes their sayings, it is usually done in a random way, and with the addition of "If I remember rightly," "I think," "I believe," or a similar phrase. During a little domestic quarrel which Snorro describes very minutely because it was fraught with grave results, Mr. Carlyle makes Olaf Trygvesson say, "Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his properties?" which is, to say the least, a very inaccurate rendering of the king's words. But the book abounds in equally absurd versions of passages which in their original garb would have appeared anything but ludicrous. On page 105, where he describes Saint Olaf's attempts to christianize Norway, he tells us that "heathenism got itself smashed dead," which was indeed not the case, as it was Olaf who "smashed it dead."

So soon as our historian comes to speak of one of the heroes of his own land, his tone undergoes a radical change. No more careless phrases, no contemptuous epithets, no random statements or reckless criticisms of half-known authorities. On Scottish ground he waxes warm with holy zeal, and his lively sympathy with the character of John Knox and his eager partisanship occasionally stimulate him into a vehemence of diction which cannot but remind us of the time when Sartor Resartus and the essays on Burns and Goethe and Jean Paul Richter kindled our blood and widened our vision. The many excellences of the dissertation on the Portraits of John Knox make the errors and the defects of the essays on the Kings of Norway even more glaringly conspicuous.

But after all it is the imperious spirit of Carlyle which in two different forms animates both, and to those who like Carlyle *per se*, and are indifferent about the Kings

of Norway, the latter will perhaps yield no less enjoyment than the former.

— Many Americans who have earned the title of Howadji have met in their Egyptian journey a singular personage called Lady Duff Gordon. Few who knew her could have heard without regret of her death, and the volume containing her last letters¹ and a short memoir of her by her daughter, Mrs. Ross, will be welcomed by all who made her acquaintance and a vast many besides. The memoir is the most interesting part of the book, and one cannot help wishing it had been longer, not only for the sake of the subject of the biography herself, but because she was surrounded all her life by people one has heard much of and would like to know more of, beginning with her parents. But it is written with a discreet English pen, severely aware of the limits of good sense and propriety, and leaving us in the pleasanter frame of mind of stimulated but unsatisfied curiosity, instead of sated and sickened with unmeaning detail, unmeasured praise, and undesirable disclosures. The brief account of her childhood and early years, in which her strong and peculiar character already made itself manifest, shows her growing up among a set of people who more than any others in their country made their mark on the last half-century: James and John Stuart Mill, Bentham, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson. When a child, too, she met Heine, and those early recollections together with later ones, — for she repeatedly saw him in his long death-agony, — are a delightful contribution to our eagerly-cherished personal reminiscences of that unhappy genius. At nineteen Lucie Austin, as she then was, married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon after this peculiar courtship: "One day Sir Alexander said to her, 'Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?' She was annoyed at being talked about, and hurt at his *brusque* way of mentioning it, and was going to give a sharp answer, when he added, 'Shall we make it true?' She replied with characteristic straight-forwardness by the monosyllable, 'Yes,' and so they were engaged." They were evidently created for each other. It was about this time that she made her first literary essay, the translation of Niebuhr's Greek Legends. In the five years following she translated three other books, also from the German: those who have read The

¹ *Last Letters from Egypt*. By LADY DUFF GORDON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

Amber Witch will remember what remarkable knowledge of that language and command of her own it shows, as well as a curious and admirable gift of assuming a quaint style suited to the subject, without effort or affectation. Such a performance is the result of something far beyond mere accomplishments; few young women of twenty-three are so mature in their powers. A year or two later Sir Alexander and his wife translated together Ranke's *History of Prussia*, and wrote *Sketches of German Life*; this and all other particulars which are given of their life, whether in London, in the country, or abroad, suggest a home which must be rare everywhere, — a husband and wife sharing each other's pursuits and interests, with the same friends, the same tastes; the duties and pleasures belonging to their children, society, charity, and the cultivation of their own talents, holding their due proportions in the full and well-ordered existence, — rare everywhere, indeed, but hardly possible except in that well-regulated and balanced social system. It was all to be broken up, however, by Lady Duff Gordon's ill-health. A severe illness in 1851 was the beginning of the trouble in her throat and lungs which sent her first to the Continent, then to the Cape of Good Hope, and finally to Egypt, where she remained from 1863 until 1869, once returning to England to see her family. She died at Cairo in the summer of 1869.

Her *Letters from the Cape* were first published in 1862 (and are reprinted in the present volume); subsequently her *Letters from Egypt* appeared, and finally these last letters. They were written to her family, and have the easy, familiar, chatty style of fireside talk; writing to those who knew all about the people she lived among, and the circumstances of her position, much is taken for granted which the outside reader would fain have made clear; with regard both to her own mode of life and Egyptian manners and customs generally, one often gasps for an explanation. She lived on the Nile, going up and down in a certain boat, which seems to have united the advantages and anxieties of keeping a house and a horse. But she took things easily; everything but expense. She halted frequently on the way, and had a sort of headquarters in a house at Thebes built over a temple; it belonged to the French government and was put at her disposal by the consul; here, with a few divans, a table or so, and

the minimum of pots and pans, she contrived to make herself entirely comfortable by conforming to the habits of the country. She speaks of two or three servants only, all natives, but she lived with a retinue of followers, Arab and Copt, Moslem and Eastern Christian, in a feudal or rather patriarchal combination of dignity and familiarity. Her life appears to have consisted in talking to them, and in nursing and doctoring them, — which she did with inexhaustible kindness and skill, — listening to their stories, sympathizing with their troubles, which are many and heavy, joining in their religious observances (for her own amusement, or the sake of the picturesque, or to gratify them), and eating with them, as they are exceedingly hospitable and fond of giving repasts to their friends and patrons. She says that social distinctions are unknown in Egypt, and it certainly seems as if she were in equally good company whether dining with the donkey-boy, the washerwoman, the Cadi, or the Mufti, and met everywhere about the same variety of guests. No wonder her infrequent English visitors were startled to see her sitting on the floor with a parcel of half-dressed blacks, imperiously taking her food from their fingers, which she says she prefers to forks, as the former are washed fifty times a day. Her accounts of it all are exceedingly entertaining; she had the directness of vision and way of looking at the surface by which clever English people so often see the true relations of things when we miss them by trying to look deeper. She tells stories capitally, and tells a great many; some are very touching, too, though she does not lean much to the pathetic. The fate of the lower orders, which constitute nearly the entire population in Egypt, is deplorable, subject to the most arbitrary and despotic power, exercised with the caprice of a child and the cruelty of a Nero, and through the pressure of half a dozen intermediary authorities, each one turning a new screw in the rack: all this she sees, feels, and gives her mite to alleviate, with that humanity unimpeded by sensibility which makes English help often so efficient. She is very full of it all, and tells it in her letters, mixed with the most astonishing and bewildering gossip about Omar, Achmet, Sheyk Gussuf, the Meohn, and the little Darfoor boy, — we suppose her correspondents knew whom she meant, — with a propensity to talk about her neighbors and their smallest affairs which we have observed in the most

cultivated of her countryfolk. The result, however, is a book of incomparable spirit and freshness, and an insight into the existing state of things in Egypt which not even About's delightful Ahmed the Fellah pretends to give. One cannot doubt that the liveliest curiosity regarding other people's mind, body, and estate was at the root of much of her benevolence, but perhaps that is a necessary ingredient in this humanity. She had her reward not only in the consciousness of the good she did, but in the adoration of the poor, gentle, simple people. They called her Noor-al-Noor, Light from the Light, a poetical and reverent adaptation of her own name Lucy, from *lux*; they spread the news of her good deeds as far as Mecca; they came from all directions and distances to consult her, and had faith in her as in a supernatural beneficence; her death was considered a calamity, and one cannot restrain a feeling of sadness that she was not buried among them at Thebes, as she had wished. She has added a notable name to the long list of English eccentricities.

One necessarily compares her with her celebrated country-woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, whose Eastern life offers the only parallel to Lady Duff Gordon's; but the latter makes Chatham's famous niece look like a theatrical personage by contrast with her simplicity, unconsciousness, and true goodness of heart.

—The most ardent lover of Harvard College, as well as the youngest and most enthusiastic of its graduates, will have no cause to be dissatisfied with, at any rate, the outward and visible signs of respect paid to the college in these two massive volumes.¹ To those young gentlemen who are leaving what has been for some years their home, it probably seems as if, whatever troubles—which appear much magnified by their unwise elders—the world may have in store for them, it will only be necessary to run over the well-filled pages of the Harvard Book to forget them entirely; they regard it as much more a *κρημα* *ἐς* *ἀελ* than the works of Thucydides. In time, however, it will assume its own real value, and will be recognized for what it is, a rather confused collection of papers of different merit, all treating of college matters, and generally magnifying their importance. The history of the college by

Mr. Samuel Eliot is full and interesting, and serves as an excellent introduction to the sketches that follow. Some of these, notably those on Harvard Square and Class Day, are entertaining, and redeem the useful but not brilliant statistics which some of the subjects require. A fuller treatment of Harvard College it would be hard to devise. Every building it owns within or without its gates is described, in some cases with legal fullness and accuracy. Antiquarians will not be able to complain of careless treatment of their subjects by those who have written about the past. In almost every case specialists have been chosen to write on the matter they knew best. And, moreover, almost everything concerning the college finds mention. Many pages are devoted to accounts of ball-playing and boating, and both are treated with commendable fair-mindedness. The fullest statistics are given, which, in doubtful cases, can serve as unimpeachable evidence.

It is not necessary to enumerate all that these two large volumes contain; they do more than satisfy the most inquiring curiosity; they entertain as well as instruct. The illustrations—wood-engravings and heliotyped photographs—are full and interesting. The honored graduate will find in the text, as well as in the heliotype, a great deal to remind him of the past and to make him familiar with recent changes. How well those who are unfamiliar with the college will be able to form any definite notion of it from even this full collection of facts, it would be hard to say. They, naturally, would find the book of less interest than would the limited public for which it is specially intended. What they might miss is any reference, except some trifling, incidental ones, to the course of study at the college. An interesting chapter, and one of the greatest value, might have been added, made as complete as careful investigation could make it, of the instruction given in the past, and that now given in all the different departments of the university. This, it seems to us, would have raised the book from the position of an album, which it now holds, to one of authority; and, moreover, it would have freed it from the objection of being a book about a college, which omits speaking of the main business of a college. No one person could have taken this task upon himself, but a wise dis-

¹ *The Harvard Book*. A Series of Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive Sketches. By Various Authors. Illustrated with Views and Portraits.

Collected and Published by F. O. Vaille and N. A. Clark, Class of 1874. Two Volumes. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co., University Press. 1875.

tribution of it among different hands was not impossible. Such a chapter, or series of chapters, might well have taken the place of the brief biographies of the professors and the fac-similes of their signatures.

The college graduate's affection for his triennial catalogue is well known; but that will sink into neglect by the side of these larger and more important volumes.

— Unlike some other recent pulpit oratory, sermons like those about King David,¹ with which Dr. Taylor fills four hundred and thirty-three closely printed pages, seem "harmless" if not "necessary." When we try to think what the sensations of the Protestant clergyman must be when first he realizes that he is pledged to produce a hundred sermons a year, more or less, during his natural life, we are ready to forgive him for spinning a long and tenuous thread and studying the art of dilution anxiously. But those who really desire to become acquainted with the greatest of Jewish monarchs and one of the greatest of all, one who stands among men and kings very much indeed like Launcelot among knights, will, perhaps, do as well to go to the Bible itself. There are two narratives of the king's life and reign, both terse, dramatic, and affecting, and singularly confirming one another. There are his matchless works in full, and there are no independent sources of information. Therefore, except for subjective reasons, one does not see the advantage of making so very much longer a story out of one which cannot be told better than at first.

— *Doing and Dreaming*² is a little story of a decidedly religious character, which may well find its place in a Sunday-school library. Within a very moderate compass we have one young man go blind, one young woman die, another half kill herself by copying to pay her father's debts, and still another neglect her work in order to read and write poetry and indulge in useless reveries. This is not a story that will ever supplant *The Initials* in the common estimation, but it will probably suit the public for which it is designed. At any rate, it has the advantage of conveying religious instruction without at the same time inclining the young reader to adopt bad grammar or

vulgar ways, as some books of excellent moral aim do. But even with this great merit in its favor, the unregenerate reader will find it hard to forgive the writer's bloodthirstiness in regard to her characters. They are created but to die untimely at the most harrowing moments.

— By the will of the late Richard Fletcher, a special fund was left under the care of the trustees of Dartmouth College, from the avails of which they are to offer biennially a prize of five hundred dollars for the best essay on the degree of conformity with what are known as the *customs of the world*, proper for an orthodox Christian. The first award under this bequest was made in September, 1874, to the Rev. D. W. Faunce, and his essay has been reprinted by Roberts Brothers under the title of *The Christian in the World*.³ Mr. Faunce is master of a style which is very nearly perfect for didactic purposes; direct, earnest, cordial, and wholly free from affectation. His spirit is strict and his scheme of life a trifle ascetic, but his is never a sour asceticism, and austerity is at all events better than license.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.⁴

It must have been with some uneasiness that Mérimée's *Unknown* saw the announcement of a volume of his *Letters* to another *Unknown*.⁵ It must have been a consolation to her, however, to notice the large number of pages without a line of print upon them, and the cool, airy spaces between the lines in the printed letters, and when she read the book it must have been with great satisfaction at the harmlessness of this rival book. Without doubt, too, she speaks in terms of very high praise about this little collection of letters, more high perhaps than it deserves. Those readers who seek for such entertainment as they found in the letters to the first *Unknown* will be less pleased. Even Mérimée, with all the adoration he received, was truly frank to but one of his correspondents, apparently, and we learn from this volume only what we knew before, that he was a man whose view of life was far from cheering, that in society he was not imposed upon by

¹ *David, King of Israel. His Life and its Lessons.* By REV. WILLIAM L. TAYLOR, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

² *Doing and Dreaming.* By EDWARD GARRETT, author of *Premiums Paid to Experience*, By Still Waters, etc. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1875.

³ *The Christian in the World.* By REV. D. W. FAUNCE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

⁴ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

⁵ *Lettres à une autre Inconnue.* Par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Paris. 1875.

nonsense, and that he was an entertaining letter-writer. This, the second Unknown, was a Polish lady, a friend of the late Empress of the French, and by her appointed *présidente* of a court of love of which Mérimée was the secretary. The main importance of this game was the intimacy which produced these letters between the two officers of the society. They are in no way love-letters; far from it; they are amusing, friendly notes, gossiping, and in a way malicious. The first was written March 11, 1865, the last, April 23, 1870; there are forty-nine in all, and for the most part worth reading. But the first Unknown has no need of uneasiness about her correspondence; that still remains by far the most important, and she can now feel satisfactorily indifferent about her rivals.

— Perhaps some of our readers may recall a volume by Mr. Hillebrand, *Frankreich und die Franzosen*, which was noticed in these pages rather more than two years ago. In that interesting book was to be found a capital study of the French people and their ways and actions, made by one who knew them intimately, and who was able to write about them with freedom from prejudice. The volume just published, *Wälsches und Deutsches*,¹ is a sequel to that one. It is composed of a number of articles taken from different journals, and treating of a number of subjects of interest at the present time. Italy, France, and Germany, in the order named, give food for discussion. Those essays which treat of some recent appearances in German literature seem to us the most interesting of the book. Those on French subjects, treating briefly of Mérimée, Jules Michelet, and Flaubert's *Tentation de St. Antoine*, have no marked importance which would have made their suppression a serious loss. On the other hand, the Italian essays are entertaining and instructive. Coming to the last division of the book we find first a demolition of the glory of Gervinus, whose reputation, it may be fair to say, is of an artificial, ungenue sort, accepted by every one as a part of his liberal education, — somewhat like the monument on Mount Washington to the young woman who died there, which consists of a heap of stones, deposited not by afflicted relatives and friends, but by travelers as an incident of their journey, in compliance with the custom mentioned

in the guide-book. Mr. Hillebrand's article is not mere contemptuous depreciation, but very rational enumeration of the faults of the imposing historian, with what seems like due credit when praise is deserved. The whole article is very well worth reading; it is thoughtful, intelligent, and suggestive. In a foot-note he calls attention to the good influence of the Jews in German development. He says with truth that this would be an admirable subject for the historian, they having always served to counterbalance too exclusive, narrowing devotion to German theories. They introduced cosmopolitan notions. More than this may well be said of them; a very great share of German success in many different branches is due to them.

Dr. Nietzsche, a modern writer, comes in for laudatory mention. Mr. Hillebrand sees in him one who has struck the note of reaction against those German virtues which have become in time German faults, and praises him accordingly. That Nietzsche is justified in much of his fault-finding cannot be denied. He attacks Strauss for his book, *The Old Faith and the New*, which is reasonable enough, but when he sees the obvious fault of the present day, the disposition on the part of shallow-minded people to varnish themselves with recent information and call it culture, it requires a hasty motion of the mind to decide that this has its origin in the excessive study of history, yet that is what Nietzsche holds. The man of to-day, according to him, knows a great deal about culture, instead of being cultivated, because German scholars pretended that history was a science. While we agree with him heartily in denouncing the flagrant folly of mistaking information for culture, it is hard to put the blame where he puts it, on the scientific study of history. It would seem to belong more fairly to the comfortable study of compendiums, cyclopædias, text-books, etc., which are like "parlor cars" running on the road to learning. Scholars, to secure a speedy fame, find that they have to bring their wares to a more and more fastidious public, and are tempted to try to sugar their pills more lusciously than their neighbors can. The public, finding a life-time can be spent in study of graceful literary and artistic elegancies, devotes itself to them instead of rugged work, and the result is all the second or third hand information flaunted in our faces by people who have got the first look into whatever volume is to be the generally re-

¹ *Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen.* Von KARL HILLEBRAND. Zweiter Band. *Wälsches und Deutsches.* Berlin. 1875.

ceived authority for the next six months, not to know and preach which shall be accounted as æsthetic heresy. Mr. Hillebrand praises Nietzsche's style, in our opinion, much more warmly than it deserves, for at times this foe of historical study roars like a common scold.

Mr. Hillebrand also, in making mention of one of Nietzsche's publications, speaks at some length about Schopenhauer, whom he admires as a writer, as a philosopher, and as a thinker. In one passage, not in this chapter however, Mr. Hillebrand seems to us to be in error. He speaks of the contempt which Schopenhauer had to endure in his life-time, when he was almost entirely ignored by all except a faithful few, and then proceeds to excuse some of Wagner's outbursts of self-praise as if he also were despised and neglected by a cold world. The musician of the distant future is held up to our admiration as a buffeted martyr, who cannot get a hearing, who keeps perfect control of his temper until the last minute, and then in despair utters some impatient expression of wrath which we should be ashamed to remember against him. In fact, however, Wagner has every reason to be proud of his success, if of nothing else. It is not every would-be reformer who has money poured out by the public to aid his plans, who has an opera-house built for him to try his experiments in, who by lamenting the scorn with which he is treated gets his operas performed in every large city of Europe and North America, and who in Germany is one of the most popular musicians of all time. This is making martyrdom cheap and giving away its crown to any one who can manage to make himself popular. Beethoven's experience was of a very different kind, and the comparison between the two men, in this respect at least, is well worthy of note. The worship of Schopenhauer goes together with that of Wagner, in the school to which Mr. Hillebrand belongs, and, it may be said, adorns. He brings to the discussion of the affairs of Germany a mind full of information, polished by cultivation and ripened by experience, but after all it may well be questioned whether he is not at his best in the discussion of some of the more trifling matters he takes up, such as German literary style, or the peculiarities of Prince Pückler-Muskau, who falls a ready prey to the scornful critic. We see a third volume announced, which is to treat of England; it will be interesting to notice how Mr. Hille-

brand performs this arduous part of the task he has set himself in his career as a literary observer. It is a country about which a great deal is yet left to be said, and it is to be hoped that the volume treating it will be made up with more care than the one before us to-day, which hardly fulfills the promise of its title, although it is an entertaining book.

— A new story of Tourguénieff's that has just appeared in a German dress is Punin and Baburin.¹ It has the form of the reminiscences of an old man, who recalls the time when, a boy of twelve, he was living with his grandmother. She took into her employ a man, Bâburin, who became a sort of secretary. He was an ardent republican, but the most singular thing about him was his affection for a companion, Punin, who was one of the strange, half-witted creatures Tourguénieff is so fond of drawing. The boy becomes very much attached to the amiable Punin, and is somewhat repelled by the coldness of his severer companion. In time the two men are dismissed by the boy's grandmother, and nothing is seen of them for several years. The narrator comes across them at different periods of his life, when a student at the university and again when older. There is a melancholy romance in it, and the whole story partakes of the gloom which is so frequently to be observed in what this author writes. Still, in this case it may be questioned whether it is any gloomier than any other biography. The fault with the story is that while it opens well and promises much, it is not carried out consistently to its end. The writer seems to have tired of it, and to have left it in an unfinished state. It is no more than a study, but the opening pages deserve reading, and the whole tale may indeed be recommended, after warning is given that it is not one of Tourguénieff's best. There follows it in the same volume *Die lebendige Mumie*, which finds its true place in the excellent Mitau translation of this author's works, in his *Skizzen aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers*. More than half the volume is filled with a sensational story, *Spurlos Verschwunden*, by the translator of the Russian Tales. It is a story of murder, and the author has at last recognized the fact so familiar to readers, that in stories of this sort the murdered person always seems to have been justly removed, while all our sympathy, against the au-

¹ *Zwei neue Novellen.* Von IWAN TURGÉNJEV. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. 1874.

thor's wishes, is given to the murderer, whom every one persecutes. Try as we will we cannot help hoping he will get off. In this case the murderer, a woman, does get off; she is never found out, but she has a bad time, not with her conscience so much as with the unconscious justice of events; and the hangman would have been a relief to her. As may be imagined, this is not a story of the highest art, but it produces at intervals the desired feeling of horripilation.

—Auerbach, in a little volume just issued, entitled *Drei einzige Töchter*,¹ interests his readers by less violent means. The stories he has collected are three in number. The first, *Der Fels der Ehrenlegion*, tells of the love of a young German lady for a painter whom she meets in foreign parts. There is considerable cleverness in the drawing of some of the people, especially of the heroine and her old school-mate. The construction of the story is not its most admirable point; by the time the heroine is out walking near where the artist is painting, the reader feels most marked premonitions of the impending spraining of her ankle a few pages further on. This artist is painting a rock, and calls it the rock of the legion of honor because a picture of his, representing it, had won him that decoration; after the marriage, the father of the heroine is returning home with this picture in his charge, and he holds the following conversation with the station-master:—

"It is a picture painted by my son-in-law. Come and see me, and you shall have a look at it."

"What does it represent? Monte Rosa, the Righi, or the Jungfrau?"

"Nothing of the sort. An unknown cliff on the Lake of Lucerne; no one except us knows it; it used to be called the Rock of

the Legion of Honor; it is now called the Rock of Love."

And with that eloquent remark the story ends. Fortunately no one knows this cliff, so that travelers in Switzerland cannot have the pleasure of a sail on the lake spoiled by having it pointed out; but carving advertisements on rocks seems a noble employment in comparison with labeling them in this way.

The second story, *Auf Wache*, has already been mentioned in these pages in speaking of the new German magazine, the *Rundschau*. Nannchen von Mainz is the title of the third. It is a story of the Rhine country, as its name indeed indicates. This is much like some of the author's earlier work. It tells how a young girl of Mainz fell in love with a Prussian soldier, much to the wrath of her father, and how finally they were married. It is a clever enough little story, and it is amusing to notice that it has, or rather had, its political meaning, in showing how much ill-feeling existed between different sections of Germany. In a brief paragraph at the end, the writer says that although it was written only in 1864, it might have been written a century before, the present condition of things being so unlike what is there represented.

On the whole, the main value of this little volume is that it is essential in order to fill up one's set of Auerbach; the stories are very trifling in themselves. They show, however, the singular mixture of intelligence and simplicity which characterizes all his work, although with but little of the pathos and humor which serve to calm the reader's occasional impatience at his tactlessness. It is to be hoped that we may soon see the volume from him which, it is whispered, contains a number of stories fully equal to his best. Perhaps these now before us are thrown out to serve as a foil.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

John B. Bachelder, Boston: Popular Resorts, and how to reach them. Combining a Brief Description of the Principal Summer Retreats in the United States, and the Routes of Travel leading to them. By John B. Bachelder.

Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of Manufactures, Products, and the Arts. Rules and Premium List of the Sixth Exposition. 1875.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 3, 1875. An Account of the Systems of Public Instruction in Belgium, Russia, Turkey,

Servia, and Egypt. No. 4, 1875. Waste of Labor in the Work of Education. By P. A. Chadbourne, D. D., President of Williams College, Mass. No. 5, 1875. Suggestions respecting the Educational Exhibit at the International Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

Congregational Publishing Society, Boston: Conversations of Jesus. As recorded by John, but occasionally supplemented by the reports of the other Evangelists.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Songs of the Year and other Poems. By Charlton.

Dodd and Mead, New York: The French at Home. By Alfred Rhodes. With Numerous Illustrations

¹ *Drei einzige Töchter*. Novellen. Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Stuttgart. 1875.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: *Woman's Love, or Like and Unlike*. By J. F. Smith.—*Maud or Nina*. By J. G. Whyte Melville.—*Counterparts, or the Cross of Love*. By the Author of *Ramon* and *Charles Auchester*.—*Open! Sesame!* By Florence Marryatt.—*A Woman's Ransom*. By Frederick William Robinson.

Experimentation on Animals, as a Means of Knowledge in Physiology, Pathology, and Practical Medicine. By J. C. Dalton, M. D., Author of *Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons*, New York.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: *The Abbé Tigrane, Candidate for the Papal Chair*. By Ferdinand Fabre. Translated by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon.—*A Summer Parish: Sabbath Discourses and Morning Service of Prayer, at the Twin Mountain House, White Mountains, New Hampshire, during the Summer of 1874*. By Henry Ward Beecher. Phonographically reported by T. J. Ellinwood.

Bradley Garretson & Co., Philadelphia: *Wood's Bible Animals. A Description of the Habits, Structure, and Uses of every Living Creature mentioned in the Scriptures*. Illustrated with over One Hundred New Designs by Keyl, Wood, and E. A. Smith; engraved by G. Pearson. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S. To which are added *Articles on Evolution*, by Rev. James McCosh, D. D., President of the College of New Jersey; and *Research and Travel in Bible Lands*, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: *Life in Paris. Letters on Art, Literature, and Society*. By Arsène Houssaye.—*The Silent Witness. A Novel*. By Edmund Yates.—*The Marriage of Moira Fergus. A Novel*. By William Black.—*The Satchel Series. Vol. I. Stories, Poems, Essays, and Sketches*. By Miss M. E. Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Owen Meredith, M. Quad, and others. Fully Illustrated.

Harper and Brothers, New York: *Miss Angel. A Novel*. By Miss Thackeray. With Illustrations.—*Sermons out of Church*. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, etc.—*The Way we Live now. A Novel*. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations.—*Ward or Wife. A Romance*.—*Playing the Mischief. A Novel*. By J. W. DeForest.—*Eglantine. A Novel*. By Eliza Tabor.—*The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy*. By J. E. Cairnes, LL. D., Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in University College, London.—*The Lady Superior. A Novel*. By Eliza F. Pollard.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Within an Ace*. By Mrs. C. Jenkin.—*On the Heights. A Novel*. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern.—*Whiteladies. A Novel*. By Mrs. Oliphant.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *Childhood: The Text-Book of the Age, for Parents, Pastors, and Teachers, and all Lovers of Childhood*. By Rev. W. F. Crafts.—*In the Kitchen*. By Elizabeth S. Miller.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist*. By Frank Buckland, M. A., late Student of Christ Church, Oxford, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales, etc. Illustrated.—*Principia, or Basis of Social Science. Being a Survey of the Subject from the Moral and Theological, yet Liberal and Progressive Stand-*

Point. By R. J. Wright.—*English Gipsy Songs in Rommany*. With Metrical English Translations by Charles G. Leland, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tuckey.

Longmans, Green, & Co., London: *Skull and Brain; Their Indications of Character and Anatomical Relations*. By Nicholas Mergan. Illustrated by Lithographic and Wood Engravings.

Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York: *Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies, and Poisons*.—*Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick, and Recipes for Sick People*. By a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Illustrated Homes. A Series of Papers describing Real Houses and Real People*. By E. C. Gardner. With Illustrations.—*Little Classics. Vol. XIV. Poems Lyrical*. Edited by Rossiter Johnson.—*A Nine Days' Wonder. A Novelette*. By Hamilton Aidé.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *Schiller's Die Piccolomini*. Edited, with an Introduction, Commentary, Index of Persons and Places, and Map of Germany, by James Morgan Hart.

Report of the Board of Commissioners Fifth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition. 1874.

John Ross & Co., New York: *Mansions of the Skies. An Acrostic Poem on the Lord's Prayer*. By W. P. Chilton, Jr.

John Ross & Co., Edinburgh: *The Gentle Shepherd. A Pastoral Comedy*. By Allan Ramsay. Edited, with a Life of the Author, and a Reference Glossary, by J. R.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences by O'Keeffe, Kelly, and Taylor*. Edited by Richard H. Stoddard. E. H. Swinney, New York: *Statement of Reasons for embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg*. By the Rev. George Bush, late Professor of Hebrew in the N. Y. University.

John F. Trow, New York: *Trow's New York City Directory, for the Year ending May 1, 1876*.

Twentieth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Schools, for the Year ending August 1, 1874.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: *European Light-House Systems; Being a Report of a Tour of Inspection made in 1873, by Major George H. Elliot, Corps of Engineers U. S. A., Member and Engineer Secretary of the Light-House Board, under the Authority of Hon. William A. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury*. Illustrated by fifty-one engravings and thirty-one wood-cuts in the text.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: *The Requisites for a Church School, and the Adaptedness of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Work of Religious Education*. By the Rev. David Greene Haskins.—*Idothea; or the Divine Image. A Poem*. By Joseph Salyards.

Wilson, Hinkle, & Co., New York: *The Graded-School First Reader; The Graded-School Second Reader; The Graded-School Third Reader; The Graded-School Fourth Reader; The Graded-School Fifth Reader; The Graded-School Primary Speller*. By T. W. Harvey, A. M.

Wright and Potter, State Printers, Massachusetts: *Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor*. March, 1875.

ART.

PASSING mention was made, in *The Atlantic* for September, of Mr. David Neal, several of whose paintings (among them the portrait of Mrs. John T. Raymond, shown at the Academy of Design, last spring) have now been for several weeks on exhibition at Messrs. Elliot & Co.'s new gallery in Boston. Mr. Neal is a native of Lowell, but has lived and painted for ten years past in Munich, and now presents himself before us in the character of a well-accredited representative of Piloty. The quarter-length of Mrs. Raymond will undoubtedly commend itself to the popular eye more strongly than either of the others, and we believe it also to be the best of the pieces here. Attired in black silk, a broad, lace-edged ruff around her throat, the lady's face—with its magnificent contours and fair coloring and massive crown of ochre-blended hair—stands forth from the canvas in an extraordinary relief, though without excessive challenge to the eye. It is true, one might easily hold to the superiority of that method which shrinks somewhat more from this bold assertion of art's mimetic faculty, and continually teases and pleasantly excites the imagination by holding back the object represented in a dim, delicious border-world of subdued tones. There is just the least suspicion of the figure-head method about this head of Mr. Neal's; and a certain tendency to *carve* in paint, which we seem to trace in it, may without much injustice be laid to the artist's earlier training as a wood-engraver. But when we have said thus much savoring of dissent (and we think it fair to give voice to the impression), we must proceed to yield Mr. Neal the amplest credit for his precise, strong drawing, his broad, easy modeling, the relation of tints throughout, and the skillful, calculated touch of those gems in the old Venetian setting, which clasps the silk just below the long opening of the dress from the neck. There is more than this in the portrait, however; there is *life* in it—a quality generated not merely by the excellent technical resources of the painter, but impossible without them. The Gentleman of the Sixteenth Century we do not so much care for. He does not seem necessarily to belong to the sixteenth century, except by his costume, and at no epoch

would his personality be a very impressive one, we think. Besides this, he is not especially to be congratulated as being a forcible piece of painting; and his mediæval body and legs might be improved by even modern drawing. Next comes the Head of a Burgomaster; and here we have life again. All the little details are given: every furrow of the forehead, the reddening around the aged eye, the contractions and detractions of fine face-muscles here and there, in dissenting passages which show where the individual tried to differ from his type and became only more typical all the while, the brassy gleam of light on the wrinkled, sloping forehead,—these things are rendered with the methodical, earnest care which it has ever been a delight to the German mind to bestow upon the time-worn surfaces of the human body. But as one contemplates this head, a startling suggestion of Duveneck asserts itself. Here is the Old Professor, from the Art Club, though in a much modified form, peering down from the wall in the guise of a burgomaster. That is stating it too generally; of course, to the connoisseur, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the hands of the two painters. There is something more settled in Mr. Neal's work, something a good deal drier and less inspiring, we fear it must be said, than in the younger artist's productions. But the differences are really only those natural to two distinct persons, both possessed of ability and both trying with all their skill to do the same thing; a thing preconceived and appointed by a leading mind, which has impressed itself on each. Therefore, in this Head of a Burgomaster we seem to come up suddenly against the limitations of the Munich school. Another similarity is noticeable. Mr. Duveneck has a very different finish for the faces of women (and young boys) from that which he employs for men; so has Mr. Neal, and the kinds of finish strongly resemble each other. Turning to Mrs. Raymond's portrait, we have a fine example of the Munich method for presenting the textures of fair feminine faces. This surface is smooth, hard, thick, with a finish like that of fine *bisque*. It is no wonder that with such an immovable "enamel," Mr. Neal should find it hard to give the roundness of the throat,

despite his success in the larger modeling of the face; and in fact the throat has somewhat the look of porcelain, and appears as if cut out flat according to a particular pattern, so as to be fitted into the dress opening.

Those who remember the day of the Düsseldorf school in New York will naturally expect for the Munich painters a period of influence in Boston more powerful even than that, now that they have made so brilliant an entrance. The greater part of what we can hope to accomplish for plastic art in this country, during a considerable time to come, will be effected through these imported influences; and to have a conflict of influences is accordingly an advantage. In this light, the rising of the Munich star on our horizon may be esteemed a fortunate event, as ushering in a power to hold French taste in check. But it is well to be aware of the limitations of this new force, in order to avoid being bound by them. In a school like that of Munich, with certain conditions given and certain aims proposed, you must work after prescriptions that seem to be somewhat too definite. This is not so much felt in the region of simple portraiture; but after the mode of depicting a single head is thoroughly settled upon and acquired, it remains to be seen what can next be done with design or conception of a subject. Here it is that the weakness of Munich appears, although it is probably the last point at which Munich itself would suspect a weakness. Kaulbach in design is radically false and artificial, and may be dismissed as such. The Sündfluth designs in Kaulbach's *Nachlass* show the violent but desperate efforts of a strong mind, fettered by academic conventions, to escape into some sort of redeeming individuality. A certain individuality is indeed secured; but one that is penetrated and spoiled by pernicious traits. Piloty is radically sound, but is certainly very much limited by his realism. There is much grandeur in such results as his *Death of Wallenstein*, but any one who follows him to that height will probably paint history in just the same fashion, and will lack that rarest gift of painter and fictionist, improvisation of some sort. There is no surprise of resources with Piloty and his school; the resources may astonish and impress, but it is evident that they have

been all counted, mustered, and distributed at the proper points for an effect, beforehand. It is not enough that he can draw his figures splendidly, and present human faces stamped and lined with character as definite as the plaster-cast will give. This accomplishment belongs to a secondary order of effect, and becomes wearisome after a certain length of time. We are not quarreling with Piloty, be it understood, but in a brief way trying to determine his precise magnitude.

But Mr. Neal has not followed his master altogether, in the larger effort of composition, if we may judge from his preliminary study for Watt studying the Power of Steam, a picture exhibited last year at the Royal Academy in London, and sold to Sir Benjamin Phillips. His conception is good, and the coloring is much in the old English vein of Mulready, Leslie, and Wilkie, though with a great deal more richness than those names would imply. The attitude of the musing boy — a delicate-visaged dreamer — is extremely well chosen; the large fireplace with utensils fastened above it, the kitten dozing on the rug, are well managed. From the door which the mother is opening comes a gleam of soft golden light, in the midst of which is seen a masculine figure eagerly devouring food at the supper-table. All this is very suggestively set forth, with that fresh air of discovery which gives to first studies their unfading charm. Mr. Neal, as we have said, seems to have found a coloring of his own in this picture, and there is something distinctive in the whole domestic rendering of the scene; if he has only succeeded in transferring to the completed work something of the same air of unconscious but artistic story-telling which we observe here, he has, undoubtedly, made a great success. Meanwhile, we await with much interest a more ambitious subject on which he is now reported to be at work — *Mary Stuart and Rizzio*. The *Chapel of the Kings* is a very good, methodical architectural piece, with neither too finical a degree of detail nor too much poetic feeling in it. We have not seen the painter fully in the pieces now displayed, but in him we discern without difficulty a solid, serious nature of marked artistic bent, who has acquired technical qualities demanding very considerable respect.

EDUCATION.

CONTINUING our review of the school reports, we find that our space will permit us but few statistics. The yearly cost of each pupil in Chicago is \$14.93 to \$32.54 in Boston, the average *per capita* in the high schools of the latter city being \$79.51. In some of the primary schools of Chicago there is a half-time system which is said to work perfectly for the children, but which frequently breaks down the teachers, owing to their having two classes daily of sixty pupils each, making one hundred and twenty in all! The superintendent therefore recommends half-time teachers for such schools as well. In compliance with the wishes of their board, the Chicago teachers are making great exertions to do without corporal punishment in their schools, and with "decided success;" but the same difficulties with "persistently disobedient and disorderly pupils" appear here as in New York. The superintendent observes that in the grammar schools the increased amount of written work is injuring the handwriting of the children. We believe ourselves that our schools will yet have to retrace their steps on this whole question, nothing being more wonderful in the history of pedagogy than the persistence with which educational authorities ignore the distinction between childhood and youth so much insisted on by Rousseau, and cling to the belief that what is suitable for the student (as for instance this written work) is suitable also for the child. The number of women to men teachers in the Chicago grammar schools is as thirty to one, a proportion far too large, as it cannot be good for either sex to be so exclusively taught by one. Such being their numbers, however, we almost wonder they did not "strike" when the board effected a saving of twenty per cent. in its expenses, by cutting down their (not the men teachers') salaries! It is really moving to see the cheerfulness with which American citizens spend money on costly school-houses, and the equal good faith with which they scrimp the teachers, as if a good school-house without a teacher inside of it could be anything more than a body without a soul. In the grammar schools of Chicago there are seventy-five recitations each of grammar, arithmetic, and spelling, to twelve of United States history; and in the high

school historical examination, out of ten questions, four were on the late civil war. None were on general history!

The twenty-ninth semi-annual report of the superintendent of the Boston schools is peculiarly interesting, as being a history of the educational work carried on in that city for the eighteen years during which he held the office he has just resigned. Of much of this he was evidently both the originator and the promoter, and his city may well say to him in gratitude, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." His aim throughout has been to make and keep the public schools of Boston second to none, and, if possible, the first in the country. Owing to the wealth and liberality of the Boston taxpayer, he has succeeded in the former, and doubtless would have done so in the latter ambition, could he have risen earlier above the pedagogical traditions in which he probably gained his own training. For it is surprising to learn (p. 73 *et seq.*) that the primary schools of the "Athens of America" had no systematized scheme of instruction until 1863, and the grammar schools none until 1868.

In Mr. Philbrick's own candid language, "Boston cannot claim to have taken the initiative" in the matter of programmes, and yet, as we have before intimated, it is the matter the most important by far of any within the range of an educator's responsibility. So little was this understood by the Boston school committee, that when, after "a year and a half of discussion and contention," a programme was at last decided upon, "None of us then connected with the schools," says Mr. Philbrick, "fully appreciated the value and importance of that action of the board." Nor was it until *after* the adoption of this new programme that he "studied the most approved courses of study in foreign countries, where the science is vastly more advanced than it is in this country," and was "gratified to find that our course for elementary instruction is so nearly up to the standard of the best existing models. . . . We built better than we knew!"

Since Mr. Philbrick's election to office in 1856, the salaries of school officials in Boston have increased seventy-four per cent., against one hundred and twenty-five per

cent. of other city salaries. The attendance on the schools has risen ten per cent., the number of pupils has doubled, but that of the teachers has trebled, thus reducing the average number of scholars to a teacher from 54.4 to 37.6. In admitting drawing, music, and sewing,¹ and otherwise enlarging the elementary curriculum, Mr. Philbrick wisely contends that the old common-school studies have not been crowded out, as so many persons fancy, but that they have been only curtailed of some of their disproportionate time; and he further denies that the "high pressure" system of excessive tasks and unwholesome competitions exists at present to any great degree in Boston, as great efforts have been made to suppress it. There are no home lessons for the primary schools, and the boys only in the grammar schools are allowed to study at home for one hour a day. No competitive medals or other prizes are awarded, graduating diplomas having been substituted instead. The music in the primary and grammar schools is under the charge of three able masters, they themselves being under a general musical director, who also teaches the girls in the high and normal schools. We have very grave doubts whether the Boston system of changing the Do with the tone is the one which will enable the largest proportion of children to read simple music at sight after leaving school, and it is to be hoped that some other of our large cities will try with equal thoroughness the old way of regarding Do as invariably C, Ré as invariably D, etc., and let experience decide which plan is the better. We believe that in the German public schools the New England system is unknown. In the high schools the boys are drilled in military exercises and the girls in Swedish gymnastics, but "a thorough system of physical training has not as yet been attained for the Boston schools, though there exists a general recognition of gymnastics as a branch of school culture. In Vienna one hundred special teachers of gymnastics are employed in the public schools," which perhaps accounts for some of the personal beauty for which that city is famous. The number of high-school scholars has increased one hundred and seventy per cent. since 1856, that of pupils in the primary schools only fifty per

cent., though the whole number in the high schools is only five per cent. of all the schools taken together. Mr. Philbrick emphasizes what we also in these reviews have endeavored to enforce, namely, that the common school is always feeble and inefficient where high schools are wanting. He says that in Vienna, whose population exceeds that of Philadelphia, but is less than that of New York, there are sixteen high or secondary schools for boys alone, of which the apparatus of a single one cost over twenty thousand dollars. He fears that it will be a late day before America can boast such school-houses as those of that splendid metropolis, where they are built under the direction of the highest official architects and pedagogues, who after many years of experimenting have reached a type of school-room which is supposed to combine the requisites of light, ventilation, and convenience, in the highest degree. If all the grades of schools required by any city locality could be grouped round a quadrangle, and the inclosed space devoted to the play-ground, would not all the interests of beauty, use, and health be better served than by the present isolated buildings?

We are obliged to this report for calling attention to the unpleasant fact that "the great American nation is the only one whose citizens speak through their noses and not through their mouths." It is a fond delusion with our countrymen that because we have no dialect and do not drop our *h*'s, we therefore speak the English language better than the English themselves; whereas, as the report says, "no civilized people at the present day is so deficient in agreeable and finished speech as our own. . . . What we want is the *music of the phrase*, a clear, flowing and decided sound of the whole sentence," etc. But when nearly all the best educated men and women of Massachusetts say "stoopid" and "dooty" and "sooperb" for "stewpid," "dewty," and "sewperb," and when all Americans say "dawg" and "gawd" and "Bawston" for "dogg" and "godd" and "Bosston," it would seem as if something were wanted more elementary still, and this is, that the *English* pronunciation of English words according to the best authorities be insisted upon, at least in the spelling and reading classes of the public

¹ Mr. Philbrick seems inclined to dispute a statement of ours, in a previous number, to the effect that the sewing at present taught in the Boston schools is due to the quiet efforts for many years of a small knot of Boston ladies. If Mr. Philbrick will

apply to the lady who wrote a letter on the subject to Mr. John Codman, which was printed in the appendix to the Boston School Report for 1849, he will find that we are entirely in the right about the matter.

schools, and in the school and college declamations.

The report complains that the provision for examining teachers in Boston is exceptionally inadequate for a city of its size and prestige, and the manner of their dismissal seems to be as arbitrary and inconsiderate as that of their appointment. The under teachers meet semi-occasionally with the superintendent or with their own principals for "advice and instruction in teaching," and the grammar masters from time immemorial have held a monthly social meeting, at which, over a "modest supper," educational topics are discussed, and "freshness and enthusiasm" gained for the ensuing month; but the women teachers, though six times as many as the men, are not spoken of as holding any common consultations, though, if they did so, any joint decisions and suggestions that they might make to the board could not but be of great value. Mr. Philbrick holds up to the board the strength and thoroughness which the device of a head superintendent with several assistants has imparted to the New York city school system, and recommends a similar arrangement for Boston. He wishes also that "the teachers could be more encouraged by the school authorities in their efforts to inculcate good morals and manners." The latter recommendation comes none too soon, for the manners one often observes in the shops, cars, etc., of Boston, are not such as belong to persons who, in the old-fashioned phrase, have been "well brought up" in childhood. As for morals, how they are to be successfully inculcated without any reference to a moral lawgiver is a problem that has not as yet been solved for the American public-school educator, though, owing to the Roman Catholics, it is rapidly becoming the most formidable one in his path. The sexes were separated in the grammar and high schools of Boston over forty years ago, though they continue together in the primary grades. In all the lately annexed suburbs of the city, however, our indigenous system still prevails. The

evening high school also is attended by both sexes, with strange inconsistency, as it seems to us, for if there are any real objections to the co-education of the sexes, they must exist in such a school in their fullest force. Whether co-education be better for the pupils or not, there is no doubt that it is harder for the teacher, as bringing in another element of care and responsibility, and that rather than procure and pay teachers who are up to the requirements of their position in judgment and dignity, school boards are inclined to abolish it. The programme of studies in the Boston schools is not given in this report, and therefore we cannot much comment upon it. Like the national curriculum generally, however, it probably contains much too large a proportion of the disciplinary studies, *i. e.*, mathematics, physics, and grammar, to the humanitarian ones of history, literature, and the beautiful and good generally. There is too much "rule and compass" work throughout, even in the music and drawing, and memory and intellectual acuteness are developed without a corresponding development of the heart, the judgment, the character, and the taste. Notwithstanding these defects, a remarkable testimony to the public schools of Boston is to be found in the fact that whereas in 1817, with a population of forty thousand, there were but twenty-three hundred and sixty-five pupils in the public schools to forty-one hundred and thirty-two in private schools, in 1873, to a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, there were thirty-five thousand nine hundred and thirty pupils in the public schools to thirty-eight hundred and eighty-seven only in private ones. This verifies the boast of her school superintendent in the beginning of the report, that in no city in the country do all classes more patronize the public schools than in Boston. It is indeed to the glory of Massachusetts that within her borders the day schools are so noble, and that boarding schools form so slight a feature of her educational system.